PICTORIAL REVIEW

10 cents

Beginning a superbly dramatic serial novel

FEBRUARY 1930

"THE DUEL OF THE QUEENS"

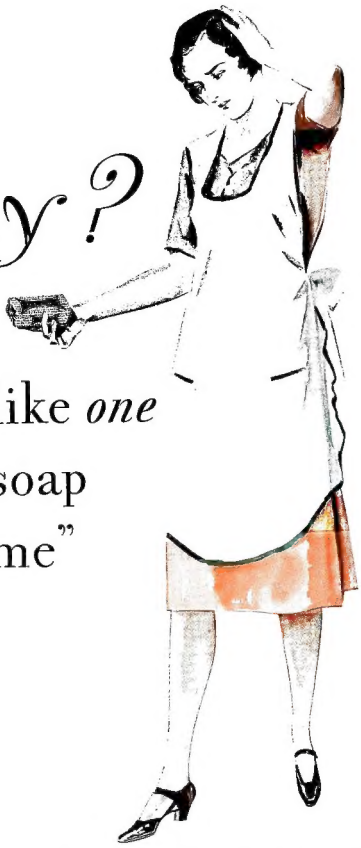
by E. BARRINGTON

A story of love, intrigue, history and roman

10 CENTS *per copy*

Digitized by Google
from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"They?



That looks like *one* bar of soap to me"

OF COURSE it *looks* like one bar of soap. But there's more in Fels-Naptha than meets the eye. Two helpers in a single bar—soap and naptha—the "they" that gives you *extra* help.

Prove it for yourself. Unwrap a bar of Fels-Naptha. You see soap—good golden soap. Now hold the bar up to your nose. Smell the naptha—*plenty* of it.

Naptha has a wonderful way of coaxing dirt loose from clothes. And the golden soap combined with the naptha does the rest.

With these two safe, active cleaners working together, grime and grease haven't a chance! Out comes the dirt! Your clothes go to the line sweet and clean and sparkling white.

Fels-Naptha is gentle to clothes. It's kind to your hands. And it works well under any conditions. Use washing machine or tub; use hot, lukewarm or cool water; soak or boil the clothes—Fels-Naptha will pitch in and do the same thorough, *extra*-helpful job.

Fels-Naptha is useful between wash days, too. Dishes, windows, woodwork—there isn't a soap-and-water task about the house that can't be done with less work with Fels-Naptha.

That's a big statement. But Fels-Naptha is waiting at your grocer's to back up every word of it. Order a few bars today—or ask for the convenient 10-bar carton. Try Fels-Naptha! See how much extra help *"they"* can bring you!

FREE

Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its extra help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who chip Fels-Naptha soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you, free and postpaid, upon request. Mail the coupon, or a postcard.

P. N. 2-30

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

© 1930, Fels & Co.

Digitized by Google

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

PICTORIAL REVIEW

Registered in the U. S. Patent Office

ARTHUR T. VANCE, *Editor*

William Paul Ahnelt

President and Publisher

VOL. XXXI. No. 5 FEBRUARY, 1930

A GREAT NECESSITY

By GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

ACCORDING to statistics given out by the Bureau of Census, marriage in this country is steadily decreasing and divorce is as steadily increasing. Whereas in 1900 there were 15 marriages in every 1,000 of population, there were in 1927 10.12 per cent., and in 1928 9.85 in the same number. While in 1900 1 out of every 10 marriages ended in divorce, to-day 1 out of every 6 marriages demands legal dissolution.

Recent publications of the Russell Sage Foundation, which has made an extensive survey of the marriage laws of the forty-eight States and the District of Columbia, state that because of the variety and contrariness of these laws the marriage of the immature and unfit is going ahead with a rapidity that promises to be alarming. There are to-day in this land 600,000 individuals who have been parties to child marriages, the tracing of many of which proves them in large number to have been disastrous.

These reports, which have had wide reading and as wide editorial comment, have brought about a revival of interest in the movement for a National Uniform Marriage and Divorce Law—a problem which for some time has been vexing the minds of forward-looking men and women.

It is eight years now since Pictorial Review, in co-operation with the General Federation of Women's Clubs and other leading groups of organized women, was instrumental in the introduction into both houses of Congress of what is known as the Capper Amendment, a resolution which would empower Congress to regulate marriage and divorce by laws which would be alike in every State and by which therefore courts of every State would have to give full recognition to the findings of the court of all other States.

We had gone into this after long thought and study of the situation and because, upon our publication of articles uncovering the situation, of the large number of letters we received asking us to act upon it.

At the time when Senator Arthur Capper first introduced the resolution public sentiment had been aroused to its necessity. Newspapers and other magazines took up the discussion, and it looked as if the movement would have clear sailing. But the propaganda of those opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment clouded the sky. States' rights became an issue to be fought for whether or not it involved a national wrong.

We therefore decided to bide the time, giving the opposition the chance to prove its contention that the States were well able to adjust these laws for themselves. And what has happened? Exactly what we prophesied—that those far-seeing States which would improve their laws would be hampered by bordering States which would grasp the opportunity to commercialize their neighbors' good intentions.

The report of the Russell Sage Foundation is a long and sorry tale of child marriages; of the union of the unfit and of untoward situations growing out of them; of marrying parsons and justices; of license clerks who, even where questionnaires were attached to applications, failed to verify the statements therein; of taxi-drivers who were "runners" for the parsons and justices and who waited at railway-stations for incoming trains bearing eloping couples whose trade they might solicit. We read also of the States which, enacting better laws, were forced to repeal them because of the protests of those to whom marriage and divorce were a paying business.

In eight years as many States have passed laws requiring a period of days to elapse between the application for a marriage license and its issuance. To-day only three of these—Michigan, California, and Georgia—have preserved them on their statute-books.

In Nebraska the jewelers and hotel-keepers and license clerks and clergymen descended upon the State-house, demanding that the Legislature repeal this provision. Which it did, stating, however, that it was a good law, but because of the differences in the laws of bordering States, could not be enforced without economic loss to a part of the State's citizenry. And it went on record in favor of a Federal Marriage and Divorce Law.

In Nevada, at the rate of sixty a day, automobiles keep up a constant procession from the California line, carrying eloping couples who wish to evade the wise provisions of their own State marriage laws.

In Illinois the clause in the divorce law establishing an interlocutory period of a year between the granting of a divorce and its final decree, was repealed. An easy journey into Indiana took too much money from the State. A prior attempt to change the law in Indiana, because of the indignation of the better part of its citizenry at the frustration of their current laws by their neighbors, was defeated by one vote. The representatives from the counties profiting by the marriage trade said they thought it was a good law and should go through, but that they could not vote for it as they had to consider their constituents.

In any number of States—and they are too numerous to mention—it is a matter of frequent court record that divorces granted to their citizens in other States with less restrictive laws are nullified, even when second marriages have been contracted, and the children by them are thereby illegitimated.

The treasuries of several States, where there is no enactment against the marriage of the unfit, show an increase in expenditure for the care of the feeble-minded, for thus far it is claimed that no feeble-minded couple have been known to produce a mentally competent child.

The Russell Sage Foundation, in its report, recommends some method of interstate co-operation.

We maintain that the only tenable co-operation is through a Federal Marriage and Divorce Law, whereby one State can not defeat the good purposes and high aims of another State.

We do not maintain, however, that this law will be a panacea for all that ails marriage.

But a well-considered Federal Uniform Law, with severe penalties for those who issue marriage licenses and perform the marriage ceremony without due consideration, would diminish the marriage of the unfit, which too often ends in the divorce courts. Marriage then would be at least safe from adolescence. As for divorce, such a law, establishing reasonable grounds and proper safeguards in justice to both sides and to their children, would do away with the anomalous and often tragic conditions existing to-day.

Such a law is the Capper Law, which for eight years now has been introduced along with the empowering amendment at each session of Congress.

Whether it will be put into effect depends upon the women of this country. If they will stand together as a magnificent unit, making their elective power selective, voting only for those men and women who have some concern for good government as opposed to petty and self-seeking political interests, they can bring to the present inept confusion a safe and sane solution.

A Table of Contents for this issue will be found on page 124

Copyright, 1930, by The Pictorial Review Company, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Published monthly at 184-10 Jamaica Avenue, Jamaica, N. Y.

PICTORIAL REVIEW is printed in the United States of America. Executive and Editorial Offices of The Pictorial Review Company, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York, N. Y., and 3, 5, 7, 9 Hedden Street, Regent Street, London, W. 1, England, and 24 Rue Drouot (IX), Paris, France.

Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post-office at Jamaica, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post-office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

PICTORIAL REVIEW is 10 cents a copy; $1.00 a year by subscription, postage paid in the United States, Alaska, Mexico, Panama, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, the Philippines, and Canada. Postage to other foreign countries, $1.00 extra.

REBECCA WEST
Author of "The Judge," "Harriet Hume"

GOSSIP

A vividly written exposition of an almost universal pastime

By

REBECCA WEST

A YEAR or two ago I went to stay with a friend in what I have with great difficulty learned not to call a provincial town in America. In England we call every town that is not London, even to Oxford and Manchester and York, a provincial town, and there is no slight attaching to the term. But I know they are still looking for me with guns in Omaha because I called it that in a speech I meant to be full of gratitude; and therefore I will say nothing of my friend's home town save that it is two days and a night from New York, and that it never once makes one think of that city.

Behind the white-pillared porches of its houses I learned to understand what Willa Cather meant when she told me that to work she had to come to New York, since there was always too much doing in her home town in Nebraska. That I learned to understand still better when, by an astonishing stroke of luck, I fell sick. For I was not very sick; it was just a touch of the fever which I once caught in the swamps of southern Spain and which returns whenever I spend a day or two in marshy places; and I was taken on the river.

I was soon well enough for the friends of the family to come up-stairs, push their chairs up to the bed, and start a good gossip. And what fun that was!

It was glorious when two or three of them were there together. They used to take up some incident and make it live, and toss it from one to another so that it changed its aspect as each had her say, as a soap-bubble changes color as it floats through the air. I liked it best when some one mentioned a name and added, "Oh, but she's away on a trip. I wish you could have met her. She's—" and then they would set to work to make me see her. There was sometimes a little malice in the description, but not very much. They knew quite well that they all had to live together till the end of their days, and that the best way to do that was to live and let live.

But for the most part their talk was the quintessence of shrewd observation working over years, which made them know life in their town as a negro jockey knows his horses. The exaltation of bygone parties, the beauty of women now faded, the texture of the life of a decade, the pity of tragedies come to a full stop on the previous page, jests of last week—all these things were fresh on the tongues of these gossips.

It was like opening a cupboard on a drear Midwinter day and finding hundreds of bottles in which a cunning hand had preserved all the fruits of Summer so that they kept their flavor. How much better and truer than the talk of people who repeat like parrots what they read in newspapers and books! I am all for gossip. But, as I learned a little later, there must be a proviso added to this. The gossip one likes must be first-hand. The people who talk must be talking about people they know.

THIS was brought home to me only a little while after my visit to this town in Kentucky. I was on my way back to Europe on a liner; and the day after we left New York a girl came up to me and asked if I was not a writer. Her mother had heard me speak some years before, and had recognized me.

They were nice people, and I was glad to know them and spend an afternoon walking round the deck with the daughter, while the mother, who was not such a good sailor, waited to go down with us for tea. Yet at the end of that afternoon I would have given much to spoil that tea-party by saying to the mother:

"What do you mean by letting your daughter grow up in this extraordinary world of shadows which she inhabits? She knows nothing of the real world at all. She is obsessed with the doings of certain people who are, indeed, extremely important people, responsible for some of the most valuable and amusing achievements of the day, and therefore very suitable subject-matter for the thoughts of the young. But she does not know them.

"The characters and actions she ascribes to them are totally imaginary. I know she has derived her impressions from gossip spread by newspapers and magazines and the common tongue, and that she shares them with millions of other people. But does that alter the fact that, so far as living among fantasmal shapes and mistaking them for real people is concerned, she is in very much the same case as a lunatic?"

For the girl had begun her conversation by saying, "I suppose you know everybody interesting," and I had admitted that, as I had started writing in my teens, I do by now know a great number of the people who do important things. She then went on to say, "I suppose you know—" and she named a young English dramatist. But before I could answer she had already begun, "Isn't it a shame he's a drug-addict?"

NOW, as it happened, I had known Jack Smith from the time he was a child-actor. His real name is of course nothing like that, but I can not call him by it, altho I have nothing but good to say of him, for people will say forever after, "Say, did you read that article by Rebecca West where she said right out that —— takes drugs?" It is by such idiotic triumphs of confession that this kind of gossip gets spread. And I want to bring no ill happenings to Jack Smith, who is as good a soul now as he was then, when he was a very strained small boy.

He carried the double burden of extreme conscientiousness about his art, which he took very seriously, and of the knowledge that his earnings were of vital importance to his mother, whom he worshiped. He has never had enough rest, and a disposition toward tuberculosis has always kept his body fine-drawn. All his life he has been fiercely puritan in order that he can keep fit for his work, and that his dependents can look after themselves.

Partly in consequence of that puritan regimen, and partly in consequence of a fright he experienced in childhood, he has developed a characteristic so marked that it is one of the first things I should mention if I were describing him to somebody who did not know him. That characteristic is a violent terror of both drink and drugs and the people who use them. He could hear Carrie Nation and Mr. Volstead on their own ground. I have never known anybody in my country and my generation who was more deadly serious about temperance.

But he is pale; he often goes blue round the eyes with fatigue. He once wrote a play about a young man who took drugs. That is enough. Hence a young girl from Ohio, who has never seen him in her life, authoritatively announces that he is a drug-addict.

When I had straightened out that little matter the young girl, expressing relief at what I told her, but wearing a balked look in her eyes, began to question me about an English society beauty who had gone on the stage. I knew her also, but not in the guise under which the girl presented her. She had her own private revelation of a *blonde bacchante* who had danced her way through the United States holding rosy reins that harnessed a team of millionaires, including a famous New York banker who (so she told me) had been driven along the same road by many another *bacchante*.

So numerous were Mr. Schmidt's love-affairs (according

Continued on Page 35

Digitized by Google
Original from
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

If your tooth paste doesn't guard your gums

. . . switch to one that does!

THERE'S been a lot of sound progress made in tooth paste in the last few years. Old ideas, old methods and many of the old formulas are giving way to a potent new technique in dental care.

For the lesson of the gums has been learned. No matter how white, how perfect your teeth may be, they are faced with danger if your gums become tender, soft and weak. Today, a tooth paste that cares for the gums is a vital necessity. And Ipana is the newer type of dentifrice that meets this demand.

"Pink tooth brush" is the warning—watch for it!

Gum troubles arise from soft foods and subnormal chewing. Circulation lags within the gums and weak spots develop in their walls. "Pink tooth brush" tells the tale of even more serious troubles on the way.

But with Ipana and a light finger or brush massage, it's simple to restore to your gums the needed stimulation. You revive the flagging circulation, you tone and strengthen the depleted tissues, you build resistance to the possible attack of gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even the more infrequent pyorrhea.

For Ipana has the power to tone and invigorate the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, a stimulating hemostatic and antiseptic long used by the profession.

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury

There are, of course, some tooth pastes that you can buy for less than Ipana. But don't let a few cents' difference in cost lure you to the use of a tooth paste that gives you less than Ipana's benefits.

If you do not know Ipana, by all means try it now. Go to the nearest drug store. Get the full-size tube. It will last you more than a month, long enough to show you its good effects on your gums, as well as its remarkable cleaning power and its delicious taste.

* * * *

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. D20
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

I LIVE IN A SMALL TOWN

By ROSE WILDER LANE

Drawing by WALTER D. VAN ARSDALE

The narrow interests which make the provincial mind, the stereotyped activities, the rubber-stamp thought and intolerant judgment,

AFTER you cross the stream which in Spring is an arbor of dogwood- and redbud-blossoms, and in Summer a tunnel of shade, you follow the highway's curve to the filling-station, and there you see the little sign: "Speed Limit, 15 mi." And another: "Blankville, pop. 757."

You are entering—and will almost immediately be leaving—a place as unknown as the oasis of Siwa in the Libyan Desert. Blankville is a small American town.

Books have been written about the small town. You may read that here is a paradise of all the virtues which the great city remorselessly destroys; here every one is honest and kind, roses and lilacs perpetually bloom, youth is always happy, and old age serene. Or you may read that here is a stupor of dulness without intelligence, humor, or taste; an inertia and a clatter of stupidities about business, boosting, the movies, and miles-to-the-gallon.

We read these books in my town. Of the first version we say, "My dear, it's *sweet!* Of course things never happen like that, but sometimes I like to pretend they might."

Of the second we say, "Well, I haven't finished it yet, what with the dahlia show in Springfield—Oh, did you see the Baltimores in the decoratives?—and then taking the music class to St. Louis for the concert. But it's an interesting book. I told John he ought to read it, because it agrees with what I said last Summer about the monotony of life in a small town. But he won't bother with fiction; he'd rather read the *National Geographic* and biographies.

"Anyway, he said, we took that motor trip through the Indian villages in the Southwest, didn't we? and it's too soon for me to begin talking about monotony again, because this Summer we're going to stay at home and tour our own State. He says he thinks what America needs is a little monotony—more settling down and local patriotism, not so much pulling up by the roots and scattering all the time."

Altho we read these books, we do not realize that they are written about us. We lack, in our small town, the *naïveté* of those who imagine that they are different from other folks. It does not occur to us that because we are 757 instead of 757,000 we must differ in quality as well as in quantity from the inhabitants of cities. We are only 757, in fact, because for nearly half a century we have been sending population to the cities, and when our exiles come back in the Summer or we visit them in Winter we do not find them greatly changed. When we read about a small town, we do not think of it as ours, and we do not even know that business, as well as literature, has set us apart as a distinct species.

Now, I have not always lived in my home town, but I am a small-town person if such a creature exists. I have lived in many small towns, as well as in cities of this country and Europe and Asia. And it is my belief that the small town of American fiction—with several other strange ideas current among our intelligentsia—is imported from Europe. It is the European village in disguise.

There is some excuse for this substitution, for I myself can remember when our town did in fact resemble the European village. It was as dull a place to live in as any place enlivened by the vagaries of humanity can be. It was intolerant, suspicious, small-minded, and so stupidly virtuous that hardly any one had a good time in it.

In this town my mother, at the age of twenty-nine, bought and made up some goods never intended for such an aged matron—a dark-blue challis, it was, with tiny pink rosebuds scattered upon it. She made it sedately, with high collar, puffed sleeves, and a skirt that trailed when she did not hold it up. But the giddy material damned her. Dark blue, dark brown, and black were the respectable wear, and a married lady in a flowery print was certainly no better than she should be. True, the rosebuds were so inconspicuous that at a little distance they became invisible, but—in her age—*rosebuds*——!

That challis led to my mother's becoming the leader of a fast set. She had bought it thoughtlessly, because she loved color and could not resist the rosebuds; but public opinion forced her to wear it defiantly, with the rosebuds' color in her cheeks. Defiance imperceptibly became recklessness, and in time she powdered her nose.

Immediately the slanderous rumor spread that her thick mass of hair was a switch, and my mother, stung to the quick, laughed brazenly. Thence her downfall was rapid; in no time she was playing cards. Once a week she and my father and another shameless couple played high-five sometimes till eleven o'clock, ending this riotous evening with refreshments of pop-corn and apples. My mother was asked if she did not fear hell-fire; she replied that she did not. Depravity could go no farther. Every one knew where she would go when she died, and the righteous began in earnest to give her a foretaste of that fate.

THERE was no escape. Our small town was isolated in those days. The nearest neighboring town was fourteen miles away—the better part of a day's journey on the mail-hack. My father with his fast horses could make the round trip in a day, but rarely did. My first extensive trip abroad was to this town, where I spent two weeks. I had a complete outfit of new clothes for that visit, and my return home was more of an event to my friends than my return from Paris is to-day.

Now, all this is quite in the atmosphere of the European village. But it has vanished from the American scene as completely as Gibson's shirt-waist girl has vanished.

the repetitive phrase, are characteristic of humanity everywhere, but to-day in America they are more characteristic of the city-dweller than of the villager. Our doors and windows have been opened by the automobile, so that all the winds of change blow through our small town.

It is the compressed city populations that are constrained now. In the cities like seeks like, drawn by a common interest and pressed upon by alien hordes, and the result is the small group. In the cities writers tend to know only those interested in writing, brokers only brokers, stenographers only office-workers, and actors and columnists only Broadway-Hollywood.

IN THESE small groups you will recognize all the conditions of the vanished small town—the endless personal gossip, the rigid conventionalities, the sheep-mindedness which has only one common direction.

None of this provincialism remains to-day in the small town; our interests are too various. Like can not connect with like here, for no two of us are at all alike, and all of us know all the others. My mother could wear a ballet-skirt to-day if she liked; people would wonder at it, but you can no longer create a sensation in our town. Too many other interests distract the attention.

Our banker did wear last week one of the bright-red hats recently affected by college boys. I happened to see him wearing it. Otherwise I should not have known that he was thus amusing himself. But let a distinguished newspaper critic wear a modernist tie, or a renowned author appear at dinner in an Oxford-gray tuxedo, and I shall hear of it tho I be in Araby.

The small-group gossip informs me with a thousand tongues. And I do not even know the critic or the author; I merely happen to belong to a city group which includes them. I live, as it were, west of the water-tower, and they on Main Street, but I know all about them; I can't help it. In the sensation caused in one small group when a famous writer so flouted that group's conventions as to wear evening dress in the evenings, I recognized my mother's challis dress reincarnated.

Let any man in this group quarrel with his wife at breakfast, and if I am in New York I shall hear the incident discussed ten times before luncheon. By midnight I shall have heard her version, his version, all their

Continued on Page 96

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

This NATIONWIDE WHITE GOODS SALE

now being held in 550 MONTGOMERY WARD *Retail Stores*

Annually, at this time, we offer millions of housewives the benefit of White Goods priced especially low to aid them in replenishing their home needs at little cost. This nation-wide event brings such an exceptional opportunity to *you*.

ONCE more Ward's puts before thrifty homemakers, values that will win hundreds of thousands of new customers and business friends.

The famous *Longwear* sheets, sheeting and pillowcases, *Fleecydown* blankets, and *Cannon* towels illustrated here, are typical of the unusual savings which all Ward Stores are now making available. To millions of housewives these splendid goods are already familiar. We have included them in this nation-wide sale to demonstrate the quality assured in over 40,000 different items of Montgomery Ward merchandise.

Due to Ward's direct plan of selling, which eliminates costly distribution methods, you can save many dollars at this sale.

Check over all your bed and table linens, piece goods and other needs—and pay a visit now to the Montgomery Ward Store in your vicinity. You will discover an economy secret that half the families in America have already learned . . . and enjoy *your* share of savings which, to Montgomery Ward customers, will total over forty million dollars this year.

The following prices illustrate the real savings you can make during this great sale:

Longwear Sheets—81 by 90 inches, each **$1.08***
Longwear Pillow Cases—42 by 36 inches, each . . . . **26¢***
Longwear Wide Sheeting—81 inches wide, per yard . **39¢***
Fleecydown Cotton Blankets—70 by 80 inches, each **$1.95***
Cannon Bath Towels—22 by 43½ inches, each . . . . . **29¢***

*Slightly higher in some states

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

World's Largest Chain of General Retail Stores

Mail Order Branches at: Chicago · Kansas City · St. Paul · Baltimore · Portland, Ore. · Oakland, Calif. · Fort Worth · Denver · Albany

©M. W. & Co. 1930

Go gle

KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

By CORINNE LOWE

A page of informal comment on current events, worth-while books, plays, motion-pictures, and national or international happenings of general interest that will enable our readers to get a close-up view of the important news of the day.

Drawing by Edward Poucher

A WAR-PROOF PEACE MOVEMENT

LAST Summer a body of representative women from many lands gathered together in the cause of world peace. All was harmonious until a resolution was offered involving criticism of the French occupation of the Ruhr. Immediately the French and Belgian delegates demurred. They had been touched at one vulnerable point—national pride.

It is because of this intense feeling of nationalism inherent in every man and woman that the usual peace movement is not war-proof. Let the representatives of any country believe the rights of that land to be at stake and lo! the war spirit flames up to consume our stately propaganda, our virtuous disapprovals of war.

For this reason one turns with interest to the proposal of Fritz Wilhelm, Prince Holm, the Danish explorer, author and lecturer, possessor of countless degrees and decorations. Briefly put, it is this: Let all rulers, ministers of state, legislators, and ecclesiastics of a state church who fail to oppose war be conscripted for the first-line trenches. Furthermore, let all women rulers, women relatives of the head of state, and women legislators voting for war be conscripted as nurses near the firing-line.

Yes, here is a practical proposal, but it goes without saying that a mighty mass sentiment would have to bring the necessary pressure to bear upon legislators before they would pass laws so detrimental to their own interests.

PRISONS THAT MIGHT REDEEM

IN ENGLAND in the early part of the nineteenth century a boy of nine stole some small article and was sentenced to die. During the same period a woman who stole some equally trifling article for the sole purpose of being exported to Australia to join her husband was also condemned to die. This illustrates the slow dawn of Christian love upon professedly Christian courts, and there is discouragement enough in the thought.

But when one read recently that a Western judge had sentenced to death a youth of seventeen for a hold-up robbery one's discouragement passes the limits of passivity. Something has got to be done to prevent any judiciary from such sinister interpretations of "justice." We can not be plunged back into a time when sheep-stealing was a capital crime.

Something has got to be done also about prison conditions that have resulted in the revolts of the past year. Those interested in the redemption—not the punishment—of a human being will do well, in fact, to consider a system which will return to society many prisoners sane, in good health, and unvitiated by contact with the lowest type of criminal. Such a system is outlined by Mr. Adolph Lewisohn in an open letter to the *Christian Science Monitor*,

Mr. Lewisohn suggests first that the degree of guilt be established and the sentence passed by a commission of three persons of high intellectual standard and broad human vision. One of these is to be a physician or alienist. All are to take into consideration the mentality, health, and early history of the accused. This step passed, the writer would leave the least culpable in their own environment under the supervision of probation officers. Secondary offenders, those who had committed no act of violence, would be confined to sanitary cottages where employment is provided. The prisons themselves would be reserved for the hardened criminal.

WHAT IS A "WHITE" VOICE?

ROSA PONSELLE, American-born and American-trained, possessor of perhaps the greatest singing-organ of any woman in the Metropolitan Opera House, contributes to the *Étude* an article on "The American Girl's Chance in Opera," which contains an arresting statement. Miss Ponselle finds the American singer's many advantages offset by a "white" voice. That she is more likely to lack warm tone-color than is her European sister is traced by the prima donna to one cause. The greatest number of speaking-voices here "are pitched nearly an octave above the tone which should be used in normal cultured conversation." And, adds she, "*The quality of the speaking-voice acts directly upon the singing-organs.*"

This is a warranted criticism. Not only is our average tone-production faulty, but we slur words; we mispronounce. Early in life we form habits of speech which few primary and secondary schools do anything to correct. That is why a Committee for the Advancement of Speech-training in Secondary Schools should be encouraged by every parent in the land, for it urges the employment of a trained teacher for every secondary school.

OUR "SHELL-SHOCKED" HUSBANDS

IF THE husband of a successful wage-earning wife falls ill, does he need a physician or merely a psychiatrist? Two gentlemen, one a college professor and one a psychiatrist, bring up this point in an interesting article contributed to the *Forum*. These authors, in the course of a discussion of many modern maladjustments, conclude that the disabled husband is apt to be suffering, not from any valid physical malady, but from a brand-new neurosis called "domestic shell-shock."

It is the transition period which is responsible for such soul colic. For centuries man has lived in a patriarchal world. He has been the head of the house. He brings to his marriage to-day inherited memories of male superiority. Suppose then that he finds in his wife some one who can make more money than does he himself. Clash! Conflict! The scene of a nightmarish world where everything is topsyturvy!

He is in reality shell-shocked—this frustrated patriarch—and, just as happened to many shell-shocked sufferers in the War, his hatred of the situation sets up real physical disturbances. It is as if the subconscious mind commanded, "Get sick. Then nobody will expect you to make money. And nobody can think you inferior to your wife."

VANILLA-FLAVORED REALISM

THE French prison on Devil's Island—that prison which, set between jungle and sea, is diabolic as a circle in Dante's "Inferno"—almost loses its significance in Samuel Goldwyn's talking-picture "Condemned." Here are solitary cells filled with crazed and emaciated men, here are many excellent shots of a hideous physical environment, and yet one does not get the same impression of France's penal island as was conveyed in Eliot Niles's powerful novel.

Why? Simply because the background is almost subordinated to the love-story between a young thief, portrayed by Ronald Colman, and the warden's wife, portrayed by Ann Harding. A romance between beings thus conditioned, in such a setting—yes, this is quite possible. But not the dear, dewy romance which made Mr. Colman and Miss Harding often seem like two young singers in the choir back home. In saying, however, that "Condemned" is neither realism nor vital romance, one does not deny that here is an exciting story with many masterly shots and with some superb bits of acting, notably by Dudley Digges as the warden.

Yes, one follows "Condemned" breathlessly, but it has not displaced "Disraeli," with George Arliss in the title-rôle, as the best talkie to date.

A WOMAN LEADER IS MISS WISNER

MANY a library has the air of a spoiled beauty. Not only is its attitude one of "Take me or leave me," but it surrounds itself with so much formality that the patron is chilled by a visit.

From the city of Newark these libraries could learn much. Whenever any one in this industrial city has a problem, he thinks immediately, "There's the library." This institution collected the material for a city-planning exhibition. It printed a series of leaflets on the history of the town, now used in the public schools. It supplies twelve hundred classrooms with books and prints. It advertises constantly what it has to give, and once the patron gets there he finds no red tape, no unpleasant surveillance—how often in other libraries one is made to feel that they'll take our finger-prints next!—nothing but a spirit of co-operation.

Of this great library a woman has recently been appointed head. She is Miss Beatrice Wisner, and with her title goes that of head of the Newark Museum. The joint post represents one of the most important in America, and to it Miss Wisner brings vision, administrative ability, and a deep conviction that every library should let its light shine. In an age of countless women librarians she is one of the few to become a library head.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Swift's Premium Ham . . . Mild

YES, it is famous for its mildness—but not for that alone. Swift's Premium Ham is famous, too, for its tenderness; for its delicacy; and for that uniform richness of flavor which only the Premium cure can give.

Swift & Company

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! *The new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the full length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*

Swift's Premium

Hams and Bacon

When artist meets mechanic - WAR!

ACTUAL VISITS TO P AND G HOMES *No.* 21

The sound of a military march thumped through the windows of a homey house in a little Eastern town. A blue-eyed young woman answered the door and my question about soap.

"Come in," she said, "and I'll tell you about it. That fearful noise is Peter practicing his march for the school entertainment." And Peter, just 5 years old, sat spic and span in a white sailor suit, playing with *both* hands!

"You'd never believe that angel could get dirty," smiled his mother ruefully. "But he does! And Robert, his brother—he's in the garage building an airplane. Yesterday Peter was practicing and Robert was hammering, and Robert said Peter's practicing bothered his hammering and Peter said Robert's hammering bothered his practicing—and so they threw MUD at each other."

And she smiled as only mothers smile when they're so proud of their children that they're even proud of their *badness*.

Mrs. Osgood* teaches music. That explains Peter. And she uses P AND G White Naphtha soap. That explains why she can keep house, teach music and keep Peter and Robert clean as angels —when they're through throwing mud.

Two blouses a day for 1 week equals 14 blouses plus all the other household linen. That's Mrs. Osgood's weekly laundry. "P AND G doesn't waste away like some other soaps," she says, "and it gets clothes clean with hardly any rubbing. It's a wonderful soap. And it's so nice and *white*. I prefer white soap, don't you?"

Yes, I do. And I *know* P AND G is wonderful—it combines naphtha with fine white soap. It loosens dirt—in hot or cold water, hard or soft. And it *doesn't* waste away in the water, because it's so firm.

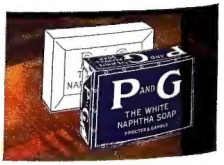
Why *does* such a good soap cost so much less? The reason really is: P AND G is used by more women than any other soap in the world. So—P AND G is made in enormous quantities—and Procter & Gamble can buy the fine materials that go into it at a great advantage. This means that a very large cake of P AND G can be sold to you for actually less, ounce for ounce, even than ordinary soaps.

So P AND G costs less *because it is so popular*. And it is so popular because it *really is a better soap*.

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

FREE! "How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Send a post card for free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours*, to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. NR-20, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Women today are depending on *white* soaps. One P AND G visitor recently found 3 out of 4 women in one Michigan city using P AND G. "Oh," said one, "I want my white clothes to be *really* white—so I use P AND G."



* Not her real name of course.

The largest-selling soap in the world

© 1930, P. & G. Co.

Digitized by Google

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

THE BLUE GERANIUM

Second of the series of thrilling mystery stories in which the inimitable Miss Marple scores heavily

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

Illustration by De Alton Valentine

"SHE CRIED OUT: 'TAKE THOSE AWAY. NO BLUE FLOWERS. BLUE FLOWERS ARE FATAL TO YOU. REMEMBER THAT'"

MRS. BANTRY looked round her dinner-table and shivered a little as she did so. The dining-room was too cold for anything. Arthur was really very trying with his dislike of "all this newfangled hot-pipe tomfoolery." There was too much of "what was good enough for my father is good enough for me" about Arthur.

Nevertheless she smiled affectionately at her red-faced, broad-shouldered husband as he talked horses to Jane Helier, the actress, who knew nothing whatever about a horse and cared less. Jane, more beautiful off the stage than on (if that were possible), opened enormous blue eyes and murmured at intervals, "Really?" "Oh, fancy!" "How extraordinary!"

On the other side of Colonel Bantry sat Miss Marple. She wore black-lace mittens and sat very upright. An old lace fichu was draped round her shoulders, and another piece of lace surmounted her white hair. She was talking animatedly to Dr. Lloyd about the workhouse and the suspected shortcomings of the district nurse.

Mrs. Bantry turned to her right-hand neighbor, Sir Henry Clithering, ex-Commissioner of Scotland Yard. She was full of curiosity. Sir Henry and Miss Helier were staying in the house. Mrs. Bantry had asked Dr. Lloyd to dinner, and had then paused, pen in hand, saying to Sir Henry:

"Whom else shall I ask? You were here last Winter. Tell me who amuses you?"

She had expected him to choose Mrs. Talbot or pretty Elsie Graham, but his reply had taken her quite by surprize.

"There's one person I *should* like to meet again—Miss Marple. You know her of course?"

And Mrs. Bantry had laughed and said:

"Know Miss Marple? Who doesn't? The typical old maid of the village. But quite a dear, tho hopelessly behind the times."

She had half suspected him of joking, but he had been serious enough. She looked at him now with a question in her eyes. Sir Henry smiled back quizzically.

"You're intrigued?"

"Very much so. Won't you explain?"

"The explanation is simple enough. When I was down here last Winter we got into the habit of discussing unsolved mysteries. There were five or six of us. Raymond West, the novelist, started it. We each supplied a story to which we knew the answer, but nobody else did. It was supposed to be an exercise in the deductive faculties—to see who could get nearest the truth."

"Well?"

"Like in the old story, we hardly realized that Miss Marple was playing, but we were very polite about it—didn't want to hurt the old dear's feelings. And now comes the cream of the jest. The old lady outdid us every time!"

"What?"

"I assure you—straight to the truth like a homing-pigeon."

"But how extraordinary! Why, dear old Miss Marple has hardly ever been out of St. Mary Mead."

"AH! BUT according to her, that has given her unlimited opportunities of observing human nature—under the microscope as it were."

"I suppose there's something in that," conceded Mrs. Bantry. "One would at least know the petty side of people. But I don't think we have any really exciting criminals in our midst. I think we must try her with Arthur's ghost-story after dinner. I'd be thankful if she'd find a solution to that."

"I didn't know that Arthur believed in ghosts."

"Oh, he doesn't. That's what worries him so. And it happened to a friend of his, George Pritchard, a most prosaic person. It's really rather tragic for poor George. Either this extraordinary story is true or else——"

"Or else what?"

Mrs. Bantry did not answer. After a minute or two she said irrelevantly: "You know, I like George; every one does. One can't believe that he— But really people do do such extraordinary things."

Sir Henry nodded. He knew, better than Mrs. Bantry, the extraordinary things that people did.

AFTERWARD, in the drawing-room, Mrs. Bantry appealed to her husband. He hesitated a little, but did not really need much persuasion.

"I'd be rather glad to hear what you all think," he said slowly. "I've never believed much in the supernatural—lot of tommy-rot. And what's more, old George thought the same.

"I don't think any of you know George Pritchard. He's one of the best. His wife—well, she's dead now, poor woman—I'll just say this much. She didn't give George any too easy a time when she was alive. She was one of those semi-invalids—I believe she really had something wrong with her, but, whatever it was, she played it for all it was worth.

"She was capricious, exacting, unreasonable. She complained from morning to night. George was expected to wait on her hand and foot, and everything he did was always wrong and he got cursed for it. Most men, I'm fully convinced, would have hit her over the head with a hatchet long ago. Eh, Dolly, isn't that so?"

"She was a dreadful woman," said Mrs. Bantry with conviction. "If George Pritchard had brained her with a hatchet, and there had been any women on the jury, he would have been triumphantly acquitted."

"I don't quite know how this business started. George was rather vague about it. I gather Mrs Pritchard had always had a weakness for fortune-tellers—palmists, clairvoyantes—anything of that sort. George didn't mind. If she found amusement in it, well and good. But he refused to go into rhapsodies himself, and that was another grievance.

"A succession of hospital nurses was always passing through the house, Mrs. Pritchard usually becoming dissatisfied with them after a few weeks. One young nurse had been very keen on this fortune-telling stunt, and for a time Mrs. Pritchard had been very fond of her. Then she suddenly fell out with her and insisted on her going.

"She had back another nurse who had been with her previously—an older woman, experienced and tactful in dealing with a neurotic patient. Nurse Copling, according to George, was a very good sort—a sensible woman to talk to. She put up with Mrs. Pritchard's tantrums and nerve-storms with complete indifference.

"Mrs. Pritchard always lunched up-stairs, and it was usual at lunch-time for George and the nurse to come to some arrangement for the afternoon. Strictly speaking,

Continued on Page 74

THE DUEL OF THE QUEENS

Opening chapters of a magnificent story of that fascinating period in English history in which two ladies of royal birth manifest the glories and frailties of mere women

By E. BARRINGTON

Illustrations by FORTUNINO MATANIA

IN THIS true romance of Mary Stuart many of the things said by her and others are authentic, as well as all the letters, tho they are condensed and an occasional phrase modernized. In spite of, or perhaps because of, her bewildering loveliness little justice has been done her; nor until late discoveries of letters and state papers has it been possible to set her lifelong duel with Elizabeth in its true light.

"SHE is the greatest lady in the world," said George Buchanan, tutor in Latin to the young Queen of Scotland, soon to be Queen of France.

"She is the loveliest lady in all the world," responded Ronsard, poet of beautiful women and all lovely things. "I have heard her French Majesty Queen Catherine declare, 'That little Scots whippersnapper of a queen has only to smile to turn the heads of all my good Frenchmen. It is a folly, but so it is!'"

"If her Majesty made that remark the whole world may swear it is true. For there is no love lost——"

"S-sh!" said the Bishop of Orkney with a discreet finger on narrow lips. "Her French Majesty will be a loving mother-in-law to our little Queen. But, gentlemen, you commend her for beauty and rank. Now I, who am a churchman, commend her for wits and learning. She is the most brilliant little lady for her young years in all the world!"

They looked a little doubtful on that, these gentlemen gathered in the embrasure of one of the stately windows of Fontainebleau. All can understand that beauty sways mankind like a moon serene above climbing waves. But who could admire learning in a budding beauty? Venus and Minerva have never assorted well, and the owl has no affection for the dove. Master George Buchanan was extremely susceptible to rank. Ronsard, the young poet, was the passionate, the fanatic poet of beauty. All day he would sit in the rose-wreathed alleys of the garden to catch a glimpse of the tall young maid walking with her Marys, laughing softly, speaking softly—too young as yet to be conscious of her terrible power; unripe, an apple-tree in sweet white blossom under blue skies.

They stared a little contemptuously at the Scots Bishop as he spoke with the gravity of a man of God. He had, however, come as one of the Scots commission to arrange her marriage with the dauphin, and was to be respected.

"My lord, my lord, what should she do with learning?" said Ronsard. "Set wrinkles between her velvet brows and put an edge to her exquisite smile? No, by Heaven! leave learning to ladies who have nothing else to recommend them."

Another gentleman intervened—a man broad-browed with piercing eyes, eagle-faced, and keen. He wore a doublet of purple velvet laced with silver, warm against the chilly Spring winds. Brantôme, the keen-eyed historian of that gay and wicked court.

"My lord bishop speaks well. This lady, as I would have you know, gentlemen, is unrivaled in every quality. She is a jewel, cut and polished in every facet. It may be enough for a lesser lady to be a beauty, but it is dominance if a lady be Queen of France and Scotland, for she will shape the world to her pleasure. But should not such a beauty and such a queen have wisdom for her guide?"

"Not if wisdom blights charm," put in Ronsard sharply. "It is the law of beauty to be beautiful. We ask no more. Our cup brims. Wisdom is not for this girl."

"You forget, gentlemen," said Brantôme gravely, "that she is to be no toy for a husband's pleasure, but the greatest lady of all. She is in her own right Queen of Scotland and England, for the old harridan Mary now on that throne is not only bastard by her father's and parliament's will, but is incapable of children, and her sister Elizabeth in the same plight both ways. There is no king in the world can match her majesty, tho, marrying our heir, she will be second to him in France. Such a princess must not be ignorant of the world she rules."

"Rehearse her gifts!" said the bishop, smiling. "We have some reason to be proud of our little Scots Queen!"

Brantôme threw himself into an oratorical attitude.

"Since one day I shall pen her glorious history, I speak. When that unequaled princess was fourteen she spoke and understood Latin perfectly. You, gentlemen, were not present, but these ears heard her address the King of France in a Latin speech on the intellect of women and the hills of learning they may climb if they choose to use their pretty feet."

Ronsard laughed.

"The little lovely *mignonne!* She has a rare memory, and it is not for nothing that the learned Master George Buchanan is her tutor."

"Allow me!" interposed the sour-faced Buchanan. "It is true I corrected a word or so. No more. The girl was a prodigy of wits. A critic might object that It was not Latin of the best period, but she reads Latin like a scholar. But so does Elizabeth of England. It is the fashion."

Brantôme bowed to his superior.

"WELL, Messire Ronsard, I, like you, took her for a pigeon disgorging with exquisite grace the stuff which Master Buchanan had crammed down her young throat, and I went apart to Antonie Fochain and said, 'Sound the pretty one on some learned subject. Speak in Latin. Take her at a disadvantage. It will do her no harm, for if she falters she will win all hearts with her lovely hesitation.' And Antoine, whose learning has blinded him to every beam of beauty, addressed her on—guess."

"Love," said Ronsard. "What else?"

Brantôme smiled dryly.

"By no means. You little know! Antoine is a chip of dry wood. He took her as a young arrogant scholar that must be made to know his place. He said in Latin, 'Lady, what is your opinion on the science of rhetoric and its uses?' I own the court tittered as far as it dared. Even the king smiled, and Madame Diane de Poitiers beside him, laughed aloud. Gentlemen, she stood forth bright and clear as a dewy rose at dawn, and in her voice of crystal replied in Latin.

"'Your Majesty, lords and ladies, and learned Master Fochain, bear with me while I say I do not respect the science of rhetoric. It is a woman's weapon, for it can make the worse appear the better reason by its false ornaments. It is a flatterer, a false guide, misleader of the senses that love to be misled. No. Give me plain words, eloquent in truth and justice only, and let those who will, play with the false Circe while I woo the Goddess of Clear Wisdom and few words.'

"THAT was enchanting. She might have been a Frenchwoman. Sure, none else could be so ready. But her mother, being a French princess, has no doubt given her her ready wit."

"Her poetry, however, comes from the North. She writes verses honey-sweet," said Ronsard with dreaming eyes. He would have given much to have heard what Brantôme described. He knew her passion for lovely words, for the music of them stringing like pearls on gold, for the wistfulness that lay beneath it and spoke of the deep waters of the heart, sometimes bitter, sometimes sweet. No one hung on his words like this royal girl. Small wonder he loved her. Who did not?

There was a slight commotion outside and clear cries of mirth. The four gentlemen crowded into the window, each with a mullioned pane to himself.

Below on the green lawn was the girl they had been discussing. She was playing ball with her four Marys, five happy Scots girls, darting, dipping like swallows in flight.

Most unlike the stately decorum of French princesses, this royal girl wore her skirts ankle-short and ran until her pale face flushed, and dark, silky locks fell over it. She tossed them back with her hands and panted through laughter, then leaped like a boy at the ball when Mary Seton flung it to Mary Fleming, and finally flung herself on the grass, sitting and clasping her knees after she had flung a rose instead of the ball into Mary Seton's laughing face. They sat close about her, talking eagerly, heads together, as girls will.

"You beauty! You beauty!" muttered Ronsard, leaning breathless from the window. He loved her as Venus incarnate, not as a woman. Flowers and incense for the altar! That was the way with her now—a maid apart. Later she was to go to men's heads like a madness of the gods, driving them to crimes and follies. And this, her power, she never rightly understood because she meant so well and had no thought of triumph. Now, in first youth, she charmed like a bed of lilies hidden in green leaves, exhaling pure loveliness and perfume fresh as dawn.

She was then fifteen, tall, tho she had not reached the

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

"'SHE WAS DRESSED IN A ROBE WHITER THAN THE LILY, BUT SO GLORIOUS IN ITS FASHION THAT IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANY PEN TO DESCRIBE IT'"

stateliness of her height. Slender as a willow wand, and the thin, silken folds falling about her showed her young outline. She had no hat, for it was a frolic for the Scots young folk to play thus carelessly in the gardens, and therefore the late afternoon sun found her unguarded from his kisses.

No man living, or, what is more to the point, no woman, could fault her features. She had the delicately shaped nose and purely cut fruit-lips of the true ruler of hearts. Her face was exquisitely pale, for she knew her business too well to use the fards and rouges which clogged the skins of the French court beauties. Her pallor set off her long brown eyes, darkened with curled lashes and set under lovely brows to match the hair, perhaps her chief beauty. For there the black of her French mother met the gold of her Scots father, and blended into a darkness that gave lights of red amber when sunlight burnished it. And then her mouth, sweet and most sweet, yet not to be adequately described, for no man who loved it but attempted a description after his own heart.

She wore her hair simply parted on the brow and rolled back in shining waves above her ears, making a frame for the sweet, pale face where all beauty sat, promising to those who read that alphabet something ineffacable that gave her the world for her lover and history for her slave. Such was the Scots lass known already as the highest and most royal lady in all the world. She would certainly play a great part.

There she sat among her Marys: Mary Beton, reserved and stiff, with much dignity of manner and much ambition to prop it; a proud brunette even now. Mary Livingstone, a milky blond with flaxen Scots locks curled in the mode and eyes blue as forget-me-nots in shadow. Mary Seton, brown-haired and hazel-eyed, with a tender heart shining in those eyes as she looked at her queen, the truest of them all; and Mary Fleming, red-haired and green-eyed, the most spirited of the band and the hardest to keep in charity with all men.

These girls of high blood made much of the romance of the queen's little court, and stories of the hearts laid at their young feet and the great matches in preparation were current all over France, Scotland, and England—these charming guardians of the beauty of the Mary of Marys, who superseded all need for stiff duennas.

The gentlemen at the window saw the group increase. A party of men came up through the rose-alleys and joined the girls, and all rose ceremoniously to their feet, for heading the men was Francis, Dauphin of France and future King—a tall, pale boy with hollow, wistful eyes fixed on his young love. He could not take them off her, and that was not singular, for men and women alike watched her, hoping to turn some new page in the book of love and decipher some secret of that effortless charm. She laughed and talked with him, trying to strike some sunshine into his wistfulness on such a day of June.

"He should not have her!" said Ronsard between his teeth. "He is too unripe. He has no knowledge to taste all the flavors of her sweetness. She needs a man, and a strong one, to rule that wild kingdom of hers and to teach her the innermost meanings of man's love. She will be a woman before he is a man, and *then*——"

Ronsard was privileged. He might criticize even royalty, but the bishop smiled superior.

"Thrones marry thrones, monsieur the poet! If our queen did not marry your king it must be some great Englishman who shares her Tudor and Plantagenet blood. Remember she is Queen of England now, if right had its own, and many Englishmen own it."

"Englishmen—pouf!" said Ronsard with fine scorn. "They are never lovers. They are pedigrees, policies, treaties. Good fighters for all three, but lovers—never! Give her a lover or she will find one!"

He turned away, and the bishop shrugged his shoulders. He was of opinion that riches and rank should be a sufficient guaranty for a woman's fidelity, and the future King of France a good enough match even for the beauty of all time. His only concern was that such terms should be made as would strengthen Scotland and give her the full fruition of the alliance. And indeed the conditions fluttered all the statesmen of Europe.

Reams of parchment rose about the little queen. Should she bear a son he must rule all the realms. If daughters, Scotland claimed the eldest for her queen, and so forth. Men who had not seen her thought of her as a pledge, a treaty to be turned to account. Men who had— But that must wait.

Horses were called for, and she ran in with her girls, the pages legging it to keep up with them. She returned in riding-dress and plumed hat and, mounting her Arab, galloped off to the greenwoods of Fontainebleau with her following of youth and gaiety. The men at the windows dreamed of her inevitable triumph, for she inspired such dreams in all but those whose veins ran ink.

"But she makes politics even more dangerous," said the voice of a man who had come up behind them. "A princess with such a future should be ugly, dull, stupid, to have her affairs conducted with any sanity. She will drive herself and her ministers mad with her wine of beauty and be a world's wonder in more ways than one. Remember Helen and Guinevere! How can Aphrodite hold any but a scepter of lilies? It is the most preposterous situation! She wants her doves and roses, and they give her treaties and protocols. Heaven help us all!"

HE WAS a young man, handsome as Narcissus. Another poet, Chastelard. He and Ronsard sang her in verse that still lives. But the bishop was angry.

"Sir, you will find that the commissioners of the Queen of Scots who have come from Scotland to arrange the terms of her marriage are extremely sane persons and know the value of their sovereign lady, and therefore—"

"No one could know her value unless he loved her for life and death and eternity, my lord bishop. She is no woman. She is beauty, royalty, love. She is all that each means. She is a light that will burn in the world's eyes and dazzle them while words live and history lasts. She is a world's bane or blessing. She——"

The bishop looked with smiling pity at the young man's shining eyes.

"She is a very handsome girl," the bishop said, "and Queen of Scotland. And these rhapsodies are more than a little out of place. She should be spoken of with respect and not like a naked goddess."

That was the trouble. The men who loved her, and they were legion, forgot that she was Queen of Scotland. The fire of her loveliness consumed her royalty. And the men who did not love her thought of her only as Queen of Scotland and cared nothing that she had a heart to break and a woman's life to live. Between them it was likely enough that they would ruin her.

In the forest of Fontainebleau the royal pair rode softly together, the others having fallen behind to give them the chance of a word—these lovers on the eve of marriage. He rode so near that his foot brushed her stirrup.

"Marie, *ma mie, ma bien-aimée*, are you glad that it will be so soon?"

"Glad, my heart!" she answered, leaning a little toward him. She had the instinct to lean always where she trusted, and alas! the instinct to trust where she should not. A woman indeed!

"I do not like all the pomp and bustle," he said nervously. "It is enough to break lovers' hearts who would have their joy to themselves."

"But we are great princes!" she said. "How can it be otherwise? We are a picture for the people—a poem. In us they see all their hopes expressed in beauty. I would not disappoint them for the world. No, not I! I will be beautiful that day if never again."

"You can never be anything else, *ma petite reinette*, but—but look at me! Am I any one's want and hope? Lean, long-legged as a crane, hollow in the cheek, dull of eye, I shall make a poor show beside the grace of my princess. You should have chosen better, my heart's love."

"I have chosen; but we neither of us could choose!" she said. "France and Scotland must be wed. If we had hated each other that must have been. It was lucky our hearts went with it. Do not fear, Francis. When the time comes for the great ceremony in Notre Dame you will remember nothing but our love and what the people long to see, and you will be France. What could be more wonderful?"

But the boy looked down with tears that she must not see in his eyes. His weak health impeded him at every turn, and he saw the cruel, keen eyes of his mother, Catherine de Medici, reading it and greedily calculating her influence on her second son, Charles, a boy of nine, who must succeed him if her eldest's marriage gave no son.

She had given Francis up for lost. Such a wife as Mary Stuart would be his queen and ruler as well as Queen of France. But if he died—and there was no promise of long life about him—then she herself would reign over the boy Charles and gain her heart's desire. Two lives only stood between her and her hopes—her husband's and this Francis, the Dauphin, lover of Mary Stuart. Well—fate had been good to her! It might be better yet. She could be patient.

The two rode a little way in silence, their followers far-off bright spots of color down the long green glade, and as they passed a bed of pale anemones Mary leaned toward them.

"They remind me of Scotland. They grew in the little island of Inchmahome, where they kept me guarded from the English. In those days I shuddered if the English were named. They began so soon to torment me. King Henry the Eighth, my great-uncle, was the ogre of my dreams."

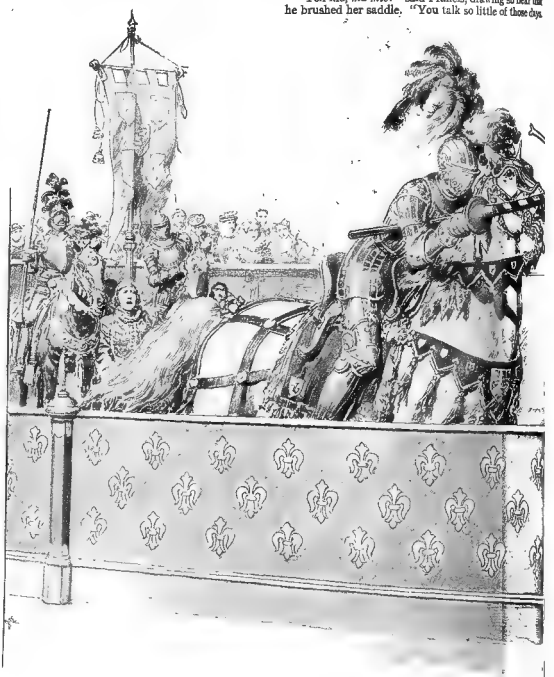
"Tell me, *ma mie!*" said Francis, drawing so near that he brushed her saddle. "You talk so little of those days. Had you orders for silence from madame your mother?"

"Yes, orders, my heart. She does not think it well to disparage the English, whom I must rule one day. But oh—their cruelties!"

There was a catch in her breath like a sob; he pressed nearer and took her disengaged hand in his. She slipped off her riding-gauntlet and it lay cold and white as a snowflake.

"Tell me!" he pleaded. "They have let me hear so little."

"No good luck to tell. A troublous beginning. I killed my father, as you know. After the battle of Pinkie, when the English conquered us, his one hope, his one prayer was for a son to gather Scotland up again in soldier's fashion. And when they brought him word that I was born in Linlithgow he cried aloud so that they could



"HUSH! A YELL OF MORTAL AGONY. THE KING SWAYS ASIDE ON HIS HORSE. THE LANCE OF HIS FOE HAS WOUNDED HIM ON THE HEAD"

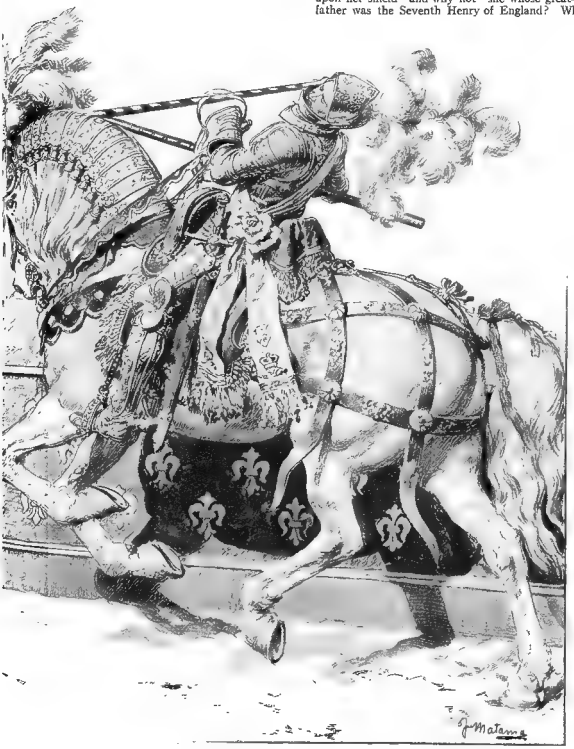
Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

hear his heart-strings crack, and he groaned out, 'It came with a lass and it will go with a lass!' He meant Scotland, my heart, which a princess you know not brought for her dowry, and he believed it would slip from my hand, and so cried 'Alas!' It may. God knows. Two or three days afterward he died. I had killed him."

She stopped with a fated look, and her eyes explored the green solitudes for peace.

"And then my brute of a great-uncle, Henry the Eighth of England, claimed my little body for his puny son Edward. He thought to get Scotland that way. But the Scots and my mother would not not they! They sent their ambassador from England, and he said, 'Give us the little queen, and we will bring her up royally and the realms shall be one.' But my mother said, 'Yes, as when the wolf has swallowed the lamb.' One, indeed! Tell me, if ours were the lad and yours the lass, would you ask it? No."

"I like that well," said Francis, laughing, as she stopped for breath with sparkling eyes. "How did he take it?"



"He said a cruel thing, my heart. He said, 'A bairn's life is a slender thread. They say your lass is a sickly thing, not like to live.'"

The dauphin frowned.

"They should have flogged him from the castle gate."

She laughed proudly.

"My mother did better. She swept her chair about, and it had hid my cradle and me. And she caught me to her lap and showed me mother-naked to the Englishman, and she said, 'My girl will live when your sickly boy rots in Westminster, and she shall be Queen of more than Scotland. Go, tell this to your master that would have her to kill as he has slaughtered his wives.'"

The pale young dauphin meditated.

"So they had to send me to France, for bloody Henry would have hatried all Scotland to find me, and but for him we had never met, my heart."

Francis leaned forward and kissed her cheek.

"There I bless the butcher of England, *ma mie*. How beautiful you are when you tell your story! Shall we stop and gather anemones. Let us wait till your girls come."

Vaguely she guessed that this was a shy boy's love and no man's. But she knew no other, being a bud sheathed in cool green from the sun. They waited, and the Marys rode up with their ardent cavaliers; and the silence of the woods rang to their joy.

What a wedding! What a bride! What a queen for bridal glory! Queens consort must kneel to their husbands for a crown, but this would crown hers. As a baby the crown was held on her head, her hand took the scepter, the sword of state was girt about her middle like a king's. Already the English leopards were borne upon her shield—and why not—she whose great-grandfather was the Seventh Henry of England? Who was the bastard Elizabeth, daughter of a mere Anne Boleyn, to stand in her way? What but triumph could await her when the breath left the harried body of Bloody Mary of England? The English would repudiate Protestant Elizabeth, and Mary of Scotland and France be called to reign.

Did she believe it? Did life even then hold out such brilliant promise? Difficult to say. She had a strain of melancholy in her sweetness which fed itself on dreams and previsions of which she did not speak. There had not been much in her childhood to give her faith in joy and her mother, steadily guarding her throne in Scotland from English intrigues, Mary had seen but once since she sailed a child of six from black Dumbarton, escaping the English ships with difficulty on the way. Would life be always like that? Promise and doubtful fulfilment? No, she could not think it. Queens have queens' luck. Her great marriage was a shout of triumph in the world's face, a defiance to English plotting.

At that moment two women ruled the destiny of Europe. It ran on them as a chariot runs on its wheels, and not even the wealthy and powerful Philip, King of Spain, counted in comparison. These women were Mary Stuart and Elizabeth of England, the latter a prisoner in the Tower of London, her life hanging on a thread. In the romance of Mary Stuart's life their relationship and rivalry are fate and doom; therefore they must be clearly understood.

Elizabeth comes first by right of age. She was daughter of Henry the Eighth by his discarded and beheaded wife Anne Boleyn. He had declared her illegitimate and incapable of succeeding to the throne, as he had also his elder daughter Mary by his first wife, the Princess Catherine of Aragon. These two, by English law, could not reign. Their own father had stamped them as bastards. A son, Edward, was born from his third marriage to Jane Seymour; the prospective bridegroom of Mary Stuart. He died, a king, at the age of sixteen, and his two illegitimate sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, became once more of enormous importance to England.

The young Lady Jane Grey, put forward by the Protestant party, reigned for twelve sad days, but was beheaded by Mary, a bigoted Catholic, who reigned but a few years. She was termed "Bloody Mary" for those years of persecution and bigotry which were fanned into flame by her husband, King Philip of Spain. But of her the world thought little. She had withered before her prime, and it was known that her death within a few years was assured.

BUT under lock and key, either at the Tower or her country house of Asbridge, Mary held a very different bit of womanhood—her handsome half sister Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn, her own mother's hated rival.

This girl was the most important woman in the world save one. She was now three and twenty, red-haired, dark-eyed, well built, and if she did not carry herself with grace it was at least with consummate dignity. She had a way of arching her head on a long throat and looking from under her eyelids with a hidden disdain. There was, no doubt, much disdain in her soul and much reason for it.

Elizabeth had seen herself, the daughter of a great king, courted and wooed and acclaimed as the ultimate in beauty and intelligence and the heir to the throne. She had also seen herself the cast-off daughter of a king and none so poor as to pay her reverence. She ground her teeth at her people's perfidy and set herself to the study of deep dissimulation.

With Latin and Greek, she studied even more closely the maxims of Machiavelli, the subtle Italian teacher of kings. Yes, that was the only way for a woman to keep afloat in the stormy seas of the times—that and her sexual influence.

She was satisfied with her appearance. She liked her bright hair, her small almondine, dark eyes, her neatly thin-lipped red mouth, her aquiline nose, her height, and air of command. She did not aspire to the rôle of a yielding beauty. No, she foresaw herself an illusive divinity coquetting to the edge of safety and then serenely ascending to the heights of royalty, leaving disconsolate worshipers prostrate below.

Yet, if report said true, she had already as a girl of fifteen overstepped that limit of safety. There had been a desperate flirtation with the handsome Lord Admiral of England, Seymour, husband of her stepmother, Catherine Parr, who had discovered the matter with fury.

It was said the young Elizabeth had borne a child to the Lord Admiral. This she had denied in an outspoken, haughty girl's letter to the Privy Council, but many believed it, and but for his execution on other charges more must have come of the matter.

It did her harm in the world. How could that be otherwise? But also it excited interest. It gave color, even if a little lurid, to the stories of her dash and courage. The mother of Mary Stuart had imbued her own daughter and the French court with the belief that she had been the man's mistress, tho it was believed also for excellent reasons that there could not have been a child.

But that was beside the mark after all. The real question was, Would Englishmen want this young woman, daughter of the discredited Anne Boleyn's discredited reputation, to reign over them when the unwanted old Mary was put to her long sleep in Westminster? Would her leaning away from Catholicism to her father's newly

"'WHAT! THE SCOTS HUSSY ASKS TO COME THROUGH THIS COUNTRY THAT SHE MAY MAKE HER MISCHIEFS FROM HERE TO EDINBURGH AND POISON EVERY MAN'S MIND AGAINST HIS LAWFUL SOVEREIGN!'"

introduced reforms win her support with the people of England? She herself certainly believed it would, or else she would never have dared affront in the slightest degree her sister's Catholic prejudices. But what would happen at that sister's death?

The world stood poised on tiptoe to know, for, failing Elizabeth, Mary Stuart, the loveliest lady in the world, was undoubted Queen of England.

She was great-granddaughter to Henry the Seventh. Elizabeth his granddaughter. Mary's mother was a great princess. Elizabeth's a king's mistress. Mary was nine years younger than her cousin, and as to beauty—the world is still her lover. As to this exquisiteness of beauty, men talked of little else when politics were mentioned because power hung upon it, great alliances, war and peace, the destiny of nations.

And Elizabeth knew and hated her cousin with the hatred of fear. Her unspotted reputation galled her; her high ancestry, her young sovereignty, the great marriage with France impending—all these—ate into Elizabeth's heart like vitriol. Unbearable! she thought to herself, sitting closely guarded in the green glades of Ashridge. What miserable luck had set this girl to outdistance her in every attainment. Cousins indeed! The kinship made it only the more revolting. Her statesmanship said the same, for this very marriage would give France a foothold in Scotland most dangerous for England.

But in France for the moment Mary had tried to forget these anxieties for lesser ones. The great preparations for her marriage absorbed her and filled her girl's heart for the most part, tho at moments a hidden fear would lift its head.

"It is hard," she said to Mary Beton, who knelt before her, displaying jewels, "that my Scots lords will not allow the crown and scepter of Scotland to leave Edinburgh. I would have worn it so gladly on my marriage day. It should have come in spite of the dangers of English ships. They should have moved heaven and earth to bring it to me."

"But that would have been too great a danger, your grace," said Mary Beton seriously. "Your head would not have rested on your pillow if you had thought of the

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

crown in the hands of the English. And what you will wear is glorious. You will look like an image of the Blessed Virgin all mailed in jewels, crowned and sceptered, and nothing wanting but the child in your dear arms, and that will come later."

"God grant it! But I think the comparison profane. I am well enough for an earthly queen, but nothing more, if that. And the Queen of Heaven is beauty immaculate and divine. One should not say such words."

She crossed herself devoutly. Young as she was, her Marys could have told the world that she had not a little of the mystic's yearning. Fate was against her there; but her mother remembered a scene when, thwarted and care-worn, the child had said:

"Put me out of the way. They wrangle about me, and I am weary of it all. Send me to the convent at Soissons and there, with birds and flowers and prayers and the good sisters, I can live my life and bid the world forget me."

Her mother, sharply hurt, had answered:

"A fine reward for all my care in ruling your unruly kingdom! Think rather that you shall marry a great king and have noble children, and you and they be defenders and warriors of the great Apostolic and Catholic faith. A high destiny. Prayers can be mixed with power. You shall not forget your daily prayers and the mass; but your shall reign."

She did not again plead for a convent. But she had seizures of strange thought in which the world shrank to the size of a wizened walnut filled with black dust in comparison with things unseen.

That mood was on her now as she looked at the table loaded with jewels. Beautiful exceedingly, but with no promise of peace in their glitter. Those angry diamonds came from her store in Edinburgh Castle. They glittered as coldy and fiercely as the eyes of the Scots barons who opposed her right in the Northern Kingdom, men bought with England's money and sworn to make her reign a short and bitter one.

Those rubies burned with a sullen blaze which recalled the burning, fanatical zeal of John Knox and the Scots reformers sworn to break the Catholicism in her or to break her with it. Those moonbeam strings of pearls were the tears she would weep in that cold and gloomy kingdom of the North, far from the sunny land of France. Those emeralds, baleful with the green fire of jealousy, might stand for the catlike, watching eyes of the leopards of England, seemingly passive for the moment, but tense with steady watchfulness. Were they passive even now? She spoke aloud suddenly:

"It is bad luck to carry the arms of England on my shield until I am Queen of England. They should not force me. Take away the jewels. I have other things to think of—and——"

Mary Beton raised astonished dark eyebrows.

"But, your grace, who should bear the arms of England but the great-granddaughter of Henry the Seventh and great-niece of King Harry the Eighth? Half the blood in your veins is royal English blood. Are you to forget it?" The wrinkled, old woman on the English throne. She may object. But need you care?"

"It is not the old Queen of England I care for. It is the English people. True, they send messages, but—oh, let me not think of it now."

THERE was prayer in her eyes, a young plea for joy. A prayer to the brooding brows of Fate.

"Think of this, madam," said Mary Beton. "Here is the marriage poem that Master George Buchanan has written for your grace. In Latin, of course, but with a loveliest translation. It will go all over the world! An address to his Royal Highness the Dauphin."

She was but a girl. Pleasure lighted in her bright face as she snatched the paper and began reading it aloud.

If matchless beauty may your fancy move
Behold a reincess worthy of your love.
How gloriously her stateliness doth rise!
What gentle lightning flashes from her eyes!

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" cried the Marys in concert. "Oh, go on, madam; go on."

Mary, laughing, pushed the illuminated paper into the hands of Mary Seton.

"How can I read my own praises? You read best, Mary Seton. A few more lines and then I must see my wedding-dress."

Mary Seton rose and declaimed it with waving hand.

Are you ambitious of an ancient line
Where heralds make chivalric blazons shine?
She can a hundred monarchs count and more
Whose hands the English, Scottish scepters bore.

"I like that. It is right to speak of England. That should never be forgotten!" Mary Beton said proudly. "For myself I shall never know a satisfied day until I see my queen throned in Windsor by the Thames."

The Marys loved her as a sister. Brought up together from earliest childhood, there could never be the distance prescribed for queens between them and their mistress. The frank Scots manners forbade it also. Mary laughed at their zeal and the clapping hands of the rest.

"Go on, flatterer!" she said to Mary Seton. "Shall I not have enough with the two crowns of France and Scotland?"

Mary Beton laughed too. It seemed weight enough for so young a head, but not enough to satisfy her pride in her queen.

"Never mind. That can wait. I like these verses. Go on, Mary Seton!" she said.

"Miles more!" said Mary Seton, running her eyes over the pages. "Oh, just this bit, addressed to your grace.

And let no food regrets disturb your mind,
Your country and your mother left behind,
For one awaits you, dear, beyond the rest,
Smiles on his lips and rapture in his breast,
And he will be to you all else above
A kingdom's or a mother's sacred love.

SHE laid down the manuscript, and Mary took it, lost in thought. Yes, she loved him as a young brother. They had grown up together. There was nothing to discover, for she had known every turn of his temperament since childhood. She knew exactly where she must support and supplement his shyness and awkward self-contempt. She must inspire him with the confidence needed for his great position. She must be King of France as well as Queen of Scotland when Francis succeeded to his father's great honors. A difficult position for a girl not sixteen, but possible because she knew him so well, loved him so tenderly. She would do her best and he would trust her.

The Marys sat about her still as statues, waiting until the cloud of dream should lift from her eyes. They loved her too well to misread such thoughts as those, for they too knew the bridegroom and knew that the Queen of Scotland must rule for both, and that no easy task in the teeth of the Queen Catherine de Medici.

None who saw it could ever forget the glory of that April marriage day, an April bright and blossoming, like the young promise of the royal bride. Paris the lovely, the city of festivals, had excelled herself in magnificent preparation for the joy of the child she had adopted as her own, and this was but the sign and seal of that unwritten covenant.

The king, conscious of her popularity, had made it possible for the humblest to see and rejoice with the royal house, and all was planned to that end. A long gallery, twelve feet from the ground, had been built from the palace of the Archbishop of Paris to the great cathedral gates of Notre Dame, ending in an open pavilion where the marriage would be solemnized, in the face of the world, before the bride and bridegroom proceeded to the high altar for the marriage blessing.

The very thought drove Paris mad with delight. They were not to be defrauded of one blush, one smile, one note of her clear voice as she took the vows which bound her to them forever. Beauty wins all hearts, but perhaps the hearts of the French are more swayed by it than others.

Such a gallery! Embowered in carven vine-leaves and branches, shaped like the cloister of a great cathedral Such a pavilion, hung with blue Cyprus silk, blossoming with golden fleurs-de-lis. Such a cardinal to make the marriage, splendid in crimson against the blue, the Cardinal de Bourbon, a prince of the church and of the blood royal!

"Sad that her poor mother can not see it!" murmured the women in the crowd. "Hard that she is nailed to that gloomy throne in Scotland and can not come to our darling's triumph."

The men nodded assent. Hard indeed! Life is not all ease for those great people. She would miss her mother—a fine woman and brave. Hush, a man has climbed a few feet upon the gallery so that he stands above the crowd. What is he saying, what shouting aloud?

"Happy beyond all men is the prince who is to be wedded to this pearl. If Scotland is of value, she, the queen, is far more precious, for if she were a beggar-maid, in her person, in her divine beauty she is worth all the kingdoms of the world. And since she is a soveriegn she brings to France and to her husband double fortune!"

It was Chastelard, the poet. He shouted the words, wild with triumph. Men took them up and roared them from one to another. And to the accompaniment of that mighty music the bride appeared, led by the King of France. Let the old chronicler describe her splendor.

"She was dressed in a robe whiter than the lily, but so glorious in its fashion that it would be impossible for any pen to describe it. Her royal mantle and train were of bluish-gray cut velvet, richly embroidered with white silk and pearls. It was of a most marvelous length, its weight supported by young ladies."

Not for her young beauty the purples and crimsons of older royalties. She drifted among them, unveiled indeed as royal brides must be. She had desired no jewels, but that was impossible; therefore on her head she wore a royal crown, and about the white stem of her neck long chains of gems, sustaining that matchless cluster known in England as "The Great Harry," and once the possession of her great-grandfather Henry the Seventh.

"Not that. Not to-day!" she had pleaded to Catherine de Medici, who had superintended her adornment. "Let me forget that quarrel to-day. This once!"

"To-day of all days you shall wear it," the queen said sternly. "England is a part of the dowry you bring to France. Let the English know it and the French rejoice!"

AND therefore with every breath she drew, "The Great Harry" sparkled her rights to all men in flaming color. The crowd waited, still as a sea in sunshine, while she advanced to the pavilion. Not a sound must interrupt the words which made her bride of France. It was done, and still the silence held while she turned to the bridegroom, who kissed her on the lips.

"Monseigneur, I salute your Majesty as King of Scotland." That was the bride's gift, her triumph; and as the Scots commissioners knelt before them the sea broke into the storm and billows and thunders of acclaim. What a bride for France! And in that thunderous music they moved into the mighty church.

Paris rejoiced that day as never yet. Such as were admitted to behold the festival in the Louvre spoke of it as enchantment impossible to forget.

After the banquet, there followed in the great hall of the palace a spectacle said to have been designed by Mary herself, and indeed it had the touch of her delicate fancy. The floor-cloth was painted in imitation of blue sea-waves, and as the court, headed by the queens, stood at gaze, six ships with silver masts and sails of silver gauze entered before a prosperous breeze, gliding smoothly over the painted waves—a lovely pageant. On the deck of each sat a prince masked and in cloth of gold sewn with jewels. And as the fleet passed before the crowding ladies each prince leaped from his deck and made a capture for the vacant seat beside him, the dauphin seizing his bride.

And thus, doubly loaded with youth and beauty, the happy ships glided round the great hall, while outside brilliant lights blazed the triumph to Paris, until all dissolved in dancing and delight, not only in the palace, but all over the city and in the country of France.

Was it flawless triumph for the bride, who had raised her husband to the rank of king? No. She carried an anxious heart weighted with a secret known to her, known also to the Queen Catherine de Medici. The astrologers, anxiously consulting the bridegroom's horoscope, had shaken their heads very gravely over it. Stormy planets had shadowed the eclipse under which he was born and darkened his boyhood. Consulted as to the alliance with the Queen of Scotland, they had again gloomed, but this time in silence.

"Not even their wish to flatter us—and they would do it if they could—can hide the fact that the stars are against us, my heart's hope!" he said to his bride as they stood alone at last in the royal chamber where the marriage-bed awaited them. "Think well before we go further. They have said that my ill fortune is infectious. It casts its shadow on those nearest, whom I best love.

Continued on Page 80

WHAT KATHLEEN NORRIS SAYS—

Which would you prefer, a son or a daughter? You will get a big surprize when you read what Kathleen Norris has to say on this subject in Pictorial Review for March

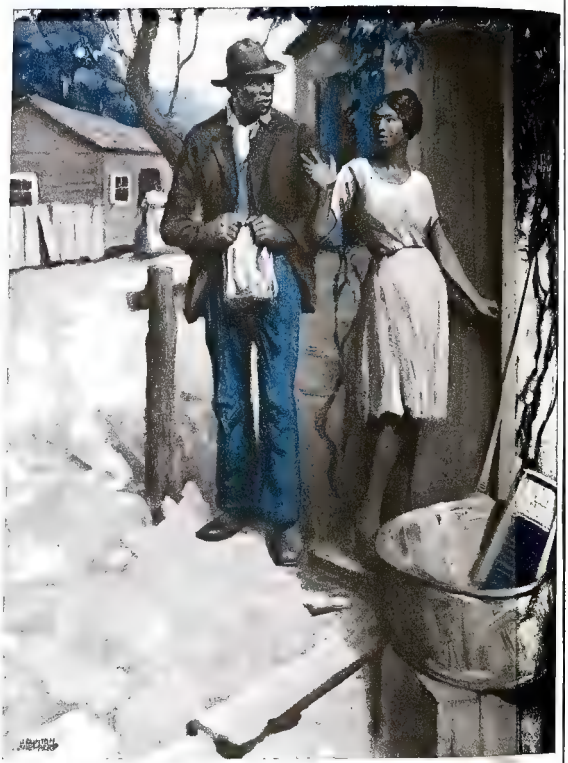
Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

K I

Whenever a jealous colored girl puts a "conjur" on her sweetheart the results are likely to prove a little surprizing

By
WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

Illustrations by
J. CLINTON SHEPHERD



"'YOU THINK I GOT TIME FOR LISTEN TO A IGNORANT FIELD-HAND TALK SWEET-MOUTH, HUH?'"

WHEN the seven-year-old truck gets home to the nigger-house yard at Dawn Plantation it seems as if the hullabaloo must reach to the ends of the seacoast of South Carolina. Venus Rannul hears it in her cabin, away up at the end of the street. Too self-respecting to run out gaping and gossiping as the others do (for Venus was away at Advancement School for a week before her mother died), she puts back her shutter a little and peeps out through the crack.

In the shadow of the pride-of-India-tree which engulfs the cabin no one can see her so; least of all can Quashie Middleton, coming up the gantlet-line of his feminine admirers, and that's the prime thing. For what is Quashie but a big, ignorant, swaggering nigger-buck, over whom the harebrained girls on the place seem bent on making scandals of themselves? And Venus Rannul, who's been to Advancement, is hardly to be classed with *them*.

Hardly! Look at them. Look at Hoke's Sukie now, the bold, loud creature; she's eating her heart out to know what Quashie's got in the brown-paper bag from the Bridge store. And from the looks of him, his treasure clutched, his chin clamped down— Hi! she got what she deserved that time. And watch now what she'll get, this long-legged Victoria, ogling, giggling—*Ki!*

Behind the shutter-crack the eyes of the exclaimer glisten; with each female discomfiture the whiteness of teeth widens across the warm-brown darkness of the comely face. Such a spectacle is entertaining even to an educated person, for a while. But only for a while.

Now that Quashie has laid them all in windrows behind him and still advances, doggedly striding, Venus seems to weary of the fun. Closing the shutter, she tries to think of something to do. She thinks of the honeysuckle vine, ragged with November over the lintel outside, wanting some of the old rags of dried bloom picked off. But no sooner has she opened the door to go out than she has to give a mild gasp. For who stands there but the under-rice-boss of the plantation, one Quashie Middleton, his feet planted squarely before *her* humble house, the corners of his mouth drawn down like sulking, awe and arrogance mixed up in his large mahogany-brown eyes.

If he's simply going to stand there, dumb, Venus has got to say something.

"What for you stand same like a gum-tree stump, front of my house, Niggah? Huh?"

Quashie wets a drying lip. He has been so spoiled by feminine adulation that as a rule he doesn't have to pick and choose what he shall say. But Venus has been to Advancement, and this is another thing. He puddles one foot in the dust, and speaks politely. "Do, Miss Venus, I glad for see you look so *gawd* healthy. You leg he fat, you face he fat as bacon-grease, and I been study about you so much I just gots to stop for say howdy."

Some wenches would have their heads turned completely, but they're not Venus.

"I is a young lady for mind my own business. You think I got time for listen to a ignorant field-hand talk sweet mouth, huh? What-all you got in de bag Quashie?"

Quashie shows his teeth, relieved, emboldened; he'd hardly hope it so soon.

"Do, now, Miss Venus, what you give me if I tells you what-all in de bag?"

"I done ask you a *answer*." The cinnamon-brown maiden stifles a yawn, only to pick her teeth with a honeysuckle twig. "It don't interest me, gwaad he know."

Quashie ought to be ashamed. There are eyes by dozens in the twilight fixed upon this ignominious exhibition of self-control, and plenty of mouths to spit in disgust at sight of him, six-foot-one in his store-shoes, tearing the brown paper in his haste. There, Venus may see what he's brought from the Bridge: three gunjub-cookies to sweet the mouth, a bit of bacon to fat the face, and a bottle of ginger cola to guggle.

Venus's twig is busy about a wisdom-tooth. "Who-for you buy-um?"

"For de most prettiest gal on Dawn Plantation, and dat gal, suh, he *you*."

Venus has a reading-book inside she's been planning to read while the light lasts.

"Oh-hum! Lay'um down on top de step, if you bound, Quashie. Oh-hum, good night."

CAN this be Quashie Middleton, to do such a bidding? It can, and it is.

"Yes-suh, but harky, Venus. What I been study about—" What Quashie has been studying about in this. It's Saturday evening. How does Venus feel about pleasuring him with her company to the "about"? Up at the dance-ground under the water-oak there's to be a gallon of corn for gentlemen, lemonade for ladies, and victuals for everybody.

"When dem folks see us, Gal, how us can dance and crack a foot, dey gwine give up."

Such naive presumption! Venus almost doubts her ears. Hardly can she trust herself to speak, aware that half the neighboring palmetto-boles hide listeners. That

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

he is not interested in such nigger-yard amusements, to egin with, and that he is an alligator for looks and an rang-outang for manners, is as far as she dares let herself go. And in the second place, he seems to forget she still in mourning for her mother.

"You mother, he done dead a heavy long time, ain't e, Venus?"

Now's the time to wither him. "Quashie, I gwine be kind and learn you something. When a gentleman menion a lady in he conversation, he never do call-um 'he'; e call-um 'she' if he a female."

Quashie is too absurd. Here's some one now who talks o a lady can understand him.

"Evening, Reverend."

THE "locus preacher," the Reverend Polydore Huckson, is a fairly good-sized divine, and fairly speedy on his middle-aging limbs; otherwise the enforcement officers up in Dorchester County would have caught him, n one of his still-tending phases, long ago. He isn't as big or as fast or young as Quashie Middleton, however. Accordingly he takes time to put on his gold-rimmed eyeglasses before he replies to Venus's greeting.

"Evening, Sistuh. I trust you been equal to bear you affliction dese past few days since I been able for call on you."

Pretty well, thanks. Quashie, for the Lord's sake, is so dumb he can't move out of the way so his "locus preacher" can sit down on the door-step? There, that's better. And now, if the ignorant fellow isn't in a hurry, he may sit on the ground nearby and listen to some higher-class conversation.

"Do-*jesus!*" Quashie blows up.

Sunset has passed into dusk. Where a moment ago the rim of ocean was a thread of pure magenta beyond the marsh, away out, now night runs a vein of indigo. Bullbats whine above the whine of their prey, the mosquitoes. The figures of the green-eyed watchers have merged with the shadows of their tree-holes. Some even start to walk slowly, but boldly, by, toward the dance-ground at the yard's top, a muffled giggle, the flip of a hip, or the white of an elated eye, calculated to fill up Quashie's cup of poison.

Around the whites of *his* eyes, as he regards Miss Venus, there's an edging of crimson.

"If," says he, his finger-nails curling in toward his big palms, "if I graff hold of you by dat scrawny neck you got, wid my two hand, Gal——"

"Do, do! Shoh! Look at de mad he gots."

The reverend feels it has gone far enough. "Sistuh! Sistuh!"

Of a sudden Quashie throws his head back. "Ho-ho-ho!" So this poor, no-account nigger-wench imagines he was in earnest, eh? Why, she's a joke for Quashie Middleton.

"Dat what he am, a pure *gawd* joke."

"What dat you say?" Now it's Venus's hands that are working.

"Ho, no-suh, you too ugly for Quashie to study about; ugly more'n a varmint."

"You—you—*you de varmint.*"

"If me de varmint, I tell you what fashion varmint I is. De biggest, strongest, fastest big buck-deer in de whole *gawd* pine-land; dat de fashion varmint Quashie am."

"Huh! Heh! I love see de maussa's hounds drive dat buck-deer from Ashley River spang to Walterboro, and *den* graff-um by de haunch in dey tooth."

If Venus was pretty before, now she's splendid. For a wink it's nip and tuck with Quashie. By so little does strength win, that, not daring to utter any of the dozen retorts he could, but only swinging his coat-tail in wheeling, like a buck flaunting its flag at the laboring pack, he strides off up the yard street, whistling disdainfully.

Oh, but Venus would bite her tongue out before ever she would holler after him.

Oh, but she's *got* to, for the tears on her lids are burning. "Yes-suh, I love see de hound for graff you and dead you *dead, dead, dead!*"

QUASHIE is whistling too loudly; he can't hear. Probably he's forgotten the whole thing already, his mind on the dance ahead, and on all those scatter-headed hussies.

There's a hollow sound of palm on meat at the cabin step, the reverend slapping mosquitoes. Presently, wiping cooky-crums from his mouth, he says: "Come here, Sistuh; set down. I gwine comfort you for mourn so much you mother. As de Good Book say——"

"Yes-suh, Reverend, just one minute."

The reverend gives the ginger-cola bottle another try on the door-latch, but succeeds only in barking a knuckle; the cap won't come off. Finishing the second of the gunjah-cookies, he sucks his teeth. "Do, Sistuh, don't you weep and wail no more." There is a sound of denim on splinters as he moves over on the step to suggest room.

Venus continues to brood up the yard. "Him too ignorant for talk; him too ugly for-look; him *ain't worth!*" Turning back to the step, she sits down with a bump.

"Us gwine talk about de Good Book, Reverend?"

"Yes-suh. Now, in Hezzekial he say, suh: 'And him shall hold de hand of de——'"

"Excusin', Reverend, more better we use all de hands we got for slap mosquito."

"Mosquito-crop, he heavy dis year; dat's de truth."

Up at the water-oak they've begun to shout. A guitar, a bit of gutter-pipe, a flour-barrel bean with a potato-masher, homely instruments, but the music they give out is enough to bedevil the heels of any Gullah maiden. There's the *shuff-shuff*, far off, of clapping hands, and the shout's refrain: "Lash 'em, Lady!"

OH, if there were but some one Venus might lay a lash upon! Heedless of the pastoral loquacity, she tackles a bitter question. "What-for not Venus for shout and dance?" Good folks are there, church-members, not alone the Episcopalian housemaids, Jell and Sukie, but Methodists and Baptists. No, piety is an easy load to carry. Education, that's the hard one. "Moreover, him no account; him can't able for subtract or divide figger, neither-so read one *gawd* word, no-suh!"

The reverend can do these things after a fashion. Even if he *is* getting on, his face as warty as an alligator's, and his sweet-mouth talk a little stale, he's far fitter company for a young lady who has been to Advancement.

Just now the comforter is whacking himself dramatically.

"Do, but de mosquito *heavy* bad. More better us gwine inside de cabin for set, eh?"

Silence. Sometimes it's better to be hard of hearing.

By and by: "What for dis paper of fry-bacon, nobody ain't eat-um? Now, Sistuh, if us blow up de fire in you chimley for fry de bacon same time us talk about de Scripture——"

Venus has to think quickly. "I gwine see about de fire, Reverend." She's up and in, all in the same breath, and no sooner that than the door is closed and the bar dropped. It's an awful way to act, maybe, but just now Venus doesn't care. Not till a sound of amazement and chagrin comes through the wood does she recollect the amenities.

"De fire he dead in de chimley, Reverend," she yawns aloud. "I done-for sleepy; seem like time I gwine bed." An impish impulse. "Mary Kinlaw he loss he cousin in Adams Run last May month; why ain't you pay call for comfort Mary? Good night, suh."

What's Venus to do now? Sleep? It would be easier to fly. Read? Well, there's no fire to read by. Just stand in the dark? That's what she does, anyway.

Up the yard the shout is in full fling; the beat of it comes down the chimney and in at the door-cracks. And Venus is seventeen. It's so black before her eyes that she can see a devil, pirouetting, posturing. His wide, strong hands cannonade together, his teeth flash, his eyes glow, his splendid muscles roll. Tired of

Continued on Page 61

"VENUS CAN ALMOST SEE THE LIP CURLING IN DISDAIN; HEAR THE SYLLABLES: 'AIN'T I TELL YOU, WENCH? SEE ME HERE SO FINE!'"

Digitized by Google Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

THROUGH SEVEN

Radcliffe's Road to Learning

By JEANETTE EATON

Drawings by Philip Kappel

ADA L. COMSTOCK
PRESIDENT OF RADCLIFFE COLLEGE

TO LOOK through the gateway of Radcliffe College is to receive one impression. To walk through it is to receive quite another. Under the grilled arch set into the brick wall the passer-by sees only a gracious white doorway and a strip of lawn darkly splashed with tree-shadows. The picture evokes the inevitable exclamation, "What a typical bit of New England!"

If, however, you go up the path and enter the college administration building the comment dies on your lips. This is not because the historic old Fay House fails of that promise glimpsed from the street. Its lovely old rooms are redolent of idolized Cambridge memories. Nothing in their aspect refutes the fact that in this mansion Edward Everett lived and Samuel Gilman wrote "Fair Harvard." Readily here one visualizes Longfellow and Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes clapping the brass door-knocker and laying their beaver hats on the table in the hall.

But now the hallway has become the pulsing artery of a college for young women. Girls in gay cardigans pass swiftly on their way up the wide stairs to the business offices above or buzz avidly over the news garnered by the bulletin-board. Executives with intent faces slide in and out of doorways. Telephones jangle softly.

All this hushed bustle is eloquent of the new turn taken by tradition within these honored walls. It is typified by the registrar's neat file-cases, set perhaps just where the old mahogany buffet with its burden of pewter once stood in the Faydining-room. But to receive the full force of this strong stream of fresh vitality you must beg the privilege of being ushered into the large front drawing-room on the left. For this is the office of the president of Radcliffe.

Once in her presence, you sense how inadequate was that casual exclamation at the gate. Not with Miss Ada L. Comstock at its head can Radcliffe be set down as "a typical bit of New England." For with her, time-honored precedent is not only cherished, but infinitely expanded. Miss Comstock's vision knows no limit of locality. It is bound neither by the past nor by modernism. Her spirit has the ranging freedom characteristic of that great Northwest where she was born.

As dean of women at the University of Minnesota and as dean of Smith College for more than a dozen years, she has long held a high place in education. As president of the American Association of University Women, as vice-chairman of the Institute of Pacific Relations, and as member of President Hoover's National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement, Miss Comstock has become a national figure. New England may benefit most directly from the activities of this great woman. But New England could not have produced her. She represents the civilization of an entire people.

By no one is it represented better. Even at first glance one feels this. Miss Comstock's height, the forceful cast of her features, the tone of her voice, her very handshake seem to manifest those attributes of vigor, idealism, and tolerance which we like to claim as typically American. Illustrious as are her scholarly attainments, indicated by as many honors and degrees as a golf champion has cups, the president of Radcliffe is not to be set down as an "intellectual." For that force of intellect is dominated by a moral force the depth and tone of which can only be gaged by a comparison with the nation's great leaders. It is devoid both of austerity and fanaticism.

FAY HOUSE

And yet she is probably only aware of being cast in heroic mold when she tries on a small hat. Many women in public life, either through shyness or egotism, display a certain want of naturalness. Miss Comstock is not among them. She has no self-conscious gift for posturing. Whether she is making a formal address, handling executive details, playing with her prankish little dog, or guiding some young thing through an emotional moment, the simplicity of her response always rings true. Luckily for her rich humanity, her virtues are veiled by a genial sense of humor and an individuality too flavorous for cataloging. Only such a many-sided person, only one whose educational goal was clear could guide the complex destiny of Radcliffe. In the first place this is a city college. Only a third of its student body are in residence. The second third are day students who live at home—many of them long-distance commuters—and the rest are post-graduates. This diversity of interests is intensified by the fact that the college is not a physical entity. Several city blocks separate the residence "quad" from the academic buildings.

THE STEPS OF AGASSIZ

Another complicating factor is the difficulty of meeting the needs arising from new growth. In a city where real-estate values increase daily, expansion is a costly business. The dormitories, it is true, stand on ground extensive enough for more houses without encroachment upon the spacious hockey- and archery-fields or the tennis-courts. But the academic center is crowded, and the two halls for recitations and for science are but ugly makeshifts.

Fortunately these limitations are impotent against the charm of the college yard. Four fine modern buildings—executive mansion, gymnasium, students' hall, and library—are harmoniously grouped about the semicircular enclosure. With its green lawn, its shrubbery and fountain, its aspect of intimate seclusion, the college yard is one of the lovely spots of Cambridge.

Indeed, altho Radcliffe badly needs half a dozen buildings, it would never choose to be anything but compact. Here is no need for the vast development of other colleges for women, for, despite an entirely separate administration, Radcliffe is an inherent part of Harvard University.

For a long time, indeed, it was known as the Harvard Annex. Its history goes back to 1879 and a nucleus of three brilliant young women. They were determined to study Greek and Latin and everything which the greedy Harvard boys were enjoying all to themselves. And a group of professors were sufficiently moved by this sight of starvation amid plenty to volunteer to teach them. These were brave men, for the university rocked with derisive mirth over the effort, and the good people of Cambridge predicted for it a horrid dilemma—either failure or coeducation. Yet the class grew.

The professors were proud of it. People like Miss Alice Longfellow, Arthur Gilman, and Mrs. Louis Agassiz gave the experiment moral and social support, and presently Mrs. Fay offered to sell her lovely old house to accommodate the group. That was in 1885. Nine years later, when the student body was two hundred and fifty strong, the college was formally incorporated. Because there was not one founder, but several, the institution was free to honor by its name an Englishwoman who had created a new precedent in feminine benefactions. In 1643 she had bestowed upon Harvard a gift of one hundred pounds. This patron of education was Anne Radcliffe.

No wonder with such a start this woman's college is unique in the sevenfold group. It has had two women presidents, but never a woman on its teachingstaff. Its professors are all from the Harvard faculty. The Harvard boy and the Radcliffe girl pursue absolutely independent existences, divided by a common, a street, a

Continued on Page 32

Digitized by Google
Original from

CAMPUS GATES

Barnard, the Cosmopolitan College

EDITOR'S NOTE

This is the third of a novel series of articles by Jeanette Eaton on seven leading colleges for women. Accounts of Bryn Mawr, Smith, and Vassar have already appeared. Sketches of Wellesley and Mount Holyoke Colleges will be published in the early Spring.

Photo by The Misses Seiler

VIRGINIA C GILDERSLEEVE
DEAN OF BARNARD COLLEGE

IT IS five o'clock on the fourth of June. Within the entrance of the great library and outside on the terrace, between tall buildings, the vast procession is formed and ready. Two levels below, on the swept and garnished square, a huge audience sits waiting.

Chairs and grand stands are full; yet ushers in caps and gowns still find room somehow for distinguished late comers.

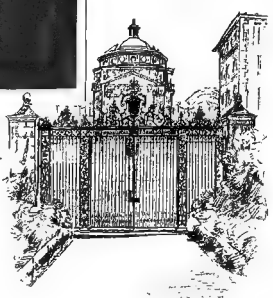
Suddenly the band strikes up and the processional begins. Down the grand stairway step the dignitaries, magnificent in scholarly regalia. The brilliant, slanting sunshine lights up scarlet gowns, ermine collars, hoods and ribbons of purple and of gold. From left and right now advance the ranks of black-gowned, youthful figures, five thousand strong, and slowly they fill the rows of seats facing the platform on that vast, sunlit stage.

When they are all assembled the master of ceremonies steps to the platform's edge. High over the enormous semicircle of black robes he looks beyond it toward the closely woven mass of color which is the audience. Faintly from far below, the hushed rumble of the largest city on the continent rises toward these dedicated Morningside Heights. The dignitary lifts his hand. And thus begins the ritual celebrating the one hundred and seventy-fifth commencement of Columbia University.

Among the throngs of young men and women who are taking advanced degrees, among those graduating from professional and scientific schools there are just two groups to be given the bachelor of arts degree. The men are from Columbia University, the girls from Barnard College. And any prospective Barnard freshman who watches this gorgeous pageant must be thrilled to see how mighty is the scheme in which she is to have a part. The very colors of cape and hood and sleeve-band indicate how endless is the road to knowledge.

Degrees from academic centers in many lands are represented here. Scholars whose names possess authority throughout the civilized world are passing by. In their footsteps treads a vast army of youth, and some of them, at least, will turn neither to left nor right, but will follow for a lifetime the course which leads to learning.

This vast educational perspective, made so clear at commencement time, is one of the special gifts Barnard College makes to its students. No other woman's college participates in an enterprise of such superb proportions. None other is a recognized constituent of a great university. The official president of the college is president of Columbia. Avenues to special training are freely offered Barnard students by the university. Yet for all the closeness of this union the college is no less individualized than if it were located in some distant countryside.



GATE, BARNARD HALL

In power and responsibilities, in all, indeed, but name, the dean, Miss Virginia C. Gildersleeve, is head of Barnard, and is so ranked among the six other presidents in this group of women's colleges. The administration of Barnard is quite separate from that of the university. It has its own buildings, academic and residential; its own faculty, its distinctive life.

Here then you have a fusion of assets possessed only by the city college. And for whom is it destined? For what type of girl is Barnard the best choice among the colleges? This, after all, in facing an academic future, is what every mother's daughter wants to know. Naturally, no one can answer so well as Dean Gildersleeve.

"In the first place," says Miss Gildersleeve, "it is the good student who is happy here. No other type of girl can hope to qualify for entrance, much less continued stay at Barnard. To-day nothing less than thorough and intelligent work is acceptable in standardized colleges for women. Perhaps that is why the great wave of applications has begun to subside a little.

"But among these good students," she continues, "I find two groups for whom Barnard has an especial appeal. The one includes girls who live in or near New York and who reside at home. Obviously, for them exist many advantages, partly financial, in being able, without leaving their families, to obtain a degree equal to that offered by any important college in the country.

"The other group represents almost exactly one-third of the students. They are the ones who live in the dormitories. They come from North, South, and West. And here they find a twofold educational experience. One is the college where they pursue their studies. The other is a city which offers the most diverse opportunities for culture in America. Here at their best are to be found the drama, music, lectures on every possible subject, museums, libraries, art treasures. Distinguished visitors add luster to the cosmopolitan atmosphere. Preachers of unequaled eloquence hold forth in churches of the city, and many of America's most eminent professors lecture at the college.

"Therefore to be a member of this undergraduate body is to be forever free from the prejudices and limitations of provincialism. Imagine what it means to girls from small towns and insular sections to live four years in New York city! They enjoy college life as intensely as other girls, yet they have so infinitely much besides."

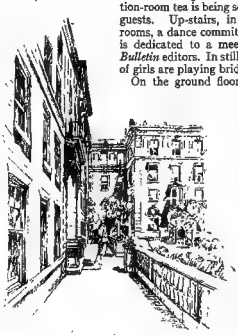
There is something undeniably fascinating about the location of this institution of learning. It bounds on the west that great plateau, high above the rest of the city, upon which stands Columbia University. From many of the dormitory windows and from the roof of Barnard Hall, to which girls repair for sunshine and deck-tennis, the view of the Palisades is impressive.

The entire college, shut off behind proud gates, is tucked cozily into the space of a few blocks. With its bits of turf, its shrubbery, its tennis-courts and handsome buildings, Barnard unites seclusion with a look of sophisticated dignity highly consistent with a metropolitan destiny.

Barnard girls are expected to live up to the stately promise of this exterior. The negligent garb which Wellesley and Bryn Mawr girls can affect without reproach are denied students who go to college on Broadway. They are doomed to an impeccable standard of appearance and deportment. And, indeed, except for hilarious hours of unrestraint in gymnasium or swimming-pool, these undergraduates set an example which should make New Yorkers blush for their own shortcomings. Low voices, courteous manners, deference to their scholastic betters characterize these young women. They give every external evidence of a maturity revealed more significantly in their work.

The activities of these undergraduates are typical. Yet here they are pursued with little of the feverishness which caused the word "collegiate" to become a brand of contempt. Barnard Hall, when visited in the late afternoon, seems far more like a young women's city club than the students' building it actually is. In the reception-room tea is being served to students and guests. Up-stairs, in one of the smaller rooms, a dance committee is busy. Another is dedicated to a meeting of the *Barnard Bulletin* editors. In still a third room a group of girls are playing bridge and smoking.

On the ground floor, in a corner of the spacious gymnasium, members of the Wig and Cue are rehearsing a play. Below is the swimming-pool, crowded with gay mermaids. It is, indeed, at the top of the building, in the library, that one encounters the only group in the place which gives it away. The complete absorption in study of these young women eradicates the suspicion that this is the Junior League.



HEWITT HALL

Continued on Page 49

Digitized by Google
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

RENT A

What happened to John Wayne when his wife was away from home

I MUST have another man," said Charlotte into one end of her cream-colored telephone, speaking socially, of course, and not emotionally.

She was still in bed, but hard at work. She had done all her ordering—she never left that sort of thing to the cook. She had made an appointment with Miss Tate for a water-wave and manicure. She had consulted with the florist and decided on yellow roses for the dining-room—since she was using the ivory damask and the Cupids—and chosen mimosa and mauve tulips for the west living-room. She had agreed to be at a board meeting for the Orphans' Home at eleven-thirty the next morning, and she had remembered to arrange a new schedule for the children's music-lessons.

Everything was pretty well straightened out for the day, with the exception of the extra guest for to-night. That was why she rang up Viola Ray, who could usually produce an idea.

"Did you ask George?" inquired Viola.

"Yes, but he can't make it. He's got to go to Chicago at seven-thirty. It leaves me with one woman high and dry. Sara's coming, you see."

"Well, she can do for herself, can't she?"

"I know, but it simply ruins the looks of the table to have two women sitting together. And somebody always gets furious. Sara wouldn't, of course. She'd simply reach out for the nearest husband. But then another woman would be stuck."

"Is Judy Ware still in the hospital?"

Charlotte sighed.

"My dear, that's the whole trouble. I thought she would be. And yesterday she went home, so Grant isn't available this week. He has to stay home now and play solitaire while Judy convalesces. Isn't there somebody else?"

"Cushing Allen."

"Oh, he's terrible! He gets fuddled if you give him a drink from the well. And his bridge is awful. I can't have him."

"There's not another unmarried man in town who knows how to hold a spoon," said Viola. "Freddy's in Florida, and Joe Warren——"

"He's coming. But I have an unattached woman for him. That new Mrs. Brill. I like her."

"Her husband's among the missing, isn't he?"

"He's an engineer with long, hardy jobs in Europe. She always speaks of him frankly—and kindly."

"And absently," added Viola.

"I shall never again give a dinner for twenty people. It's like trying to organize an army. An army in retreat. And if I don't get another man, what am I going to do about bridge? They won't dance very long, and you know my Pete. He always goes straight to sleep if he's just giving the party and isn't dancing or playing bridge. Don't you know of some one whose wife is away—or dead a good long time—or something?"

"THIS city is terribly low on detached men," Viola said finally after a moment's thought. "What it needs is an agency for husbands. Somebody who'd keep a few lists of those who are temporarily on the town. A kind of *Rent-a-Husband-Drive-Him-Yourself* agency."

"Grand idea," agreed Charlotte, "and there'd be money in it."

"I think I'll start one," said Viola, "or suggest it to Sara. She's the girl who could make it go. By the way, I just thought. Do you know John Wayne?"

"Who's he?"

"You know—that new man with the Selden Company. Taking Jeff Grady's place."

Charlotte's voice had no interest.

"I met him at the club one night. He didn't seem like much. And hasn't he the world's dullest wife? The kind that wants instantly to know how many children you have?"

"But she's away."

"She is? Are you sure?"

"Positive. California. Good and remote."

"I really don't know her," said Charlotte. "Of course I meant to ask her here sooner or later. To something afternoon and large."

"Well, he's a lot more fun than he looks."

"How do you know?"

"Ted brought him home to dinner one night."

"They live somewhere out near you, don't they?"

"In a yellow house, if that's any help to you."

"Don't be mean," said Charlotte. "Does he play bridge?"

"He picked fifty dollars off Ted."

"Would he come, do you suppose? I've just barely met him."

"They always come," said Viola, "when their wives are away or in hospitals. They hop to it."

"It ought to be worth a try."

"He might make your party. It's just such little novelties that do."

"Strange men stand around so," reflected Charlotte. "Well, thanks a lot anyway."

"Just as my commission," said Viola, "don't put me by Bob Blake to-night. I know all his compliments by heart. And I don't want to play bridge with him either. I'm too poor for that prancing bidding he does."

"Of course I won't," promised Charlotte. "You don't know of any one else, do you, in case this man won't come?"

"There was a good-looking tramp at the back door yesterday. If he comes back I might send him over——"

"It may be funny for you!"

That was how John Wayne happened to be asked. He felt just a little foolish that night as he dressed for dinner. Evening clothes were an event in his household, and to be going out like this, alone, to a place like the Audley house, was the kind of thing he had neither sought nor anticipated. But after Mrs. Audley had asked him if he were engaged for that evening and he had said he was not, there was nothing to do but accept.

As for Marian, she had told him to enjoy himself while she was gone, and not stay home every night. He knew that she expected the Wentworths to ask him to dinner, and Esther Pine and the Clevelands. But he had a suspicion that if Marian were at home he wouldn't be going to the Audleys' at all. Of course it was a last-minute invitation. He was filling in a vacancy. Mrs. Audley had been delightfully frank about it. She had been very pleasant, too, about Marian, hoped that she was having a good trip, was sorry that she hadn't seen more of her. This would be something to write Marian about anyway.

He charged about the room, discarding collar after collar in his search for the perfect one, and hanging up his clothes meticulously. The discarded socks went into the corner behind the door with a stray towel which he had carried in from the bathroom.

Go gle

"THEY WERE ALL SO PLEASANTLY FREE WITH EACH OTHER, AND THO IT WAS LIGHT TALK IT WASN'T CHEAP"

HUSBAND

By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

Illustrations by CLARK AGNEW

The house was very quiet. The children were through with their supper and in bed. Marian never went away without leaving a trained nurse in charge of them. He knew that this Audley crowd had a reputation for late and lively parties. Rumors of them floated about the club—the club which John had joined shortly after they came to town because Marian had felt that it was a good investment.

Marian always decided conscientiously about their expenditures. She never did anything without a reason, and if she had gone to California now it was only because she could combine that world federation meeting with attendance at her cousin's wedding.

The Rays might be there to-night, thought John, looking ahead, as he rubbed off his patent-leather shoes with another towel. He liked that pretty Mrs. Ray, at whose house he had dined the other night. He looked critically at himself in the glass. Then he glanced at his watch. Mrs. Audley had asked him to call for Sara Stephens. Just like that, as if he had a right to her first name. Sara Stephens whom he had met once and who had looked annoyed at having to acknowledge the introduction. Well, the car was washed and he'd had that knock fixed.

The Stephenses' hallway was cream-white, bland and bright. There was no back at all to Sara's pale-green dress. It sloped from her shoulders into the apex of a very deep triangle. She was lithe and slender, and she looked as if she washed with soap. In spite of her uncovered back she didn't seem dressed up, but as if she had just pulled on her dress and come down-stairs when John rang the bell.

"Hello," she said, and gave him her hand and a smile. "How terribly nice of you to stop for me! Wait until I see if I can find any money around and I'll be with you."

He watched her rummaging in the drawer of a desk in the living-room, and as she joined him she offered him a cigaret from her own well-filled case.

"Now we're all set," she said, and opened the door of a closet to pick out a coat almost at random.

It was not the way Marian went out to dinner. She always made an occasion of it. She always gave an impression of the extraordinary, and not the usual, in a dinner-dress. As he lit the cigaret between her lips he could have sworn that this girl wore no powder. Her delicate nose certainly had a high light. But her lips were outrageous. He didn't like them rouged.

"Very exciting having you there to-night," Sara said as he started the car.

"For me, you mean," he answered.

"I don't at all. I mean for the rest of this inbred crowd. We're all pathetic shut-ins. Where do you come from, anyway?"

"Iowa originally," he said. "Is that all right?"

"Has Iowa a special technique?" she inquired. "Or do you use the same one in Ohio?"

"Kidding me right at the start, aren't you?"

"How do you want to be treated?" she asked in that cool, swift voice in which none of the words ran together. There was not a trace of the little quiver or laughter that the women he knew always used when they talked to him.

"I don't care in the least. But I'd like to have a good time," he told her, and that answer was a surprize to himself. For he hadn't known how much he wanted it until he spoke of it. It occurred to him that it had been ages since he had felt like this.

"All right," agreed Sara, "we'll look it over and see what we can do. Do you like Charlotte?"

"That's Mrs. Audley?"

"Christened Charlotte."

"I've only met her once."

"Of course. I knew that. You don't like at first sight, then?"

"Oh, sometimes," he said.

"Well, Charlotte's a grand woman. Perfectly ruthless in her blithe way. She loves her parties—and then her husband—and then her children—in that order, and you'd be astonished at how much affection it leaves for the children."

JOHN laughed. He'd been living on a theory that "the children must come first" for a long while and this was gay blasphemy.

"And she has a very special place in her heart for celebrities."

"I'm beginning to be afraid to go."

"Oh, you can simply strut in. You've saved her party by coming. You could practically blackmail her."

John swung the car around to the great arched doorway and helped Sara out. Then he went to park the car, and when he came back she was out of sight. He did things in the order in which they were presented to him: gave his hat and coat to a servant, went across a tremendous hall, thinking once of what Marian would say to this place, thinking again that old Audley had made a lot of money, thinking still further that there was still a lot of money in the world to be made.

It was exciting to see expenditure on this scale. There seemed to be many rooms, all beautiful. He made his way into one of them. People were standing about in groups. John paused, more handsome than he knew, tall sandy-blond, slightly embarrassed by unfamiliarity, but with a look of being quite ready to enjoy himself. Charlotte came swiftly toward him.

"We're so glad to see you. I can't tell you how nice you were to come."

She's effective too, but not like the Sara one, thought John. This one works harder at it.

"Hello, John," said Peter Audley, and John answered in the same easy tone.

It was not a hard group to break into. Perhaps because they took him in with such enthusiasm. Perhaps it was the very definite approval of the beautiful Mrs. Brill, who wanted to know very explicitly why she had not met him before.

Mrs. Brill, he soon saw, was the new reigning beauty. She was a comparative newcomer. Charlotte Audley ran the whole show, and he couldn't quite figure out where Sara Stephens came in. She seemed to be in every anecdote, the close friend of every one, necessary to everybody's diversions.

"Who were you with at the Fortnightly, Sara?" asked Viola Ray.

"Somebody's husband."

"Don't you adore that? Sara always has that tone about men. The remember-he's-somebody's-husband lilt in her voice."

"Well, he always is," said Sara.

"She was with Harvey Work. Milly's having a baby."

"You certainly give them a good time, Sara. You're the only one I'd trust with my husband."

"I'm terribly tired of being trusted," remarked Sara. "I'm apt to betray any one at any moment."

Google

"Look out, Mr. Wayne," said Charlotte; "that means you, I suppose."

So he knew it didn't mean anything.

John liked the way they did things. It wasn't just the luxury or the fact that there wasn't an ugly woman in the room. But they were all so pleasantly free with each other, and tho it was light talk it wasn't cheap. He had quite a time sorting out couples, and placed several men as Mr. Brill until he discovered that Mr. Brill wasn't to appear. He liked the simplicity of the one excellent cocktail before dinner.

This, thought John, is the way I'd like to do things. And if things break right, why not? Getting on doesn't just mean bigger houses and more money. It means this sort of exhilaration, nice people, taking time to enjoy yourself.

Sara was beside him at the table. Nearly every one was talking about the symphony now and whether the new conductor had really improved the orchestra. They seemed to care quite vigorously. Mrs. Brill grew excited when they talked of music. She even forgot the men. The maids put turtle soup before them.

"The concerto was marvelous. Modern music is the only really modern thing there is. The only modern form that is clarified. Writing isn't yet. Nor painting. But music has found its feet in the new expression."

She knows her stuff, thought John, who liked music too. Before they were married he and Marian used to go to concerts.

Later he had discovered that it was the dark she liked and to have her hand in his. She often came out humming a stray bit, but she didn't know what a symphony was about. And when he had suggested season tickets once or twice, she always said there were so many other things.

"You like Brahms?" asked Sara.

John lit up. His uncle, who had been an organist, had taught him to love Brahms. He told her about that.

Then, with swift transition, they were not talking about music. They had fallen into general discussion. Peter Audley was telling of how some money had just been made—a great deal of money, in a rich man's way.

"Want to take a flier, Sara?"

"I have to or go out and do general house-work."

"I'll tell you what you do."

John heard, too. He couldn't help it. It was a tip all right, the kind that passed among people who could avail themselves of it. Well, for that matter, so could he. He had some money he could play with now.

"There are going to be some crashes, Pete, if this general gambling keeps up."

"Sure there are. But it's taught people a good deal about money and money transactions," said Audley, "and anyway I don't know what can be done about it."

"Nothing," said Sara. "It's a gambling period. While we're gambling with ways of living and ideas and all the rest of it, we may as well risk a little money. That's the least of it, isn't it?"

She hasn't a line in her face, thought John. How does it happen that she's unmarried? She's not very young, but she's not old certainly.

He thought of a good story to tell. And he told it uncommonly well. It made him feel warmer and easier, more like the rest of them as he brought out the laughter.

Charlotte said to Ted Ray, "Your sweet Viola found him for me. Isn't he grand? I wonder how long his wife will be away?"

"What's wrong with her?"

"She got her growth early," said Charlotte, "but he's a lamb. And Sara's certainly showing him a swell time."

"Why doesn't Sara pick herself a man she can marry?"

"Just whom would you suggest?"

"Well, there ought to be some one."

"But there's not any one. Not since Dave Bradley."

"That was tough," said Ted. "Still, maybe she was just as well out of that."

John Wayne went home at half past one o'clock. He had left Sara at her house ten minutes earlier, looking just as neat as when he had taken her from it at eight and with lips quite as scandalous. He was some forty dollars richer and excited to the point of sleeplessness by conversation, by the company, by excellent bridge.

HE FELT as if his mind had been taken out and over-hauled. And besides the forty dollars, he carried home with him visions of things he would like to have and be and do. He admired those slim women who seemed to have plenty of children and homes and all that, but didn't stop there. They knew a lot of other things, kept life stirring for themselves. Of course they had money, he thought; maybe that's how they do it. Still, Ted Ray certainly wasn't rich.

In about five years, he told himself, taking off the once perfect collar, that's the stride I'm going to strike. That's the way we're going to live. Marian would have been crazy about that affair to-night. I wish she'd been there. She'd like that Sara Stephens. But that was loyalty, and beneath the loyalty doubt stirred.

Marian wrote:

Is the nurse getting along all right? It seems too bad to have to pay her so much, but I wanted to stay long enough to get this motor-trip in. It was beautiful scenery all the way. Still, I don't think Freed's car is any better than ours, and it cost eight hundred dollars more. How funny that you should go to the Peter Audley's for dinner! Just waited until I got out of town to do your stepping, didn't you, old rascal? I suppose they entertain a good deal. Well, I'll be home Saturday, and it's going to be good to get there. The convention was inspiring, but there's nothing like your own home. I'll tell you the rest when I see you, about the wedding and all. Love,

MARIAN.

John folded the letter. Saturday, he thought. This was Thursday. To-night he was going to play bridge at the Rays'. To-morrow was the big hockey game, and he'd promised to join the Audley party in their box. That would mean supper afterward. Sara would be there. She'd be at the Rays' to-night, too. And on Saturday Marian would be home. That was fine. He certainly would be glad to see her. He'd filled in the time, but it was just as well to get things back to normal. High time he did.

He told himself firm, sensible things in a firm and sensible way. He went in to play with the children and tell them that mother would be home day after to-morrow. The nurse assured him that everything was all right. And underneath his deliberate jollity he had a sense of panic, of lights going out.

Still, there was no reason why they should. Marian would take these things up just as they were. She needed a little steering; that was all. They could do a little entertaining on their own—at the club now, and in a year or two, when they had a larger house, they'd find their way.

He considered the money he'd made on that stray tip of Audley's. More than half a year's salary. There wasn't any reason why that shouldn't happen again. Nor any reason why he shouldn't keep on seeing Sara Stephens. He reached the core of his thoughts and stubbornly insisted that there was nothing he wouldn't be glad to tell Marian. He'd made a good friend for both of them—that was all.

Saturday, he thought again. Well, there's to-night—and Friday. I must get dressed.

He was used to calling for Sara now. She seemed to belong on the front seat of the car beside him, her fur coat pulled about her ears, her utterly unexpected comment or question on her lips.

"You've certainly given me a good time these last three weeks," he said soberly.

"I've cost you considerable in gas and wear and tear on tires," she answered "and then there was that spade I discarded. Two thousand points and vulnerable. It rankles still."

"It ought to. For a smart girl it wasn't so bright."

"I'm not so smart."

"You're wickedly smart. But I wish just the same that there were something I could do for you."

"What do you think I need done?"

He hesitated.

"I wish I could make your life a little more what you deserve to have."

"Oh, I do pretty well."

"A girl like you ought not to be living alone."

"I don't. I've my mother."

"That's not what I mean. You ought to have—well, you ought to have a man to take care of you."

"You think so?"

"Not that you aren't wonderful as you are."

"Don't turn my head," she said. "And I think I have an awfully good time."

"So do I. I've had the best time I've had in years just following you around. But you ought to have a home of your own, a man who belongs to you, my dear."

"I don't know," she said. "It takes quite a lot of feeling to own a man. It's costly. It's quite an investment and it ties you down. It's better to rent one now and then—like you—and not pretend to ownership. You see it's less responsibility. And there's no overhead."

He laughed, and then grew grave again.

"But isn't there something you miss?"

"I suppose," said Sara, "but I slipped up on that some time ago."

"You cared for him a lot, didn't you?" he asked after a minute. "I hate to think that you missed happiness."

"I missed unhappiness," said Sara. "I couldn't have stopped his drinking. Sooner or later it would have got him anyhow. He'd have crashed a car some day.

Continued on Page 66

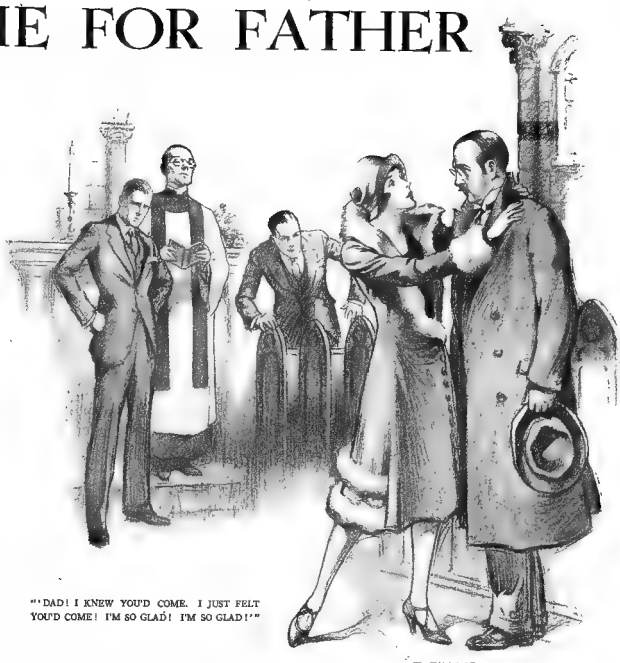
"'WHY WILL MEN NEVER LEARN TO TAKE LIFE AS IT IS?' SHE ASKED. 'WOMEN DO. THEY HAVE TO'"

A NECKTIE FOR FATHER

A long-suffering parent is confronted with the fruits of his self-sacrifice

By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

Illustrations by T. D. SKIDMORE



"'DAD! I KNEW YOU'D COME. I JUST FELT YOU'D COME! I'M SO GLAD! I'M SO GLAD!'"

ANDREW FARGER'S idea of heaven was a place where a man would have an hour in which to eat breakfast and something besides oatmeal and scraped toast to eat.

"No grapefruit this morning?" he asked patiently.

"There's only one." Abby's voice held a note of plaintive irritation. "I was saving it for the boys. If we don't give them what they want at home they'll go somewhere else."

Andrew spooned sugar economically into his coffee. Abby was usually plaintive and irritated at him. He earned so little money. Fifty-one and still nothing but a pathetic government clerk. Fifty-one to-morrow. And she adored her sons. There were, Andrew noted, clean napkins spread beneath the plates of John and Willard while he ate on the spotty dreariness of Thursday's table-cloth.

"Not much danger," he remarked with unusual temerity, "of those bullies leaving home. You make 'em too comfortable."

Abby ruffled. "I suppose you begrudge your own sons the food they eat?"

"You know better than that," Andrew was hastily placating. "I want 'em to have everything we can give 'em. I've been slaving for 'em for more than twenty years—you too. Looks like they ought to begin to think about us a little now."

"You ought to be proud they've done so well, John getting that good job on the paper, and Willard on the team, with his picture in the paper and everything!"

"Ask Willard," said Andrew meekly, "what he did with my pongee shirt."

"Probably he's wearing it. The poor child hasn't got a decent shirt of his own."

"He wouldn't have," said Andrew grimly, "not if you bought him one every day in the week. He's got clothes scattered all over this town."

"I suppose you never forgot anything when you were a boy?"

"If I'd left my pants hanging round in gymnasiums I'd have gone home in a barrel. Get me some car-fare. I'm late already."

Abby rummaged the sewing-machine drawer. "My patience, I've only got eight cents! I never can remember to save out change. Dale!"—she opened the hall door, lifted her voice—"Dale, drop down a dime for papa!"

"John owes me a dollar. Get it from him."

"Dale's bringing it."

A staccato drumming of high heels on the stairs precipitated Dale into the room. She was twenty-one, older than Willard, younger than John. Andrew adored his daughter from afar meekly. She was a clever girl, always a little amused by her family. Her black bob was a reckless swirl, her dark eyes very bright.

"Good Heavens, hasn't dad gone yet? What's delaying the early worm? You'll get the early bird all peeved up, Andrew darling. Here's a couple of dimes—you might drop one down a manhole. Then you'd have to walk all the way to G Street. And what are you going to do for lunch?"

"He's got his lunch," Abby said, "in his pocket."

"I'll bet you're the only remaining human being alive who carries his lunch, wormy dear. Even Willard won't do it. Mother has to dig up cafeteria money for him every day."

"For land sakes don't miss this car!" Abby herded her husband out peevishly before her daughter could plant any more rebellion in his mind. "You'll be late and hold it against me all week."

"I won't miss it." Andrew buttoned his overcoat. "I got a system. If I miss it at Wisconsin I run across and catch it at the viaduct."

"You won't catch anything if you stand there talking all day. How you've hung on to one job nineteen years I don't see." Abby slammed the door after him, only to open it and shrill a parting communication as she invariably did. "If you get home before I do put the potatoes on. I've got some shopping to do. To-morrow's your birthday."

Andrew hurried through the light February snow, his shoulders hunched against the wind. When he remembered how mossy-green his overcoat was he slumped more than ever. His shoes had been half-soled once and they were pretty thin. Even layers of blacking didn't help much to keep out the cold. He dreaded the day when they would fail him entirely. Abby wore an injured and reproachful gloom for days whenever he needed anything. He earned so little money, compared to other men who had initiative, daring, luck.

His annual new suit always occasioned a sort of domestic depression equal to a national panic, and he wore the suit for weeks thereafter with a guilty sense of somehow having defrauded his wife and children. And now here was another birthday. Fifty-one.

Funny how short the years were as you grew older!

It seemed only a few weeks since he had put away his annual crop of birthday neckties, reward for being fifty. He always got four of them. A black one from Abby, very sensible. Two indifferently patterned blues from the boys—Abby picked them out—and last year a red from Dale. Her eyes had danced when she gave it to him.

"Wear this, flaming youth. It will help your downtrodden ego."

Abby had tried to make him give it to Willard. Abby had thought him silly when he bought the gray suit. No man who had to wear bifocals and whose hair was thin on top need try to fool people into thinking him young, she argued. But Andrew, obstinate for once, held on to the red tie and even wore it a couple of times at the office, sneaking it down in his pocket and putting it on in the wash-room.

THIN and very frail, there lay between him and his daughter a cord of understanding. Dale was kinder to him than the others; sometimes she defended him when Abby grew acid, but usually she was too absorbed in her own affairs to pay much attention to her family. She worked in the gas office, and she was the only one of the children who paid Abby board. But she paid also, she maintained, for the privilege of going where she pleased without questions or explanations.

Sometimes she quarreled a little sharply with her mother. Andrew worried about that. Abby didn't love Dale as she did the boys. Perhaps mothers didn't love their daughters with the worshipful passion they saved for their sons.

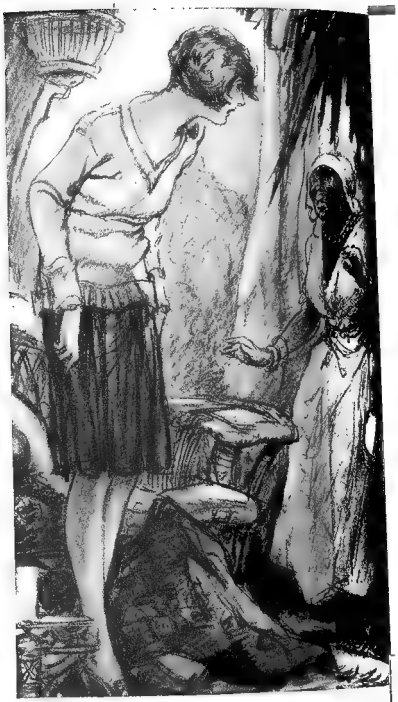
Poor Abby! The panic fear of the day when John and Willard would leave home lay always stark in her eyes. Clutching at her sons, she saved for her husband and daughter a prickly surface from which barbs shot now and then, poisonously pointed. Dale protected herself with a cool, superb aloofness. But Andrew had no such comfort. He loved Abby too much. And he was always tormented by remembering.

Things had been different once. Abby had been a

(Continued on Page 100)

Original from

FASCINATION



In these final chapters of this forceful serial novel an unexpected occurrence changes the whole course of Linda Fenwick's intentions

By
ALICE DUER MILLER
Illustrations by R. F. JAMES

LINDA was waked by the servant coming in to do her room. It was one o'clock, lunch-time. Both women were apologetic, Linda for having kept the housework back so late, Sabina for having disturbed a lady's slumbers.

"Is the wind still blowing, Sabina?" asked Linda.

"Yes, it still blow, Mistress," said Sabina.

One did not need to ask. Its voice could be heard shrilling through the wireless mast, throwing waves on the rocks to pound and gurgle and hiss. Out of the window, Linda could just see the *Argenta*, anchored a hundred yards offshore, far down at the other end of the island, where the higher ground gave a little more shelter.

Would she ever be able to think of the yacht as hers? Would she ever accustom herself to Watts's grandeurs? Jewels and clothes and expeditions to unknown countries? What fun!

The two men were awaiting lunch for her. Apparently Eugene had forgotten his nightmare, for he was talking with interest about a stroke off the back wall at squash. Linda gathered it had been Watts's day on the courts; and she did not wonder, for Eugene still looked like death, and his hands shook so that his knife and fork sounded like castanets on his plate.

Watts, too, she saw, showed signs of the strain he was under. His silences were more profound than usual, and there were jerky movements of his shoulders that she had never seen before.

She wondered if he saw in her clear brow the calm of decision. She thought she would not tell him even if they were left alone. She would have her interview with Eugene first, then go to him and tell him she was free.

For the first time she understood how horrible the situation was to a masterful nature like Watts's. Yes, she had made him suffer too much, but some day he would understand that it was because she identified him wholly with herself.

There had been a long-discussed plan for the two men to go fishing that afternoon, and Linda was surprized to notice that Watts seemed to cling to it. She would have expected him to avoid being alone with Eugene, but as soon as lunch was over he went away to see if there was any chance of launching a boat in the high wind. Eugene followed him, and Linda was left alone.

She would like to have spoken to Eugene at once. She felt no weakening of her resolution. She picked up a detective story and tried to focus her mind.

It was late in the afternoon when she went down to her own house, and found Eugene was there. The fishing expedition had been abandoned.

"Eugene, I have something to say to you," she said. Her pulse did not quicken a single beat.

He was staring, as he so often did, but now it appeared he was listening. "Don't you hear something?" he asked.

"No," she said; "it's just the wind—what else?"

"Linda, we're in danger here, immediate danger. We must get away at once." He looked furtively about him. "That was no dream last night."

"You're mad, Eugene," she said contemptuously.

"I'll send a wireless——"

"You can't do that, for the wireless operator was dismissed for selling you whisky."

"We'll leave this afternoon. Has the supply-boat touched here yet?"

"She comes in the morning when she comes."

"Linda, we're trapped here. It must be you Watts wants. He'll kill me; then you will be at his mercy."

She really could not let him run on like this. "Eugene," she said severely, "pull yourself together No one wants to kill you. You're having alcoholic delusions"

He turned on her fiercely. "Are you against me?" he asked. "Do you want to be handed over to him? I'd kill you first, Linda."

She remembered Dr. Manning's warning; thought perhaps she ought to humor him, but really couldn't It was loathsome to be involved with a madman and also dangerous.

He came close to her and whispered, "I know what to do. There's a cave with a very small entrance down at the other end of the island. I'll take some food and water down there when no one is about. And you go up to the main house and get Watts's revolver. He keeps it in a desk in his study. You bring it to me in the cave. He won't suspect you. If I have a gun I can protect you Don't be afraid, dear. I won't let anything happen to you."

She fell in with his plan immediately. She would go to the main house and wait till Watts came to her. She looked at this poor, shattered remnant of her first love. She saw him not only deluded, but incapable of dealing with the delusion he had created; for what sense was there in taking food and water down to a cave from which there could be no escape without Watts's assistance?

"I'd better take some coverings, too," he was muttering "It gets cold at night."

She left him and went up the path to the main house. Watts had not yet returned. She sat down to wait for him. She thought as she sat there that as far as she was concerned she saw no possible objection to going north on the *Argenta* without a further word to Eugene. He seemed to have dissolved in the mists of lunacy. She could hardly regain her point of view of yesterday, when it had seemed impossible to leave him, to destroy him. Watts was right—he was already destroyed.

SHE had not long to wait before she heard Watts's step. He came into the sitting-room.

"Eugene is in a terribly excited state," Linda said. "He thinks some one tried to poison him last night."

Watts smiled. "Oh, yes, that dream. He told me about it this morning. Alcoholics get very suspicious, you know."

"He says you must be trying to get rid of him in order to wreak your fell purposes on me; and he sent me up here to steal your revolver."

"Good Heavens," said Watts. "I'm glad you told me." He got up, and she followed him into the little study. He took his revolver out of his desk and put it in his hip pocket. "If he got his hands on that he might kill you or me, or himself. Fortunately there isn't another on the island."

"It's impossible for me to speak to him now; he's like a madman." He smiled with a flicker of his old contempt, and she added, "But, Nicholas, I was really going to only he began talking about our being in danger." She saw that he did not believe her. "It seems so hopeless," she added, "that I would be willing now to go aboard the *Argenta* without speaking——"

"Booth is ready for you at any moment."

"Only I should be horribly afraid that Eugene might do you an injury."

Digitized by Google
Digitized by THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

"HER PLAN WAS TO SKIRT HER WAY ALONG THE SHORE TO THE CAVE AT THE OTHER END OF THE ISLAND"

Watts looked at her an instant, and then smiled. "I shouldn't worry about that if I were you," he said.

Something in his tone seemed to menace her veracity. She said emphatically, "I can assure you he believes it all himself."

Watts did not speak. There was a moment of silence, and then she said casually, "Oh, and my letter, Nick."

"Your letter?"

"The note I showed you last night—the one Eugene wrote me when he meant to kill himself."

HE TURNED over the papers on his desk. "It doesn't seem to be here," he said. "I have an impression you took it back."

"No," she said, and she stood up. "You know very well I did not take it. You are guarding it most carefully. Why?"

He stared at her without rising. "Are alcoholic delusions contagious?" he said.

"You must not do this, Nicholas. I won't have it."

"My dear girl, you're mad."

"Oh, don't think you can deceive me. Nothing that you could say would change my knowledge. But you shall not do it. I will tell Eugene anything you wish, or sail at once, but you must not harm him."

He rose slowly and looked at her coolly.

"Too late, my dear. A man takes a chance loving a coward, and I do love you more deeply and completely than you know. I can't wait for you, Linda. I must have you entirely my own or else leave you."

"Then leave me," she said, "forget me."

"That is not my method," he said, and went out of the room. She heard the key turn in the lock behind him.

Well, he would see whether or not she was a coward. Never had action seemed so inevitable and simple to her. She must save Nicholas and herself. Eugene seemed just a lay figure whose safety happened to be involved with theirs.

She shook the door; it was hopeless—but the little windows. Doubtless Watts had judged them to be too small for exit. For a man they would have been, but Linda was slim, and so built that her shoulders were larger than her hips. If she could force her shoulders through the opening she could escape. Investigating, she found success depended on taking out the whole sash. She set to work to pry off the casing. It was already dusk, and in the tropics night falls fast.

It was dark by the time she had squeezed herself through the opening, and found herself standing under the wall of the house on a ledge above the sea. Her plan was to skirt her way along the shore to the cave at the other end of the island. It seemed to her that Watts would not risk forcing his way into the cave against a maddened and powerful man.

The wind had dropped as it always did at sunset; the air seemed now regrettably still. Fortunately there was no moon, and tho there were lights here and there along the main paths, Linda found no trouble in keeping out of their radiance. In days when she had been left alone on the island she had explored it thoroughly; she knew her way.

She crept down along the water's edge, along the brink of her own pool, then inland under the higher rocks at the farther end of the island, and, with all senses alert for danger, she approached the small dark opening to the cave. She listened a little while, and, hearing nothing, she crept to the mouth.

"Eugene," she whispered.

"Yes. Have you got the revolver?"

"No; he'd already taken it."

"Then we're lost. He's been near here. I heard him giving orders that no boat was to leave the island. He'll shoot me in the morning."

"Not with me here."

"He'll starve us out."

She was crouching outside the cave. He put out his hand, groping for her, but she shrank away from it.

"Linda," he whispered, "you didn't know that he loved you —you won't consent—you'll die with me if it's the only way."

"It isn't my plan to die, Eugene," she said.

"I'm ——if he shall have you."

"Well, we've got to-night."

"Yes, darling, this one night. Come to me."

His hand groped nearer. She sprang to her feet. Her resolution was taken in an instant. Just offshore the *Argenta*, well lit, was rocking in the trough of the sea.

"Eugene," she said, "I am going to swim to the *Argenta*. I think we can make it. Do you want to come?"

"His boat, Linda; they'd give us right back to him."

"No, Booth is a friend of mine. He would take orders from me." She did not say that he had been specially prepared to do so.

"It's our only chance," Eugene murmured. He came creeping out of the cave. "If we drown it will be together. Kiss me before we start, Linda."

She did not even answer, but went on ahead down the rocks to the water. On this lee shore the black water was quiet for a yard or two. There was no difficulty in getting into it. She heard his voice close behind her.

"Kiss me, darling."

She flung herself in, and struck out toward the *Argenta*. For a few strokes it seemed to her as if it were going to be easy. Then she was in rough water. Tall waves, running with foam, hurried her along. They were running with her, but backwashes from the side of the yacht made ugly cross-currents, and small waves struck her in the face.

She should have taken it very slowly, but the horror of Eugene following her made her swim too fast, and by the time she was in the roughest water she was already panting, gasping like an inexperienced swimmer. She had thought her light Summer dress would make no difference, but it wrapped about her knees, hampering her more than she had expected. When she tried to lie back and rest a large wave swelled up out of the night and swept over her. Not so very far away now the bright port-holes of the *Argenta* were reaching out long fingers of light and touching the water in great ovals of patterned gold and black.

SHE had known she must swim round the yacht, where on the lee side it would be possible to board her. If she could only make herself heard—if there were any one on deck! Now she was swept like a straw under the stern, almost against the rudder-pin, and on and on. She hadn't thought of that. She struggled against the flow of water carrying her out and out away from land and vessel. What a fool she had been! Better to suffer anything than to drown alone in a black sea. She opened her mouth to scream and a wave slapped her in the face. She came up coughing and panting. Oh, to rest for a moment, to catch her breath, but every moment of repose carried her farther from the yacht.

She struggled straight toward it now, dead against the waves. She hardly made progress, but the flowing of the water past her gave the illusion that she did—revived her hope. A few more strokes brought her under the yacht's lee. She touched the side. There was nothing to cling to. The gangway was up. Still in comparatively smooth water she could regain her breath. She waited a moment and then hailed them. "*Argenta*—aboard the *Argenta!*"

Her voice sounded pitiful in her own ears, but it brought action. She heard feet padding on the deck above her, and a voice with plenty of resonance calling, "Boat alongside, sir!" Booth's face, miles and miles above her, peering down into the dark. Then a great splash in the water. A buoy thrown at random. A second greater splash—a man. The first officer's voice near her soothingly. "It's all right, Mrs. Fenwick; just be calm, lie back, take it easy." An expert hand under her head—the creak and rattle of the gangway being lowered. Could she ever make the effort of raising her weary body to that sloping platform? Another voice out of the darkness, hoarsely calling, "Linda, Linda!" Eugene! She had almost forgotten about him. So he was safe, too. Booth on the landing-stage and the younger man in the water lifted her to the gangway as if she had been a child. She was able to walk up the steps. Eugene was behind her

"Anybody else but you two?"

"No."

"Not Mr. Watts?"

"No. Our rowboat foundered."

"Good Heavens, you tried to row out in a sea like this? Mr. Watts must have been mad to let you."

She stood clinging to a stanchion, her shoulders still heaving a little, but her mind as clear as crystal.

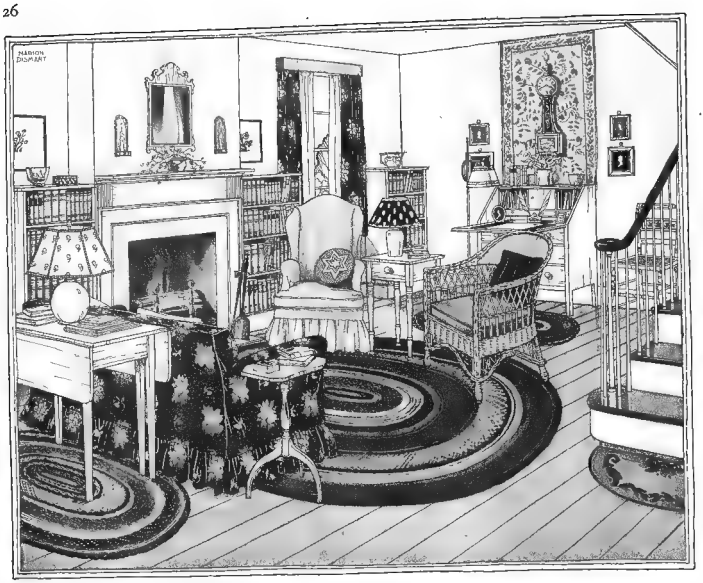
"It's very urgent for us to get home, Captain Booth. We must catch the steamer north."

"Yes, Mr. Watts said last night we might have to run you home. Shall we get under weigh at once?"

"At once, please," said Linda. Her idea had been to run over to Port Edgar in the yacht and get the regular steamer to New York from there, but this was infinitely better. It had not occurred to her that Watts would have left such definite orders, but she might have guessed he would. Yes, this was better. It solved all problems of clothes and money and engaging rooms. She and Eugene had left their heavy Winter things on board at Watts's suggestion.

"Steward!" yelled the captain. Piloted by the steward, she and Eugene went below—their old cabins. She had hardly locked her door and begun to peel off what was left of her cotton dress before she heard the rattle of the

Continued on Page 119



FRIENDLY HOSPITALITY IS EXPRESSED IN THIS SIMPLY FURNISHED LIVING-ROOM

Drawing by Marion Dismant

MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR LIVING-ROOM

By ETHEL DAVIS SEAL

SO OFTEN I have found that when pennies must be pinched, and thought has to take the place of dollars, all sorts of accidental loveliness result. The chints you must stretch into a curtain with a wide band of color is often more effective because you've had to make it so. The can of paint you have on hand occasionally, is surprisingly more lovely than the paint you select at random because at the moment you think it smart.

A worn upholstered chair may sometimes be attractively slip-covered and used another year, and the money you meant to spend on a new one may go toward the sofa you have needed so badly. The built-in shelf for books which you yourself may make gives a room a lived-in air. In other words, so often it is what you do yourself which gains you beauty. And in first making the most of what you have, you free what money there is for purchases which may be indeed worth while.

As I look back on all the rooms of various kinds that I have had—some of the cozy cottage type, others graciously high-ceilinged and urbane, some small studio affairs inviting an easy and artistic treatment, and still others so impossibly conventional that it was a task indeed to coax them into being friendly—I have often wondered if it was not just the ingenious making the most of things which made each one charming in spite of handicaps.

It was not cost, I know, for those rooms on which I have spent the least were just as lovely, in an intangible but very vital way, as the most expensive rooms I've ever "done." Not as elaborate nor as handsome, but colorful and friendly, easy on the eyes and on the family, rooms which might see a deal of living and look the better for it.

How well I remember one living-room of mine which seemed always at odds with itself! Truthfully I hadn't much hope of it myself, for most of the furniture consisted of discards from several generations, without the saving grace of being matched or blended. The room had ugly and insistent paper, chiefly brown in tone, with woodwork of slate-gray. Nothing worse could be imagined, and I contemplated a pair of very dark, smoked glasses, until one day the solution became apparent.

A miracle came to pass when the insistent wall-paper was removed and a plain one of a cool, creamy tone was applied. How the walls seemed to fall back and be a background right away! And against this background how delightful the woodwork would be sure to look if painted another color!—any other color, I thought with loathing as I contemplated the glowering tone that it was now!

IN THE cellar I unearthed two left-over cans of old gray paint—a gloomy provision for a rainy day, thought I, until I experimented with the horrid color, and found that clouds do have silver linings after all; for a pint of white and a pint of deep, cool green mixed with the gray paint made it a most unusual color, very greenish and luminous, and as refreshing as could be against the creamy walls.

A trip to a bargain chints-counter found the missing link in the decorative scheme: a black-grounded cretonne printed lavishly with shaggy, old pink peonies and straggling leaves of green, and priced very cheaply because the black was a bit too greenish to be considered "good." But this defect made it fit my needs even better, for it blended beautifully with my greenish woodwork.

My three windows were curtained with this chints, using it for straight panels, unlined, and hung on a plain wooden pole. Against the green-gray walls the black of the chints was a rich, velvety background for the pink peonies, and the green of the leaves was repeated in the woodwork. Then I looked around for a piece of furniture which I could paint to match the woodwork, and found a wicker armchair which had been relegated to the attic. Its shape was good, but its color was impossible, and I painted it the same green-gray as the woodwork, and then slipped it in, and with notes of green in the accessories, with bowls of pink flowers and mignonette from the garden, and at night a rosy glow from the shaded lamps, this country cottage living-room of mine developed a charm which was admired so often that it left me no doubt as to its success.

Often you'll find it is a new background which is needed to lend some unattractive room to sheer distinction: a clear cream or misty gray in paint or paper, a smart scenic or French block print, replacing most happily dull, lack-luster walls or insistent figures. And with plain tone in backgrounds, you'll make your entire rooms gay indeed with new curtains, slip-coverings, and accessories of some stunningly figured chints; with patterned walls plain fabrics of brilliant color will be a step in the right direction which will give the heretofore shabbiest room a new lease on effective decoration, and create a pleasing background for your furniture.

A room too gray and blue to be anything but depressing may rejoice in creamy walls, maize glass-curtains, and accessory notes of pure orange which will refresh its cold austerity. The room which has that bleak, unfurnished look may be "pulled together" by walls papered in a quaint dot or diamond, in a pastoral paper, or in a Chinese tea-box paper of gold or silver, and with woodwork painted a decorative tone of jade, lacquer-red, or peacock-blue.

Another inexpensive room is pictured here. And it is inexpensive from the standpoint of making the most of average possessions or of buying everything anew. A new sofa may wait five years in its first covering of denim if slipped engagingly in an effective cretonne meanwhile. Any old armchair can be given style in an up-to-date slip-cover of chints or decorative plain-colored sateen, piped with a contrasting color. New wing-chairs may be bought inexpensively in attractive early American chints coverings and ruffled flounce. Wicker armchairs are cheap, and may be cushioned at home after the wicker has been done in a smart new color.

A most ordinary desk may be made lovely if painted an effective dark color outside and given a bright-hued lining. So often an old desk may be transformed in this manner. Rag rugs for the floor may be crocheted or braided at home, or old rugs and old rags may be sent away to be woven into delightful plain-colored reversible rugs any home could be proud of.

By making the most of such pleasant economies the living-room pictured here has developed its charm. Against walls papered in parchment-color, the windows are effectively curtained in henna-grounded cretonne showing rich yellows and greens in the flowers, the home-made cornice boards are painted a deep jade-green, the glass-curtains are of soft yellow. The sofa is slipped in the henna cretonne, and a chair to the left of the drop-leaf table, the not to be seen in the picture, is slipped in plain green, piped and flounced with the henna cretonne, and accented by a henna pillow. This table, which is of the drop-leaf kitchen type, has been painted black; and so has the oak desk, with the added enhancement of a jade-green interior.

The wing-chair is slipped in an old yellow print, almost invisibly patterned, and its small pillow is covered in henna-and-green patchwork. The wicker chair is painted an orange-henna, cushioned in green, and supplied with a pillow covered in black. The two small tables are painted jade-green. The rugs are braided in brown,

Continued on Page 118

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

The convenient way to keep your meals varied and attractive!

Just think how much this helps you! Twenty-one different Campbell's Soups to choose from—a new note in your meals every day!

You simply add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and simmer a few minutes. Then Campbell's Soups are all ready—tempting and delicious and invigorating—for your table.

When your mood is for a hearty, substantial soup, select Campbell's Vegetable Soup—"a meal in itself" —with its 15 different vegetables. 12 cents a can.

Your choice
Order any of these Campbell's Soups from your grocer

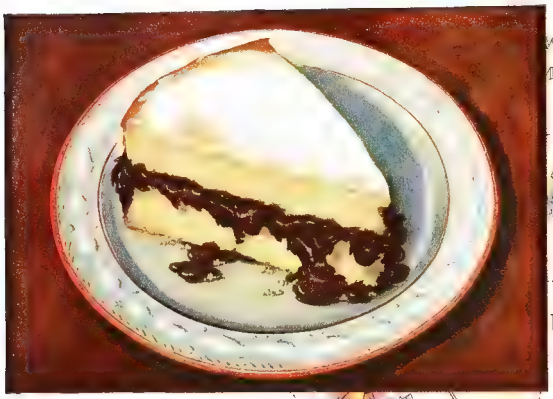
Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
	Vegetable-Beef
	Vermicelli-Tomato

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

Digitized by Google

I went to NEW ENGLAND to discover why some cake was called pie

And I learned a flavor secret, too



No wonder Boston is the "hub of the universe" with a marvelous tasting pie like this named after it!

I HAVE an awfully interesting job—running the kitchen where all your Crisco recipes are tested. But occasionally I desert my kitchen to travel over the country talking to women about the good food they cook in theirs. And they tell me things I couldn't possibly find in books.

The experience I've just had in Boston proved that. I'd gone there to talk about New England cooking and, incidentally, to see if I couldn't find out why Boston cream pie was called "pie". This luscious anomaly is really *cake*, you know.

Hours in the Boston Public Library taught me nothing. Questions, questions—to professors, to old inhabitants, to cooking authorities—taught me nothing. "Why are layers of cake joined with a custard called 'pie'?"

BUT, in a KITCHEN in Salem, the chirpiest, little grey-haired woman gave me this answer—

Old fashioned housewives lived only to please their husbands. And their husbands *would have pie*—for breakfast even. And sometimes the wives wanted cake. So they baked a layer cake in pie tins, filled it with custard, cut it in pie-shaped wedges and *called* it pie. That's why Boston cream pie must always be baked in round tins and cut in wedges.

And, incidentally, cooks I talked with said it was always made *best* with Crisco, because Crisco perfectly preserves the *flavor* of its skilfully blended ingredients.

Crisco does more than that. It actually saves ⅓ of your cake mixing time! It's so workable and fluffy just as it comes from the can that you can put your eggs, sugar and Crisco all into the bowl together and blend them in one operation. And Crisco so completely and so easily wraps itself around every tiny grain of sugar that out of the oven comes one of the finest, most even textured cakes you've ever baked. You'll find that the best bakers everywhere are using Crisco, too. That's why women in a hurry never hesitate now to buy delicious cakes from their bakers and grocers.

I hear a fish story

From Boston I went to Gloucester to get a codfish cake recipe and heard a funny little story. A Gloucester woman complained that her husband was "getting a little tired of codfish cakes." "How often do you have them?" she was asked. "Why, only every morning since we've been married." And they'd been married 15 years!

Three hundred and sixty-five times a year is probably too often, even for such codfish cakes as these, but I've yet to find a man—or wife—who has tired of them. They're fried in Crisco—and what a difference Crisco makes in the *appearance* of things fried in it—as well as the *taste*. These Crisco-fried codfish cakes are golden brown with the crunchiest crust you can imagine; and when they're broken, little spirals of appetizing steam almost sky-write the word good. The sweet Crisco preserves their delicate flavor as no other fat *can* do quite as well.

I have a cook book called "12 dozen Time-Saving Recipes" that you'll be interested in, I'm sure. You may have it by simply writing me, Winifred S. Carter, (Dept. XR-20) Box 1881, Cincinnati, O. WINIFRED S. CARTER

BOSTON CREAM PIE

¼ cup Crisco
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup granulated sugar
2½ cups flour
2 eggs
1 cup milk
4 teaspoons baking powder

Cream Crisco with sugar and eggs. Stir in milk and flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Bake in two Crisco layer cake tins in moderate oven (375° F.) for 25 minutes. When partially cool, put together with vanilla or chocolate custard and sprinkle top with powdered sugar.

GLOUCESTER CODFISH CAKES

6 medium sized potatoes
2 cups shredded salt cod
2 eggs
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon pepper

Boil potatoes in unsalted water. Drain and mash. Add codfish and unbeaten eggs and beat well. Add pepper and milk. Beat mixture light and fluffy. Make into cakes, dredge with flour and fry till brown in skillet with Crisco.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter and Gamble Co.

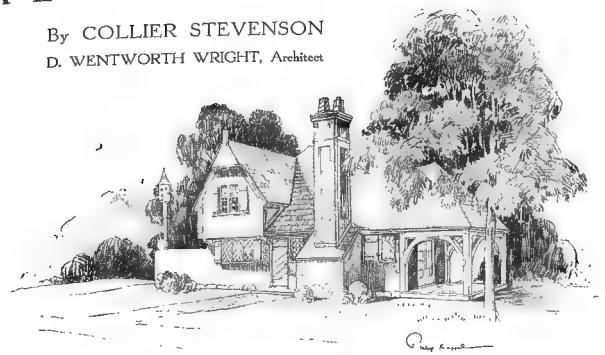
Taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor will tell you why things made with Crisco taste so much better.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

A LITTLE FRENCH HOUSE

By COLLIER STEVENSON

D. WENTWORTH WRIGHT, Architect



VARYING ROOF-HEIGHTS AND LEADED CASEMENT-WINDOWS CREATE INTEREST

OUR growing interest in the rural architecture of France, and more especially that of Normandy, has already been reflected in an increasing number of new houses which show French architectural influence. Such a house is pictured here. Outwardly conforming to Norman tradition in design and detail, it surrounds a typically American interior with sturdy walls of concrete blocks, coated with white stucco to harmonize with the white-painted brick chimney. The exterior woodwork and the shingled roof are stained black, in sharp contrast to the white walls and to the bright-green shutters.

The massive front door opens from a stone-paved stoop to a long living-room, lighted on three sides by French doors and picturesquely leaded casement-windows. A timbered ceiling is carried to the roof of the low wing at the right of the house. The great, wide chimney, which so distinguishes the exterior, is of practical service within through permitting the living-room a fireplace of almost cavernous proportions. A staircase, consistently Norman in detail, rises from one side of the living-room to the second floor. Walls of rough-textured plaster, a floor of polished dark oak, and rugged woodwork of brown-stained chestnut admirably conform to the unique architectural character of the room.

This living-room is, in more than a sentimental sense, the very heart of the home, for around it are grouped the dining-room, living-porch, and a bedroom. French doors lead to the stone-floored porch, and a wide cased opening links the dining-room to the living-room. Good wall-spaces for furniture mark the dining-room, which receives light from two sides. The dining-room has a particularly agreeable adjunct in the spacious paved terrace, which roofs a portion of the two-car garage arranged in the basement of the house. The French doors in the rear wall of the dining-room facilitate the serving of Summer meals on the terrace, which is sufficiently high above the grade-line to be well secluded.

A SMALL serving-pantry is introduced between the kitchen and the dining-room, and another pantry is located at the opposite side of the kitchen. Both pantries are windowed, and the kitchen is lighted by no fewer than four windows in addition to a glass-paned outside door. Stairs descend from the kitchen to an airy basement, where the laundry, the heating-plant, and a garage are accommodated.

As indicated by the plan, the second floor is so expertly laid out that the hall is almost negligible in size. The bedroom, the closets, and the bathroom thereby gain considerably in area, the bathroom actually yielding space for both tub and shower.

Each of the bedrooms has the advantage of cross-ventilation, and both have adequate closet-space. A slight cut in the ceilings necessitated by the sloping roof-lines confers a becomingly informal air.

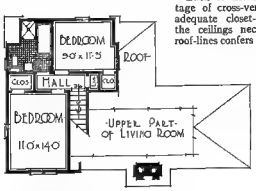
Altho originally planned as a guest-room, the bedroom which adjoins the living-room could be satisfactorily put to family use, as it is provided with a commodious closet and a shower-equipped bathroom.

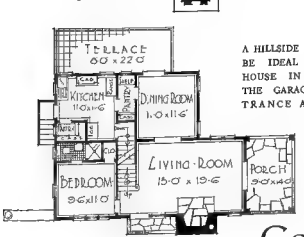
An extra room on the ground floor is always useful. It is, in many instances, given over to a maid, so that the family sleeping-rooms on the upper floor may enjoy greater privacy. Again, the extra room serves as a den or a sewing-room, its use as a bedroom being confined to some emergency, such as protracted illness in the household.

There is, however, an economic angle to the matter of a ground-floor bedroom. When a family is small, as in the case of newlyweds or aged couples, or when a building-budget is none too generous, the inclusion of a bedroom on the lower floor allows a house to be built progressively. Thus, at the outset, only the first floor need be completed, and the second floor can be left entirely undeveloped, or finished room by room, as changing family or financial circumstances warrant.

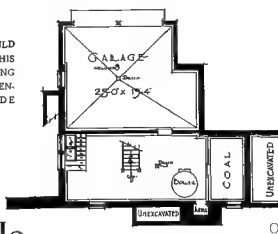
Interesting possibilities for progressive building are offered by the accompanying plans. The first floor, complete in itself, is entirely independent of the upper floor, and perfectly adapted to the space requirements of a small-sized family wishing only the compact convenience of a bungalow.

The house, therefore, could be used indefinitely with only the basement and the first floor developed, and the completion of the second floor kept in view as a pleasant goal.





A HILLSIDE SITE WOULD BE IDEAL FOR THIS HOUSE IN ALLOWING THE GARAGE AN ENTRANCE AT GRADE



For further information, without charge, regarding this house, send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Collier Stevenson, House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

DON'T overlook the good old staple foods

~~especially this one which gives "fancy food sparkle" to everyday menus!

You *expect* fancy foods to brighten up your menus. That's why you serve them occasionally. But what a satisfaction to find a wholesome *simple* food with the same interesting possibilities! With it, you can work wonders in your everyday meals!

For example—California Limas! *What* staple food offers such tempting menu variety—tasty salads, creamed and scalloped dishes, delicious vegetable loaves, and dozens of other satisfying food surprises! And a cup of dried Limas makes for greater taste and nourishment when added to *any* soup!

Fortunately, Limas are *so* easy to prepare. No peeling, paring or cutting. Just put Limas to soak after breakfast—by mid-afternoon they're *ready to cook!*

And Limas are *most* healthful, too—rich in proteins, vitamins, carbohydrates and mineral salts. Besides, the alkaline-ash* of this matchless year-round vegetable is a most valuable dietetic aid!

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK

Recipes for easy-to-prepare Lima dishes which will help "sparkle up" your everyday meals, and approved menus for luncheon, dinner and Sunday supper—you'll find dozens of them in the handy little booklet illustrated here. *It is free!* Address Dept. 134, California Lima Bean Growers Association, Oxnard, Calif.

CALIFORNIA SEASIDE Limas

Look for this 100-pound SEASIDE bag, before you buy.

famous for their nut-like flavor

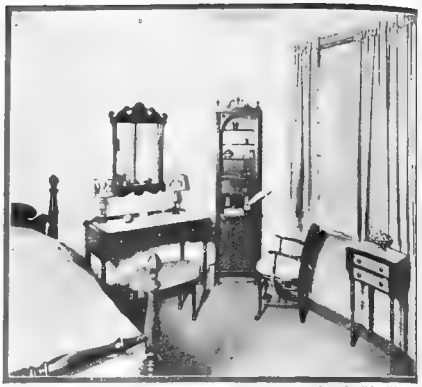
*Many common foods have an acid reaction in the body. Acid-ash foods, eaten in excess, cause *Acidosis*. Acidosis leads to many ills; some annoying, some serious. Dietitians endorse Limas because they are nearly twice as high as any other vegetable in *alkalinity* (which neutralizes acidity), and from six to seven times as alkaline as the most popular fruits!

Digitized by Google

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Courtesy James McCreery Model Home

The sheen and richness of dark mahogany are especially pleasing in this formal dining-room with its dignified background of scenic wall-paper. In the corner cupboard, glassware and china introduce a contrasting note.



Courtesy James McCreery Model Hou

A place to write letters and do an odd bit of sewing makes this comfortable room particularly satisfactory from a woman's point of view. The dressing-table has ample space for toilet articles, a good mirror, and plenty of light.

INTERIORS OF SIMPLE CHARM

In furnishing the restful living-room at the right the social life of the family has been kept in mind. Plenty of deep, comfortable chairs and couches, with convenient lamps for reading or games, have been provided. An open fireplace is the friendly center of interest around which the furniture is arranged. The radiators, cleverly enclosed and comfortably cushioned to form window-seats, add to the hospitable effect. There is quiet and repose in the plain velvet floor-covering, against which the figured coverings of the furniture are very effective.

Grace and comfort are ingeniously combined in the small living-room shown below. The chairs are large and roomy, but due to the delicate lines and graceful proportions of the other furnishings, there is no effect of crowding. The plain carpet and walls give a feeling of space, the plainness of which is broken just enough by the figured pattern of draperies and hearth-rug. The desk near the window is a convenience greatly appreciated in the average home. And the thoughtful arrangement of tables and lamps makes this a delightful place to read.

Photo by Howell

This dining-room in early American maple furniture uses ruffled chair-covers, old pewter, and candle-light to create its feeling of cheerful hominess. Since there is a design on the wall, the floor-covering chosen is plain.

Courtesy James McCreery Model Room

The conveniently placed tables in this room provide a place for everything and make it easy to keep everything in its place. The simplicity and restraint used in the mantel treatment accentuate the beauty of its lines.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

NÉE FRANCESCA BRAGGIOTTI • BRIDE OF THE GRANDSON OF THE FAMOUS HENRY CABOT LODGE

MRS. JOHN DAVIS LODGE

SARGENT might have painted her, a "symphony in black and gold" . . . Mrs. John Davis Lodge, romantically lovely in her Chéruit gown, with starry wide dark eyes, hair golden as Melisande's, skin warmly tinted as a tea-rose.

Bride of the grandson of the famous Henry Cabot Lodge, young Mrs. Lodge makes beauty her artistic credo. "Women should live for loveliness," she says. "The natural charm of a lovely skin is important."

The silken texture and clear fresh coloring of her own flawless skin she frankly attributes to Pond's. "I've used the Two Creams all my life," she says. "That wonderful Cold Cream cleanses deliciously and keeps the skin supple and young. To remove the cream I've just discovered the immaculate new Cleansing Tissues."

Pond's new Skin Freshener is "doubly precious," Mrs. Lodge says, "because both tonic and astringent." The Vanishing Cream, which holds her powder and keeps her arms and neck so smooth, she says "is especially attractive in the evening."

KEEP YOUR OWN SKIN LOVELY by these four steps of Pond's simple, sure method:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, marvelously absorbent, ample yet firm.

Third—briskly dab your skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm, keep contours young.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. If your skin is dry, leave on a little fresh cream overnight.

Pond's four preparations—Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener, Vanishing Cream—for exquisite care of the skin.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. B
106 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright 1930, Pond's Extract Company

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

GLAZO'S LOVELY TONE IS SCIENTIFICALLY PLANNED TO LOOK EQUALLY WELL IN ELECTRIC LIGHT, SUNLIGHT OR CANDLELIGHT

Does your nail polish ever deceive you at a party?

LUMINOUS as a pearl, exactly right in color —and constantly smart. That's Glazo! A polish for the nails that never under any lights changes its beautiful tone and texture.

Many nail polishes, as you probably have found, play tricks in evening light. A softly tinted sheen becomes dull and lifeless. Beauty flees from fingertips that in the sun were lovely.

The Color of Your Nails Was never so Important!

Lighting conditions cause many a woman to view her nails with disappointment. Sometimes, electric light drains a polish of color, sometimes it produces a yellow tinge or a strange lavender hue. But Glazo, and Glazo alone, remains immune to lighting effects—its clear, modish color never changes.

Flooding sunlight, candlelight, the brilliance of ballrooms and bridge tables find Glazo equally charming.

As a startling proof of Glazo's constancy of color under all lights, do your nails with Glazo exactly as you want them, under daylight.

Then step into a dark closet, turn on the electric light and examine carefully. Glazo will have the same tone in the closet as it had in the sun!

And we challenge you to find another polish that will pass this test with flying colors!

Glazo's chic finish lasts a week and often longer. It wears evenly without cracking or peeling and gives, as long as it is on your nails, a delicate and natural sparkle. So thin and smooth is the covering film of Glazo that it seems to be as much a part of the nail as the lights in a pearl or the bloom of an amethyst.

No matter what you think you like in nail polishes, try Glazo. Its unchanging color is a great new advantage. For your polish, lasting a week, is seen under all conditions of light. And with Glazo you are sure that your nails will always be lovely.

The smart twin bottles of Glazo (Glazo Polish and Polish Remover) may be found at all toilet goods counters and the price is 50¢. Glazo Remover in single packages is 25¢.

If you would like to try the Glazo color test, send six cents with the coupon below for a generous sample.

GLAZO

Coupon

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GP20
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

☐ Plain ☐ Perfumed

I enclose 6 cents. Please send me Glazo Samples (polish and remover). See check above. Also booklet, "Lovely, Eloquent Hands."

Name ....

Address ....

City ..... State .....

© 1929

Retouch Google

THROUGH SEVEN CAMPUS GATES

RADCLIFFE COLLEGE

Continued from Page 18

brick wall, and traditions far more insurmountable. But the professor passes to and fro, teaching both. The undergraduate curriculum and the bachelor of arts degree to which it leads are of identical value on either side of the common. The resources of the university—its beautiful Fogg Museum, its library, and some of its laboratories and lecture-halls—are placed at the service of Radcliffe.

Naturally, with academic ties so binding, new educational methods, after successful trial at the university, find their way into the college. Such, for example, are three features which distinguish Radcliffe absolutely among the seven colleges. They are individual tutors, the consistent use of general examinations, and the reading-period. These are three parts of a system designed to induce intelligent study. And all authorities seem to agree that it works.

Everything is set in motion at the end of a student's freshman year. Then she is obliged to choose from the menu of courses the subject which tempts her the most. Not the most frivolous girl could take this act lightly, for it is called "the selection of a major field of concentration." That she may not get lost in this field she is given a guide. With her sophomore year begun, the student is assigned a personal tutor. This individual meets her at least once every fortnight, often once a week, and from thirty minutes to an hour devotes to her problems his exclusive attention.

THE purpose of this encounter is neither coaching nor cramming. It is a comprehensive effort to co-ordinate all subjects in the student's course and to stimulate independent and thorough methods of study. Little by little students recognize that it is best to prepare, not for tests and quizzes, but for that tutorial hour when separate items of learning become fused into knowledge.

One of the tutors offered this typical instance of how the plan works: "A student of mine who was concentrating in government was working with me on the English governmental system. I suggested some chapters of Bryce, and in looking them up she found a foot-note referring to 'Pickwick Papers' and to one of Disraeli's novels.

"Forthwith she danced along this bypath and came back to me bursting with questions about nineteenth-century literature and about the relation of politics both to art and to the social life of the period. From that moment the student realized that her real task was not to assemble a mound of abstract facts, but to grasp how the life of a people is reflected in its governmental system."

This plan of individual tutors is, indeed, highly essential to Radcliffe. It supplies the only personal note in the educational system, for here most of the classes are large and consist primarily of lectures. The discussion method of instruction is not featured. In comparison with the more intimate and lively classes held in other colleges for women where students participate creatively in the recitation, these courses seem extremely formal. On the other hand the combined lecture and tutorial system certainly makes for mature work. To step into any Radcliffe class is to know that you are attending not so much a college as a great university.

At no time is this impression deeper than during the reading-period. The feature is the second innovation imported from across the common. Just as the tutor is a necessary supplement to the lecture course, so is the reading-period a logical prelude to examinations. The latter are given twice a year in every course and make a great bid for a display of real intelligence.

No longer does it avail a girl to sit up all night with a wet towel about her brow, choking down hot coffee and cold facts, for the examination consists of a few questions designed to test her comprehension of the entire subject. Everything gathered up from lectures and assembled in the tutorial conference must be summarized and further extended to meet this proof successfully. Therefore the reading-period

It is two weeks long, and occurs immediately after the Christmas vacation and again early in May. Then students neither attend classes nor meet their tutors. They have been given reading assignments and are simply turned loose among the bookshelves. Not every course makes use of the idea. About one-seventh of the undergraduates, mostly upper classmen, are trusted to this novel method of preparation.

When the experiment was first tried skeptics grinned sardonically. "What!" they exclaimed. "You expect girls who are freed from classes to come back after Christmas! Nonsense! They'll take a Winter vacation at Lake Placid or Palm Beach!" Yet every girl did return. Every one of the four hundred chairs in the library was occupied day and evening. The reading rooms in the residence-halls were crowded, and "quiet hour" was voluntarily extended.

College authorities eagerly awaited the results of the ensuing examinations. After careful analysis of the marks Miss Comstock was triumphant, for the average went up at a bound. Said she: "It looks as the Radcliffe women had risen to this opportunity for self directed study. When those juniors and sophomores who had the reading-period improved their ranking by twenty-five and twenty per cent. it seems reasonable to credit the innovation with the improvement." Since that first test assignments have been somewhat modified, but the reading-period is firmly established as an integral part of the course of study.

Has it dawned on you that a member of this undergraduate body is primarily a student? Yet by the same token she is not a grind. Quite the reverse. She is trained to handle her work that the process of education becomes one of natural growth. No college girl has more opportunity for spirited activities than she of Radcliffe. Notably has a better time. The close observer can, however, note one difference between the recreation of this collegian and that of others. It represents the kind of enterprise which appeals to the mature young person.

Take the dramatic work, for example. The Idler Club gives four plays a year. Two of them are performances open to the public, and in these, men—usually Harvard men—are invited to take masculine rôles. Who would deny that the resulting performance corresponds more nearly to professional standard than one in which hen and villain, for all their efforts of vocal pitch, gesture, and stride, helplessly display the most afflicting effeminacy?

HARVARD, it may be said, profits by contiguity in like manner. The musical comedy given by the boys in the Spring now substitutes a chorus of the prettiest of Radcliffe damsels for the football players whose biceps once burst out of pink-tulle ballet-costumes.

During these gala performances any suspicion that the Radcliffe student is no more than a highbrow is forever routed. Dora Bernice V. Brown, who performed one of the rehearsals for the Harvard review last Spring—oh, certainly, there is always an official chaperon—was much struck by the frivolous abandon of her charges. As she watched them stepping intricate dances and chanting topical songs with arch, provocative glances, she emitted a soft laugh of incredulity. "But it hardly seems possible," she murmured. "These are the very girls who are leaders of clubs and committees! Several of them are coming up for honors!"

Such diversity of talent is typical of modern youth. Nowadays the débutante is not necessarily a dilettante. After attending one of the many dances given at Radcliffe last season a young man from New York made the following mournful comment: "You can't tell a thing about a girl from the outside nowadays. All the fellows were cutting in on the dances of one particular dame. She was a regular knock-out. And do you know what I heard about her afterward? That she'd been picked for the big crown of scholarship. And guess what her specialty was! Greek paleography! Can you beat that?"

Parties, large and small, together with informal teas and various club gatherings, create an atmosphere of sociability quite sufficient to round out the scholarly life.

Continued on Page 46

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

"Tired out, run down persons become completely changed"

. . says physician of Germany's greatest free hospital

DOCTORS throughout the world know Berlin's great "Charité" —the largest free hospital in Europe's most important medical center.

As physician-in-chief of the medical polyclinic at the Charité and Professor in the University of Berlin, Dr. Julius Citron holds a key post in European medical circles. He is a specialist in internal medicine. He says:

"Medical experience confirms laboratory results with yeast.

"In cases of constipation and stomach troubles of long duration, I have had excellent results from its use. It purifies the whole intestinal tract. It can overcome skin troubles such as pimples and boils.

"With the creation of the 'sunshine' vitamin D in fresh yeast, our bodies now get from this simple food that power of the sun itself which helps make bones and teeth strong and sound, and muscles firm. Nearly everyone who works indoors is 'sunlight-starved.'

"Yeast contains large quantities of vitamin B, which increases strength. Run down, tired, exhausted people often become changed persons after yeast has been added to their regular nourishment."

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, according to the directions on the label. Each cake is rich in the *two* vitamins indispensable to health—vitamin B and the "sunshine" vitamin D. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

) 1930, Standard Brands, Inc.

Noted physicians cite yeast benefits

DR. PAUL GERBER, of Vienna, noted internal specialist, says, "In cases of run down condition, yeast renews energy and endurance."

DR. GEORGES ROSENTHAL, Laureate of the Institute and of the Academy of Medicine of Paris, declares: "Yeast is one of the best gastro-intestinal cleansing agents."

DR. BORGE PONTOPPIDAN, physician-in-charge of the Municipal Hospital, Copenhagen, says: "The 'sunshine' vitamin which fresh yeast now contains is of vital importance for both adults and children."

". . my own doctor advised yeast, too"

"I had always been very subject to colds and for two or three years my face had broken out," writes Mrs. F. W. Forman, Jr., from Baltimore. "Both these conditions no doubt were caused by sluggish intestinal activity, yet nothing I tried had any effect. I asked our family physician what he would suggest and he told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast three times a day. I did, and my complexion began to clear and I stopped having those annoying colds.

"The sunshine vitamin now in Fleischmann's Yeast appeals to me for its effect on the children,* as they are confined so much indoors in the winter."

*Physicians recommend Fleischmann's Yeast for children over 5 years of age.

(Over 33 from)

THE MORE FEMININE COIFFURE

By DORIS LEE ASHLEY

The extra piece of hair

Side arrangement for natural or permanent curls

Finger roll, charming and youthful

Evening coiffure for the older woman

Girlish and individual

Curl over silk elastic or barette

Modified French twist with sculptured curls held by comb

THE breakfast-hour was drawing to a close. The head waitress was just about to close the door, when a tall, breathless young woman made her appearance. "Just made the grade this morning, Margaret," she gaily remarked. Naturally I looked up from my paper.

I had been in Europe for some time, and a number of new people had taken up their abode in this comfortable little hotel. I was pleased to see that the late arrival was a young woman of my acquaintance. Usually she presented a very smart, well-groomed appearance, but this morning I was shocked at her hair. It is beautiful, naturally curly hair, but very obviously it was being allowed to grow; in fact it hung down almost to her shoulders, absolutely unconfined. I called her over to my table, and she came gladly to welcome me.

"You are just the person I want to consult, Miss Ashley. I know I am a disgrace; but I was in such a hurry this morning that I did not have time to put on my 'back hair.' You see," she continued, "my very good-looking bob—and you must admit it was a smart one—was too slick and abbreviated for modeling the new, long, princess frocks, and early last Autumn the order went forth that every model had to have hair.

"I simply could not afford a transformation as many of the girls did, for I needed so many new clothes. Last year's looked so queer and short after wearing the new long ones at the salon during the day, so I bought an extra piece of hair to wear at the back and decided that I would let my hair grow in again. The girls who invested in transformations were in luck, for they could have short hair when wearing sports clothes, and apparently have long hair when they appeared in afternoon or evening clothes. My hair is now almost long enough to 'do up,' so do help me to arrange it so that I can go without the extra piece, won't you?"

I told her to come to my room that evening and I would try to help her. That very morning I visited a well-known hair-dresser and told him I wanted a pair of the small clasps which he uses on his extra hair-pieces. Some of these are covered with kid to match the hair. To these I attached a narrow band of silk elastic the color of my friend's hair. I also purchased two small tortoise-shell pins. I noticed a charming array of pins, both plain and jeweled, as well as barettes and combs, also plain and jeweled. These, I was told, are "coming in" again.

When my young friend came to my room that evening I moistened her hair with a wave-setting lotion and then combed the delightful curls down close to her head at the back. I attached one kid-covered clasp to the short hair back of her left ear and stretched the elastic band over her hair to the right side, and fastened the second clasp to the hair back of the right ear. The hair naturally curled up over the elastic band, completely hiding it from view.

I ADDED the tortoise-shell pins, one at each side, and the effect was most attractive, for it outlined the well-shaped head and produced a girlish coiffure. I told my grateful friend that in another month or so (hair grows about half an inch a month) she would be able to curl her hair over her finger in a tiny roll and secure it with invisible hairpins or a barette-comb.

For the older woman another method of arranging hair of shoulder length is in the old-fashioned French twist, holding the hair in place with a crescent-shaped comb and allowing the ends to escape in curls instead of tucking it under. There is an illustration on this page of such a coiffure, and you must admit that this head-dress is charmingly feminine.

Still another method with curly hair is to arrange it softly around the face, draw all the hair to one side, hold it in place with a barette, and allow the curls to escape in a bunch. When the hair is longer it may be divided at the back, crossed to the opposite side, and held in place with a tiny barette, with the curls pinned flat to the head or allowed to arrange themselves naturally.

Now I imagine a great many of you are saying to yourselves, "That's all very well for curly hair, but what in the world is one to do about straight hair? Imagine straight hair down to the shoulders!" You might try the kid-covered clasps and elastic band, tucking and pinning your hair over the elastic band.

You will also be delighted, as I was, with the method of permanent waving that not only gives the lovely soft, wide wave that can be arranged across the head or vertically, but which curls the ends of the hair in a natural ringlet that offers multitudinous ways of arranging it either with natural curls or the sculptured effect that Paris tried to introduce over a year ago.

Now, can you imagine what a boon this type of permanent would be to the young woman who has decided to allow her straight locks to grow long? The permanent curl in the ends of the hair will be a great advantage in arranging that awkward two-, four-, or five-inch length until it grows long enough to form a bun, a roll, a knot, or a *chignon*.

I CERTAINLY would advise the permanent for the straight-haired person, especially during the growing in period, despite the theory that straight hair as God made it is supposed to be more becoming than artificially curled hair. The improved permanent of to-day produces as soft, wide, and natural a wave as one could desire. Hot-oil treatments before the shampoo will keep the hair in wonderful condition. Carefully set wave after shampoo. Use setting lotion between shampoos to keep it well groomed and to reset.

There are some who refuse to consider the permanent wave. That may have been wise some years ago, but it has been so perfected now that there is no reason to refuse it because it may harm the hair. In case there are some who refuse for other reasons, such as naturally curly hair, the money that might have been spent on a permanent might be wisely used on a transformation. This is especially helpful for the straight-haired person during the growing-in period. I understand that many Parisians are using transformations when wearing the long and gracefully feminine afternoon and evening gowns, which would be rather ridiculous topped with a bob.

A bob may be transformed into a charmingly feminine evening coiffure by an extra hair-piece that can be securely attached even to short hair. In this way one may have the comfort of short hair during the day when clad in sports apparel. Most women are wearing longer bobs than they have since they first cropped their hair. When this is the case the extra piece is a great asset. It may be a single or double strand, slightly waved, to be arranged as one chooses, or it may be a bun, a knot, a single or double roll, a twist, or a *chignon*.

If you have kept your own hair, cut off years ago, you may take it to the hair-dresser and have him make the single or double strand, which may be attached securely to your own hair, and arrange it in the most becoming manner. When planning to purchase an extra piece of hair one should visit a hair-dresser or send a strand of your own hair so that it may be perfectly matched. Extra pieces for red hair, for hair turning gray, or white hair are naturally more costly than just the ordinary "hair-color."

Softer effects around the face are the new order of the day, for with the advent and acceptance of the more feminine fashions the coiffure must assume a less set and regular effect. Certainly there will always be some bobs, but they will be modified. For some time, if ever, hair will not be allowed to grow so long that we can sit on it (wonder why we ever wanted to).

Femininity to the fore is the watchword of those who follow fashion's lead. Mechanically regular waves are slowly giving way to the soft and less regular wave that nature produces.

If you are interested in changing your hair-dressing to conform to present feminine styles, write for "Modern Hair Aids," sending a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to the Beauty Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

KEEP YOUR SKIN FINE IN TEXTURE—DON'T LET ITS PORES GET COARSE!

Every day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Begin, today, to make this new skin fine, smooth, flawless . . .

A LOVELY, smooth, fine-textured skin—you can have it, keep it all your life, with the right care!

If the texture of your skin seems to be growing coarser — the pores enlarged — begin, today, to change this condition. Every day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new skin takes its place. This daily rebuilding of your skin is your opportunity. With the right care, you can make the new skin what you want it to be!

A tendency to loss of fineness in the texture of your skin means that the skin is not functioning as it should. The pores are not expanding and contracting properly. Your skin has become relaxed — has got into a condition of lowered vitality.

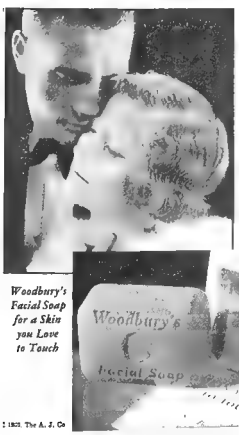
You can help to overcome this condition by using, every night, the famous Woodbury treatment for *fine texture* — a treatment worked out by a famous skin specialist especially to meet this relaxed condition of your skin.

● DIP YOUR WASH CLOTH in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now, take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in the water and run the *cake itself* over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the face feels drawn and dry. Rinse thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Finish by rubbing the face with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft face towel.

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. This means that your skin is responding to a more stimulating and vitalizing treatment than it has been accustomed to. After a few nights the drawn feeling will disappear, and your skin will emerge from its nightly bath so deliciously smooth and invigorated that you will realize how much good this treatment is doing it.

Use the treatment persistently and see how exquisitely fine and smooth it will help to make the texture.

This is only one of the Woodbury treatments — the most famous skin treatments in the world — with which literally millions of women have built up a smooth, clear, flawless skin. Begin using Woodbury's today and learn what this wonderful soap will do for *your* skin — how brilliantly fresh and smooth it will keep it; how free from any kind of skin defect. 25 cents a cake at any drug store or toilet-goods counter. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.



Woodbury's Facial Soap for a Skin you Love to Touch

● **Send for the large-size trial set**

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2103 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed 10c—please send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1930, The A. J. Co.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

IMPROMPTU SUPPER-DISHES FOR SUNDAY NIGHTS

By ELLEN DUKE

SUNDAY nights in Winter seem made for impromptu hospitality. Perhaps the children have come trooping in, bringing their friends, all hungry as bears from a tramp through the woods or skating on the mill-pond. Or friends who came for a brief call have lingered by our fireside, talking cozily into the early Winter twilight.

Whatever the circumstances, we all have a way of getting hungry about tea-time on Sundays. Something to eat is in order, so let every one turn a hand to the pleasant business of preparing and serving supper.

Use your jolliest, most colorful table-things: a bowl of fruit for a centerpiece, and for table-covering a gaily striped luncheon-cloth or an oilcloth if you happen to have one of those interesting new patterns. Let the boys set the table and arrange the electrical equipment, and put your most dignified guest into a big kitchen apron and set him to cutting up things for a salad.

When every one helps, Sunday supper is sure to be merry and informal. It has another good feature too, the flexibility of its menu. If it has been an outdoor day we can include a hearty dish that is warm and satisfying; and if we have sat by the fire, reading and talking away the hours, we may choose fruit salad, tea, and some tiny hot biscuits. Or our guests can make their own suggestions, rummaging among the store of the canned things in the pantry, and looking for enticing possibilities among the left-overs from Sunday dinner.

Not everything need be left to chance, however. Things will move more smoothly if a pitcher of waffle-batter and a bowl of cream sauce, made Saturday, are tucked away in the ice-chest. With the foundation sauce on hand innumerable combinations immediately suggest themselves. Combined with dried beef, cheese, peas and shrimp, left-over chicken, salmon, or mushrooms, fresh or canned, we have a delicious supper-dish to serve over waffles which have become festive by the addition of chopped pecans.

The recipes given here are all suitable for the impromptu meal, because they are easy to prepare, take very little time, and are made from ingredients that are likely to be on hand almost any Sunday night.

Foundation Cream Sauce

2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Cupful Milk
¼ Teaspoonful Salt

MELT the butter in the top of a double boiler, adding the flour slowly, to which the salt has been added, and let cook for 1 minute over the open flame. Then cook over hot water in the double boiler for 5 minutes more. Add slowly the milk, which has been heated, stirring to prevent lumping. Let cook, until thickened, for about 10 minutes or longer, stirring occasionally. This sauce may be kept in the refrigerator and reheated in the top of the double boiler when needed. If you wish a larger amount double the proportion.

Pecan Waffles

¼ Cupful Pecan-meats
2 Cupfuls Flour
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
½ Teaspoonful Salt
2 Eggs
1½ Cupfuls Milk
6 Tablespoonfuls Melted Shortening

CHOP the pecan-meats. Sift the dry ingredients together and mix in the pecan-meats. Add the milk, egg yolks, and cooled shortening, and beat well. Beat the egg whites until stiff, and fold into the batter; but do not beat again. Pour about 4 tablespoonfuls of the batter into the center of a waffle-iron heated according to the manufacturer's directions, and bake until a golden brown.

This recipe has been worked out for use with an electric iron on which no grease is used. In order to assure against sticking, more shortening is used than in the usual waffle recipe. If a cast-iron waffle-iron, which requires greasing, is used, 4 tablespoonfuls of shortening is sufficient.

Spanish Cream Toast

MELT 3 tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan; add 3 tablespoonfuls of flour and ½ teaspoonful of salt. To 1½ cupful of strained canned tomatoes add ¼ teaspoonful of soda. Combine with the flour mixture, and stir until perfectly smooth and thickened. Add cubes of cheese or dried beef and ⅓ cupful of scalded cream, and pour over slices of freshly made toast. Serve with crisp celery and sweet pickles and fruit for dessert.

Eggs Valencia

MELT a can of tomatoes in a saucepan and bring to the boiling-point. Into the simmering tomato-juice (the flesh of the tomatoes should have been removed) drop your eggs just as you would poach them in boiling water. When poached remove, season, and serve on squares of toast.

Thicken the seasoned juice and serve as a sauce if desired. Garnish with parsley.

Italian Salad

RUB a bowl with a clove of garlic. Remove the tails and bones from 1 small can of sardines, and break into pieces. Chop 3 hard-boiled eggs, cut 1 cold potato, and chop 2 dozen stuffed olives. Add a pinch of salt and a dash of pepper. Toss together in a bowl and serve on lettuce-leaves, garnished with mayonnaise.

Roumanian Meat Salad

CHILL 1 cupful of cold cooked meat (pork, chicken, or veal, cut in cubes) with 1 cupful of tiny peas. A quarter of an hour before serving, marinate the meat and peas in French dressing and return to the ice-box. Chop 1 cupful of walnut-meats in small pieces and add when ready to serve. Arrange on lettuce-leaves; top with mayonnaise and a dash of paprika. Cut 2 hard-boiled eggs in slices and remove the yolks. Arrange the slices around the meats on the lettuce-leaves, and in the center of each egg ring place rings of sliced stuffed olives. Crumble the yolks, and sprinkle over salad. This hearty salad is almost a meal in itself. Served with toasted crackers, hot tea, and fruit, it makes a most satisfying supper.

Tea-Scones

MIX and sift 4 cupfuls of flour and 4 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Then add ½ cupful of sugar. Work in ½ cupful of shortening with two knives. Mix 1 well-beaten egg and 1 cupful of milk and add to the dry mixture. Mix to a soft dough and roll to ¼-inch thickness. Cut in circles and bake in a moderate oven for 10 minutes. These scones are delicious for tea when spread with butter or jelly. Recipe makes 24 scones.

Baked Savory Omelet

HEAT nearly to boiling 1 cupful of milk and 2 tablespoonfuls of butter. Add 1 tablespoonful of finely shredded red or green (or both) sweet pepper. Beat the yolks and whites of 2 eggs separately. Mix smoothly with the yolks ½ teaspoonful of salt and 1 tablespoonful of flour. Combine lightly with the whites, and season with pepper and a dash of Cayenne. Add the hot milk and pour into a well-greased glass baking-dish. Bake for about 15 minutes in a moderate oven. Try with a fork, which should come out clear.

Ragout of Eggs

COMBINE 2 hard-boiled eggs and 1 tablespoonful of coarsely chopped parsley with 2 cupfuls of diced cooked potatoes and 1 cupful of peas or string-beans. Sprinkle with the finely minced half of an onion, salt, pepper, and paprika, and mix lightly with enough cream sauce to moisten liberally. Place in a buttered glass baking-dish, cover with grated cheese or fine crums and dots of butter, and brown.

Photo by Mayer-Kiwi

FRUIT AND NUTS ARE MOST ACCEPTABLE FOR SUPPER DESSERT

Digitized by Google
Digitized from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

John Aspinwall Roosevelt is the thirteen year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt of the Executive Mansion, Albany, and of Hyde Park, on the Hudson

JOHN ASPINWALL ROOSEVELT is fortified for the "*strenuous life*" by a care all boys can have

COMPLETELY Roosevelt, this boy. His father is Franklin D. Roosevelt, and his mother was a Roosevelt before her marriage.

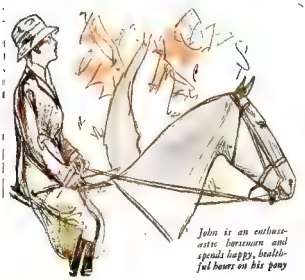
Characteristic of that magic name, too, is the boy's energy and vim, his love of outdoor sports.

Boats are his passion. In the Roosevelts' town house in New York . . . in the Executive Mansion . . . at Eastport, Maine, where they spend the summers . . . and in Hyde Park where they week end, his room is full of them, made by himself. Some of them, 36" long—rigged all proper from jib boom to bowsprit.

At Hyde Park the boys hold races on the Roosevelt Lake. But the more important regattas are on the Hudson, each boy paddling excitedly behind his own entry.

It takes energy—such a life, full to the brim with activity.

And because Mrs. Roosevelt wants John to have the best of health, she interests herself in everything concerning his physical welfare.



John is an enthusiastic horseman and spends happy, healthful hours on his pony

His health program laid out by specialists

No finicky appetite here. John is usually ravenous—and blissfully unconscious of the balanced diet scientifically laid out for him. The distinguished child specialists whom his mother consulted stressed the choice of a *hot, cooked* cereal. They recommended that familiar one, long considered the children's own—Cream of Wheat. So John has always eaten it.

"John has eaten Cream of Wheat ever since he was a baby," says Mrs. Roosevelt. "He still eats it for breakfast—in large portions! I think Cream of Wheat has undoubtedly played its part in building his robust physique."

Other mothers, everywhere, wanting this same heartiness for their boys and girls, have made this same decision. Other child specialists have for years recommended Cream of Wheat as an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal.

Recently 22.1 leading child specialists in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto were questioned about cereals. *Every one* of them approves Cream of Wheat.

One reason it is standard is because it is so rich in energy-giving content. Another, because, with all the harsh part of the grain removed, Cream of Wheat is amazingly quick and easy to digest.

Give your children the very best start for their busy days. Make a regular habit of the morning bowl of Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

Like all Roosevelts, John is devoted to animals. Fallow and Maggie are his two black Scotties

FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast. The H. C. B Club, with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc., a children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 734,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with a sample box of Cream of Wheat (if desired). Just mail the coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORP., DEPT. E-39
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Child's name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat check here.....

CREAM OF WHEAT

© 1930, The C. of W. Corp.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

HOT FROM THE OVEN · AND FEATHERY LIGHT

IT'S THE CREAM OF TARTAR IN ROYAL THAT DOES IT!

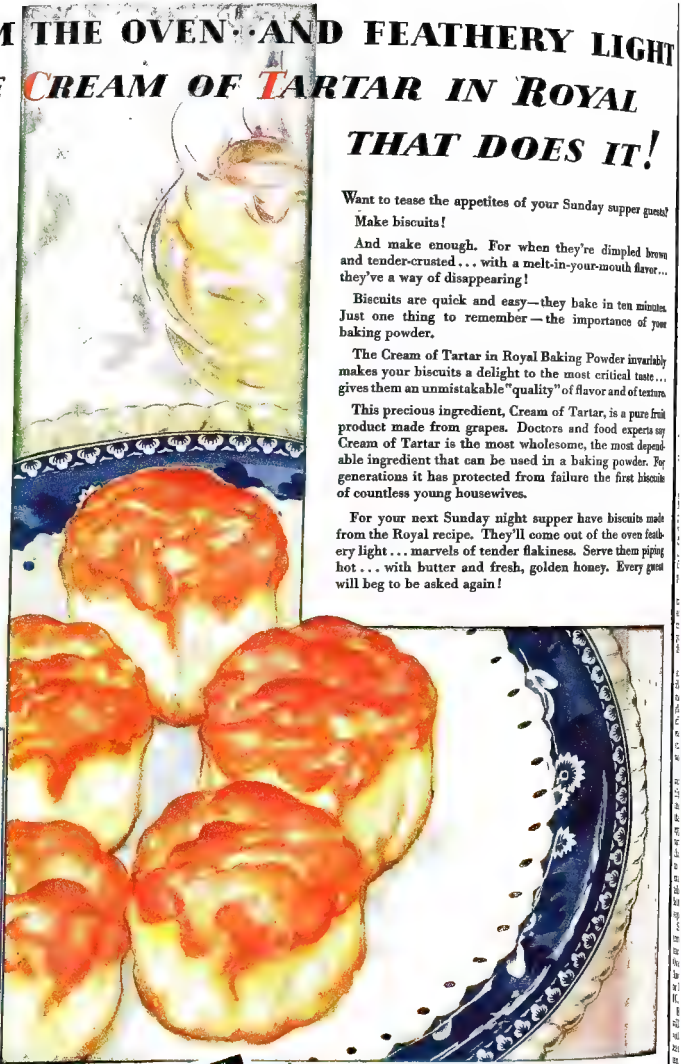
BISCUITS AND HONEY for Sunday supper. Royal biscuits can be baked immediately after mixing, or covered and set aside in a cool place for baking several hours later, or even the next day. Because two acid reacting ingredients, cream of tartar and tartaric acid, are combined in Royal, the dough begins to rise as soon as mixed and continues to rise when put into the oven. This is what is meant by "double acting."

ROYAL MASTER RECIPE for baking powder biscuits: Measure 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder* and ½ teaspoon salt into sifter. Sift into mixing bowl. Using steel fork, mix in two tablespoons shortening lightly and thoroughly with the dry ingredients. Slowly add ¾ cup milk (or half milk and half water) to make a soft dough, mixing lightly with fork. Toss dough onto slightly floured board. Roll or pat dough out lightly with hands to about one-half inch in thickness. Cut out with biscuit cutter which has been dipped in flour. Place on slightly greased pan—*far* apart if crusty biscuit is desired; close together if you prefer a thicker and softer biscuit. Bake in hot oven at 475° F. ten to twelve minutes. Makes 14 biscuits. If a shorter biscuit is desired, use 3 or 4 tablespoons shortening instead of 2 tablespoons.

LIGHTNING BISCUITS: Follow Master Recipe, using more milk to make soft dough. Drop by spoonfuls on greased baking sheet or in muffin tins and bake immediately in hot oven at 475° F. for 10 minutes. Makes 15 biscuits.

*Be sure to use only Royal Baking Powder, for which this recipe was planned.

THE CREAM OF TARTAR in Royal comes from luscious grapes grown in southern France. Remember—when you buy—Royal is the only nationally distributed Cream of Tartar baking powder. That is why Royal, for sixty years, has been recognized throughout the world as the purest, most wholesome, and most dependable baking powder.



Want to tease the appetites of your Sunday supper guests? Make biscuits!

And make enough. For when they're dimpled brown and tender-crusted . . . with a melt-in-your-mouth flavor . . . they've a way of disappearing!

Biscuits are quick and easy—they bake in ten minutes. Just one thing to remember—the importance of your baking powder.

The Cream of Tartar in Royal Baking Powder invariably makes your biscuits a delight to the most critical taste . . . gives them an unmistakable "quality" of flavor and of texture.

This precious ingredient, Cream of Tartar, is a pure fruit product made from grapes. Doctors and food experts say Cream of Tartar is the most wholesome, the most dependable ingredient that can be used in a baking powder. For generations it has protected from failure the first biscuits of countless young housewives.

For your next Sunday night supper have biscuits made from the Royal recipe. They'll come out of the oven feathery light . . . marvels of tender flakiness. Serve them piping hot . . . with butter and fresh, golden honey. Every guest will beg to be asked again!

Free Cook Book

New, up-to-date edition of the famous Royal Cook Book, containing sandwich suggestions, cooking temperatures and other new features

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., Dept. 31,
100 East 42nd Street . . . New York City

Please send me the new revised edition of the Royal Cook Book, containing over 360 recipes.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Google Digitized from

CHEESE GROWS MORE AND MORE POPULAR

The A-B-C's of Cookery

Article V

By HELEN TREYZ SMITH

THERE are many good reasons for the increasing popularity of cheese. Chief among them is the fact that it is no longer considered indigestible. We now know it to be of great value as a nutrient, and that it is one of the most efficient of the proteins. Other reasons for the popularity of cheese include the fact that it is economical. It is savory. It is versatile and can be used in many ways, either alone or in effective combinations with other foods. It keeps well, it is easy to work with, and it offers a variety of flavors, since so many different types of cheese are available.

Strangely enough, while various types of cheese differ greatly in flavor, they vary but slightly in food value. Made from the curd of milk, cheese is composed of milk protein, and part, or all, of the fat, mineral salts, and vitamins of milk. Flavor is developed during curing, and depends largely upon the type of micro-organism which takes part in the ripening. The food value remains about the same, differing in those cases where skimmed milk or partly skimmed milk is used in place of whole milk.

As you see, cheese might almost be called concentrated milk. One pound of it represents the solid ingredients of one gallon of milk. We have but to consider the value of milk as a food to realize the food value of cheese. The protein of milk is of special importance in body-building; that means the protein of cheese is particularly efficient.

While cheese may be considered an ideal food from the standpoint of food value, flavor, and economy, it is only ideal when it is given its proper place in the diet. Formerly cheese was used only as a condiment or as a supplement to an already rich food. Imagine, if you will, the effect of using a starchy food such as macaroni *to supplement* another starchy food such as rice. That in the starch world illustrates what happens in the protein world when cheese is used to supplement another protein.

Whenever you plan to use cheese in the menu, do so with these points in mind: (1) Large quantities of highly ripened cheese may irritate the stomach, but mild cheese may be used in amounts large enough to furnish the protein for the meal. (2) Whenever cheese is used in appreciable amount, consider it the main dish and plan your meal around it. (3) With a protein so flavorsome choose bland carbohydrates, such as macaroni and rice, to accompany it. (4) With a food so concentrated, balance the meal with bulky foods. Serve leafy, green vegetables, either cooked or in salad form. Cabbage, celery, lettuce, spinach, and chard are all excellent cheese supplements.

Successful cooking of cheese depends on low temperature more than on any other one factor. Intense heat hardens proteins, and cheese is no exception to the rule. Overcooking of cheese results in a tough, leathery product. And the havoc does not end there. Cheese contains more or less fat, and fat, as you will remember, from Article IV., decomposes when it is subjected to high heat.

Both of these changes are undesirable. The product will be less appetizing, to begin with. Next, its texture will not be pleasing, since no one really likes a tough, leathery cheese-dish. Added to this is a still more important factor from the health standpoint. Cheese which has been improperly cooked is difficult of digestion.

Cheese to be used for cooking purposes should be selected with an eye to flavor and consistency. A hard cheese is better for grating, while for melting and cutting, softness is a desirable quality. Grated cheese, or very finely divided cheese, melts more quickly than do larger pieces, and is the preferable form for use in cooking. Most of you know that it is possible to buy grated cheese by the package. But as many of us still grate it at home, a suggestion or two will be timely.

Soft cheese can be forced through a coarse wire strainer with the back of a spoon. It can be also prepared by putting it through a potato-ricer.

Grated cheese can be prepared in advance and kept on the emergency-shelf in a tightly covered glass container. You will find this very helpful in meal-preparation.

For top-of-the-stove cheese-cookery use a double boiler, and keep the water in the bottom of it below the boiling-point if possible. For best results cook only until the cheese is creamy, or sufficiently melted; then serve at once. The disastrous results of long cooking have been stated. Cheese-dishes that are allowed to stand and cool become leathery.

Photo by Mayer-Kraft

MAKE CHEESE SANDWICHES FOR THE SCHOOL LUNCH-BOX

In oven-cooking of cheese-dishes of the creamy or soufflé type we can easily maintain a low temperature if we make use of an oven-thermometer. For still more even temperature these dishes can be placed in a pan of hot water during the baking. Take care to bake soufflés long enough for them to become firm; otherwise they will fall when taken from the oven. Timbales, on the other hand, must be guarded against even the slightest overcooking. They, like custards, tend to separate if cooked too long.

The only time that a high temperature is permissible in preparing a cheese-dish is when toasted cheese is desired, as in the *au gratin* type dish and in cheese sandwiches. The toasting should be accomplished as quickly as possible to prevent the fat and protein of the cheese from separating. High heat and quick handling is the secret here.

Cheese Luncheon-Dish

3 Thin Slices Bread
Butter to Spread
2 Cupfuls Milk
2 Eggs, Beaten
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Grated Cheese

ARRANGE the slices of buttered bread, one on top of the other, in a buttered baking-dish, placing a layer of the grated cheese between the slices. Make a batter of the eggs, salt, and milk. Pour the batter over the dish; sprinkle with the remaining cheese, and allow to stand for 1 hour. Bake in a moderate oven (325 to 350 degrees F.).

Cheese Carrots

1 Tablespoonful Flour
½ Cupful Grated Cheese
1 Cupful Cooked Diced Carrots
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Cupful Milk

BLEND the flour, cheese, and salt. Add the milk and blend. Add the carrots and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.). Cover the dish during the baking. Serve hot.

Tapioca Cheese Soufflé

3 Tablespoonfuls Quick-cooking Tapioca
1 Cupful Milk, Scalded
1 Cupful Grated Cheese
3 Egg Yolks, Beaten Light
3 Egg Whites, Beaten Light with 1 Teaspoonful Salt

COOK the tapioca with the milk in a double boiler for 15 minutes (or until clear). Stir frequently. Add the cheese and stir until melted. Cool. Add the egg yolks and mix well. Fold in the egg whites. Bake in a buttered casserole in a moderate oven for about 40 minutes. This dish, served with a cooked green vegetable, a lettuce or romaine salad with sharp French dressing, crisp hot rolls, and baked apples, makes a delicious and easily prepared luncheon or supper.

Cheese Soufflé

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
3 Tablespoonfuls Flour
½ Cupful Milk
3 Egg Whites, Beaten
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Grated Cheese
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
3 Egg Yolks, Beaten

MAKE a sauce of the flour, butter, salt, and milk. Add the cheese and blend. Cool. Add the baking-powder, then the egg yolks. Last of all fold in the beaten egg whites, put in a deep, buttered baking-dish, and bake for 25 minutes in a moderate oven (325 degrees F.). Serve at once.

Tomato-Cheese Salad

1 Tomato, Peeled and Sliced
Cream Cheese
Cream to Soften

MOISTEN the cheese with the cream. Spread the slices of the tomato. Put together to reform the tomato. Top with cooked salad dressing or mayonnaise and sprinkle with chopped nuts. This salad may well serve as the main course at an informal luncheon. Prepare 1 tomato for each guest.

Cabbage, Macaroni, and Cheese

2 Cupfuls Shredded Cabbage
¾ Cupful Macaroni, Broken in Small Pieces
1 Cupful Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
¼ Pound American Cheese
½ Teaspoonful Salt

COOK the macaroni in boiling salted water until tender; drain. Make a sauce of the flour, butter, milk, and salt. Grate the cheese and add it to the hot sauce. Put the cabbage, macaroni, and sauce in a buttered baking-dish in layers. Cover the top with bread-crums and bake in a moderate oven for 20 to 30 minutes.

Delicious Cheese Sandwiches

2 Stalks Celery, Finely Chopped
½ Cupful Grated Cheese
1 Small Bottle Stuffed Olives, Chopped
Mayonnaise

CHILL the chopped celery and add the olives, cheese, and enough mayonnaise to moisten. Spread on sandwich-bread. Chopped sweet pickles or cut-up walnut-meats may be used instead of the olives. This is a good sandwich for the school lunch-box. Since school sandwiches have to keep fresh for several hours, wrap each one separately in wax-paper.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Does your City Buy Enough Health?

Does your city pay enough to get a competent man to accept the vitally important post of full-time Health Officer? Is your Health Department on duty all day and every day? Can you protect your own health and that of your family in a city which buys only part-time health-protection for its citizens?

HEALTH records show that cities which have able Health Departments and able Health Officers, and that counties with adequate health units, have lowered their deathrates and saved millions of dollars in reducing costs attendant upon unnecessary illness.

Does your own city employ the available scientific methods of preventing the spread of communicable diseases?

Does it inspect and protect milk, regulate health conditions in schools and factories? Does it support health centers which demonstrate educational measures for disease prevention and personal hygiene?

If you live in a city which does not have the full benefit of all modern precautions, you can do a great service by finding out all that should be done and bringing such influence to bear as is necessary to make health conditions in your city what they ought to be.

Your Board of Health and your Health Commissioner may need additional ordinances and appropriations in order to expand their work. Remember — they cannot work without tools! Back them up.

* * * *

A digest of an Annual Report of the Board of Health in a city of 31,000 inhabitants which has an enviable health record will be sent to you without charge. With the report also will be sent a complete set of the Health Ordinances which should be in force in every properly governed city. Address Booklet Dept. 230-P.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT 1 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE MOTHER'S CHILD WELFARE CLUB

Conducted by Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

THE PRESENT-DAY BABY—HIS ENVIRONMENT

THE second right that President Hoover requires for each and every one of our children, in his Child's Bill of Rights, is that the child shall live in hygienic surroundings.

Nowadays we consider that a child's environment means extremely more to him than his heredity. A fine environment will offset many poor inherited tendencies. We see evidence of this many times each year, especially in the case of adopted children whose inheritances were very inferior. In the early years of life, particularly under five years of age, the right environment can make almost anything of a child irrespective of his heredity.

We will divide environment or surroundings into two parts—one physical and the other mental. The physical environment will comprise the child's home, his food, his fresh air, baths, sunshine, etc., while the mental environment will relate to the rest of his immediate family and his friends and their influence on his character.

The ideal home or surroundings for babies and young children is a comfortable house with a yard or garden in the country or suburbs. An apartment, more or less cramped, in a noisy city is not desirable, but as it is often not possible to select just the sort of home one would wish, a fairly comfortable one can be had with a little planning.

The baby's room should be the sunniest one in the house. If the living-room happens to be the only one, it should be given up to the baby, and the family should use another room. Fresh air and sunshine are indispensable for babies and growing children. All the baby's belongings should be neatly kept in his own room. He should have his own crib from the very start of life, and never sleep with any other member of his family.

The crib sides may be padded, and a hot-water bag may be kept in the bottom of the crib in cold weather if found necessary.

A small bureau or chest of drawers for the baby's clothing, a folding tub (of rubber if possible) and a stand or table, a reliable pair of scales with weights, a room- and a bath-thermometer, a basket or covered tray with all the toilet articles on it—all of these are among the essentials every baby should have in his room.

The room should be ventilated by means of at least two windows if possible. A window-board or some other form of weather should be installed so that enough fresh air can be had in cold weather. If one or two panes of a sunny window can be of the use of glass which will admit the ultra-violet rays of the sun, the baby may have his indoor sun bath even on the coldest days.

The fewer articles of furniture in the baby's room the better. It should contain at least while he is very young, only what is needed for him and a low chair for his mother. The floor should be bare, with one or two rugs easily taken up and cleaned, or else some form of washable floor-covering should be used. The floor and furniture should be wiped up with a damp cloth every day. Never do dry sweeping or dusting in the baby's nursery. It should be possible in cold weather to keep the nursery at 60 degrees F. in the daytime and not much below 50 degrees F. at night while the baby is young.

If the baby is bottle-fed his food should be prepared in a place immaculately clean. Shelves in the kitchen, on which all kitchen utensils are kept, will do if no better place can be had. Even separate dish-towels should be kept for the baby. Everything used in the preparation of his food, as well as the bottles themselves, should be sterilized every day, and never employed for other cooking.

A small refrigerator for the baby alone is desirable, but if the family refrigerator is the only available one, the baby's bottles should be kept on a rack as near the ice as possible and as far away from other food as can be managed. The milk must be kept below 50 degrees F. to be safe.

In our Babycraft Course we have a leaflet which describes in detail the care of the baby's feeding-utensils, his bottles and nipples, and also the preparation of his food. It is sent to all our regular correspondents, and mailed to any one requesting it who will enclose a stamped envelop addressed to oneself.

The outdoor surroundings should be ideal. In Summer and reasonably warm, or at least free from sharp winds, in Winter. A quiet is very convenient for the baby living in the country. Otherwise a good baby-carriage with a hood or parasol may be used for the baby's out-of-door airings. It is much preferable to riding in an automobile.

In March we shall continue this subject

Free Child Health Service

IF your baby is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you

If you want advice about older children up to the age of 12, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

No blanks will be sent or enquiries answered unless you enclose a United States stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

Digitized by Google
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

O careful mother . . *before baby's meals rid your hands of germs*

IF you could look at your hands under a microscope you would hesitate to prepare or serve baby's food, or give him a bath, without first rinsing the hands with undiluted Listerine.

Because, breeding on them by millions, you would see dangerous disease germs which are easily transmitted to children by contact.

Certainly the use of Listerine on the hands is a wise precaution.

Listerine, though delightful and safe to use full strength, destroys such germs—all germs—in a few seconds. Even the virulent Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid), resistant as they are to antiseptic action, yield to Listerine in 15 seconds in counts ranging to 200,000,000.

Prevent a cold

Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal, destroys the germs ever-present on them.

Gargle full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits development of sore throat, and checks it should it develop.

We could not make this statement unless prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the U. S. Government and the medical profession.

Recognizing Listerine's germicidal power, you can understand its marked success against infections. You can realize now why it has warded off millions of cases of cold and sore throat—why also it has checked millions of other cases before they became serious. You can appreciate why doctors have prescribed it for half a century.

See that your family makes a habit of gargling with undiluted Listerine at least twice a day. It is a pleasant, safe, and effective aid in maintaining health. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE enemy of sore throat

Kills 200,000,000 *germs in* 15 *seconds*

On top – where it belongs

. . . thus the General Electric mechanism dissipates the heat above the refrigerator, making it less expensive to operate and providing more storage space inside.

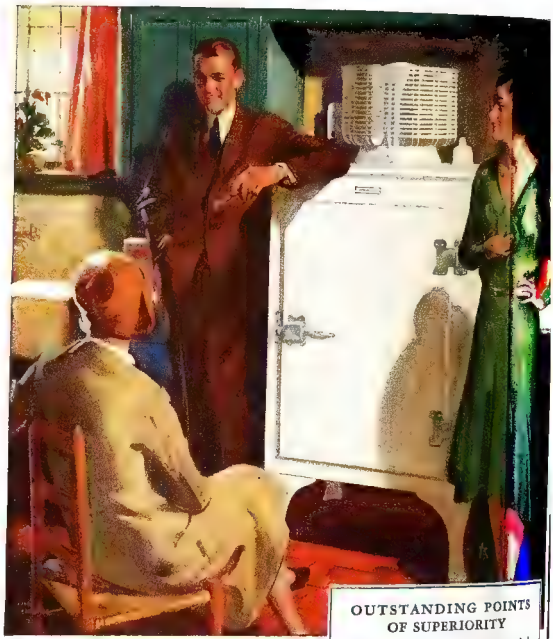
YOU can always . . . and easily . . . identify a General Electric Refrigerator because all the mechanism is mounted *on top* of the cabinet. That is where it should be.

In every mechanical refrigerator the cabinet is cooled by extracting the warmth from within. Moreover, the process itself, by which this warmth is extracted, generates more heat. All this heat must be dissipated somewhere, and in the General Electric Refrigerator it is dissipated *above* the cabinet. This is the main reason why the General Electric uses so much less electrical current . . a point of vital interest to every owner.

Contrary to what you might at first think, dust does not settle on this top-mounted mechanism. The warm air . . . constantly rising . . . keeps it more free from dust than any other place in your home.

Within this top unit are the quiet, economical motor, the rest of the simple mechanism and a permanent supply of metal-protecting oil. These are all sealed up tight . . . hermetically sealed . . . in one single steel casing. Not a drop of the oil can ever leak out. The machinery is forever safeguarded against dirt and moisture . . . rust-proof and wear-proof.

The result is a refrigerator efficient beyond anything ever before achieved . . . one which gives every owner many more years of service . . . the most inexpensive refrigerator you can buy.



On request, we shall be glad to send you a comprehensive and helpful booklet about the many other superior advantages of the General Electric Refrigerator. Simply address Section P-2, Electric Refrigeration Department, General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Join us in the General Electric Hour, broadcast every Saturday at 9 P. M. E. S. T. on a nation-wide N. B. C. network.

OUTSTANDING POINTS OF SUPERIORITY

1. All machinery hermetically sealed in one steel casing — permanently oiled.
2. Incomparably quiet in operation.
3. Creates no radio interference.
4. Low running cost—a few cents a day.
5. An accessible freezing regulator.
6. An all-steel, warp-proof cabinet.
7. Sanitary, all-porcelain chilling chamber.
8. Food storage area most spacious.
9. Mounted on legs for easier cleaning.
10. Electrical, therefore modern.
11. Backed by the most comprehensive guarantee ever given a refrigerator.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

Digitized by Google

STARTING THE GARDEN

By HELEN HOLT JAMESON

Photo by J. Horace McFarland Co.

FLOWERS TRANSFORM THE GARDEN WALL

TO a confirmed gardener it seems as if there is no starting and no stopping. Only a few weeks ago we were putting the garden to sleep—tucking in the more tender flowers by covering them with leaves; putting a final pat on the bulbs by firming the earth about them.

Here we are ready to start the new garden—not to actually dig the earth, it is true, but to really start it, by making our plans in this snowy month for the actual work of delving and sowing in March and April, by selecting and ordering seeds and plants now, thereby insuring the early delivery that is so necessary for getting the jump on Spring's uncertain weather. We will then be sure of getting from the seedsman and nurseryman the first choice and the most satisfactory service before the Spring rush starts.

The most important step to be taken, then, is to send for your seed and nursery catalogs *at once*. And think of the joy to be had from turning the catalog pages and seeing before you, in picture form, on a snowy, blustery January or February day, your garden hope of June. I can testify that altho my satisfaction from a successful garden over a period of years has been very great, there is nothing quite so thrilling as gardening while sitting before the open fireplace in February.

As soon as the catalogs come let's get our other preliminary garden-tools out. They are a large sheet of paper on which to make your garden-plan, a sharpened, soft pencil, a ruler, and an eraser. You will first have made a list, after reading thoroughly your seed and plant catalogs, of all the things in the floral kingdom you think you *must* have. Put down everything, but also be content to finally omit many things which won't fit in with your plan on account of color or size or for some other reason. Good garden-planning consists in leaving out what doesn't belong in your plan. Don't crowd in a lot of flowers that will make either you or their fellow flowers unhappy later.

Let us state a few principles first. Your garden should, if possible, slope to the south. This gives you plenty of sunlight and the proper drainage. If you can arrange to have it open to the east and west so that it will be exposed to the morning and afternoon sun, so much the better. These are the ideal conditions; approximate them as closely as possible.

Do not spoil your lawns by making a lot of flower-beds in them. The place for a flower-garden is at the rear or at the side of the house. This does not mean you may not do some planting of bedding or edging flowers along driveways or paths, but don't overdo it. Shrubs belong along the driveway, and these, with the evergreens, should furnish the foundation or front-of-the-house planting. Here again crowding should be avoided.

With the sides and rear of the house and the rear yard left we should be able to find ample room for the flower-garden. If there is to be a vegetable-garden the extreme rear of the grounds should be reserved for it.

When you make your garden-plan have a large enough piece of wrapping or other paper to allow for representing all of the house and grounds on it. To show a small plot a scale of ½ inch to 1 foot is feasible, but for larger grounds the scale would have to be reduced.

With your catalog-list handy plan your garden, keeping in mind these points: the size of the flower; height to which it grows; the color in relation to the others; the season of bloom, so that you will always have some blossoms; try to have some flowers giving fragrance all Summer.

Remember that the tall plants should be kept in the background. Try for harmony in color-scheme, bearing in mind that white will always break up what would otherwise be an offensive combination. White always makes other colors seem more brilliant. Blue flowers planted in the rear of a garden increase its apparent size. White, bright yellow, and scarlet, by bringing the background nearer, decrease it. Lavender and heliotrope go well with nearly all shades of pink, rose, and scarlet, but don't combine magenta and scarlet or purple and blue.

You will find in the catalog, flowers chiefly listed as "annuals" and "perennials." The annuals are those which blossom this Summer from seeds sown this Spring; they then die with the first frost or soon afterward. The perennials must be bought as plants from the nurseryman and will bloom year after year. Perennials can also be bought as seeds, which are sown outdoors in late Summer, then transplanted, and will bloom next Summer.

Then there are those flowers which grow from bulbs or roots, which, planted in the Spring, bloom in the Summer, to be taken up in the Fall and kept in a cool, dry place until next Spring.

Each catalog describes the various flowers in detail; gives height, color, price, and planting directions. When considering the annuals do not overlook these: stocks, sweet alyssum, Phlox drummondi, nasturtiums, marigolds, zinnias, sweet peas, petunias, asters, calendula, ageratum, calliopsis, candytuft, clarkia, cockscomb, cosmos, gaillardia, larkspur, mignonette, portulaca, scabiosa, scarlet sage, schizanthus, poppy, verbena.

Of the perennials consider these: hollyhocks, phlox, lupine, digitalis (hardy larkspur), campanula (canterbury bells), aquilegia (columbine), antirrhinum (snap - dragon). When considering bulbs and roots do not forget dahlias and gladioli, and cannas, lilies, and irises.

Water-Lilies in the Garden. If we all knew how easy it is to include an aquatic garden with other flowers, and what beauty comes from it, I would have to do no more than merely mention it. But frightening visions of great pools and costly concrete basins and fountains keep so many from enjoying water-lilies and other aquatic plants that I feel I must explain how simple and inexpensive some water-gardens are.

Of course you may have a concrete pool if you want it, and the cost is not so great even for a good sized one. Nor do you have to have connection with running water or provide for an overflow. One of the loveliest concrete pools I know is filled with a few pails of water in early Spring, has a few more added at intervals during the months that follow, and gives in return a picture all Summer of lovely white, pink, and blue blooms floating lazily. In it too is the rose-colored Egyptian lotus, which possesses a haunting fragrance.

Well, you don't have to build even the concrete pool. A barrel will do. An oak barrel sawed in two equal parts and buried in the ground is suitable. A sugar-barrel is too light, and not tight. An old oil-barrel is useless because the oil will kill the plants. An ordinary wooden wash-tub is ideal. Sink the tub in the ground, in a sunny location, with 2 to 3 inches of the tub above the ground.

Mix thoroughly 3 parts of good garden soil and 1 part of well-rotted cow-manure. Put about 6 inches of this mixture in the tub. Then spread over it 2 inches of sand or gravel. Put in 8 inches of water, and let stand until the water is clear. Set your lily-roots, with the crown even with the soil, under the sand. Fill the tub gently with water until it is within 3 inches of the top.

Iris, phlox, and other perennials that like a damp location may be planted around or near the tub. When the water evaporates fill up the tub again. Rocks and flowers that do well in a rockery also make a nice edging or background for a lily-pool. To obviate making the pool a mosquito-breeding place buy a few goldfish for it. They will quickly destroy the larvæ that develop into mosquitoes.

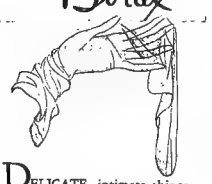
Hardy water-lilies should be set out about May 1st in the latitude of New York. Allow 10 days later than that for any 100 miles north and 10 days earlier for 100 miles south. The tropical varieties, including the Egyptian lotus, should not be set out until June. Included with the tropical varieties are many charming ones that bloom only at night or during late afternoon.

Here again must I, pressed for space, refer you to the catalogs for names of the different varieties, colors, etc. You will find a place easily enough in your garden-plan for a small aquatic garden and perhaps for a rock-garden. Elsewhere on this page is told how to get directions for making that sort of garden and what to grow in it.

Free Garden Aids

A COMPLETE Flower-Planting Calendar for annuals, perennials, bulbs, and roots, and other tabulated planting information, together with detailed directions for making a rock-garden in connection with the aquatic garden described on this page, will be sent you on receipt of a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself. Address Garden Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Garments that touch Your Skin need Borax



DELICATE, intimate things—they must have a special cleanliness and purity that soap alone can never give. They need BORAX, too. For no product yet discovered can do what BORAX does for your clothes.

20 Mule Team BORAX is gently antiseptic. It purifies completely and at the same time removes the faintest trace of body odor. Yet it never harms the sheerest fabric or fades the most delicate color. You need 20 Mule Team BORAX to keep the dainty things that touch your skin exquisitely clean and fresh and "sweet." Write us for our useful booklet on "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Safeguard His Lordship's Bottle

this scientific way. Wash out carefully with soap *and* BORAX. Rinse and put in a tablespoon of BORAX. Fill with water. Shake to dissolve. Let stand till morning. Then rinse again with clean water. *Boiling the bottle each day is unnecessary now, for Borax is antiseptic.* Ask your doctor about this *safe*, modern method.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 317
51 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send a free copy of your booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name_____

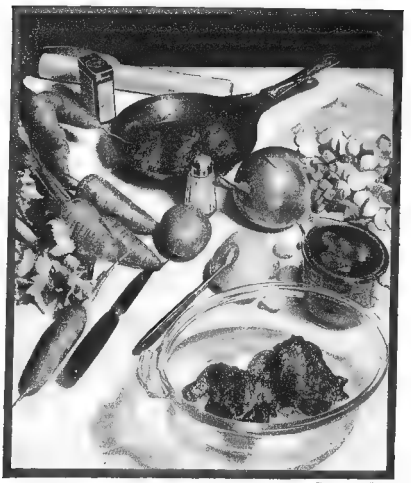
Address_____

Digitized by Google

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

SAVORY DISHES FOR WINTER DAYS

By LOUISE BURTON



GOODNESS OF FLAVOR AND REAL HEALTH VALUE ARE COMBINED IN LIVER EN CASSEROLE WITH VEGETABLES

Photo by Mayer-Kent

ALL over the northern half of the United States Winter has settled in in earnest. In town and country, children and men and women hurry home through snow-flurries which darken leaden skies. Appetites are keen, but only in the markets of the larger towns and cities can fresh vegetables and fruits be secured.

It is the season for oven-dishes, with their enchanting smells and tantalizing flavors; casserole-dishes of meats combined with the delicious canned foods which are available at every crossroads grocery; nutritious baked dishes of vegetables, cheese, macaroni, with spices and pepper sauces that tempt by their RICHNESS.

A collection of hearty recipes, satisfying as the main course at Winter meals, is presented here. On days when the wind howls dismally outside and oven-warmth gives added coziness to your kitchen you will enjoy trying out these dishes.

Scalloped Macaroni with Vegetables

1 Package Macaroni
1 Cupful Cooked Diced Turnips or Cauliflower
1 Cupful Cooked Diced Carrots
1 Cupful Peas or String-beans
1 Cupful Vegetable-stock
½ Cupful Buttered Bread-crums
½ Cupful Cooked Celery
½ Onion, Chopped Very Fine
1 Cupful Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls Fat
3 Tablespoonfuls Flour
4 Tablespoonfuls Grated Cheese

BREAK the macaroni in small pieces and cook in plenty of boiling, salted water for 5 to 8 minutes; then drain. Melt the fat, add the flour, and when well blended stir in the milk and the vegetable-stock. (The water from any of the cooked vegetables may be used for stock.) Stir constantly until thickened and boiling.

Mix all the vegetables carefully and season with the salt and pepper. Arrange alternate layers of the macaroni, vegetables, and sauce in a well-greased baking-dish. Have the macaroni for the top layer. Sprinkle with the cheese and top with buttered bread-crums. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees F.) for 15 to 20 minutes, or until well browned.

Beef Casserole

1 Pound Beef
1 Cupful Tomatoes
1 Onion
1 Tablespoonful Flour
1 Tablespoonful Fat
6 Small Potatoes
1 Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper

CUT the meat in pieces 2 inches long and 1 inch wide. Brown lightly with the fat in a frying-pan, then brown the cut-up onion. Place the meat in a casserole and lay the onion over the meat. Mix the flour with the seasonings and sprinkle over the meat. Add the tomatoes and the browned fat. Bake in a casserole in a slow oven for 1 hour. When the meat has cooked for ½ hour add the potatoes, which have been par-boiled for 10 minutes.

Top-Stove Casserole of Veal

CUT 1 pound of breast of veal in pieces 2 inches square. Brown in fat and place in a casserole. Add a tablespoonful of flour. Pour over the browned meat a pint of stock or 2 cupfuls of canned beef-broth which has been boiled for ½ hour with fresh mushrooms or peelings and a cupful of tomatoes, and cook very slowly for about 2 hours. Add 1 cupful each of carrots, mushrooms, and peas, and continue cooking until the vegetables are done.

Beef-Tongue with Grape Sauce

COVER 1 large beef-tongue with cold water and bring to the boiling-point. Skim, and add 1 teaspoonful of salt. Simmer until the tongue is tender. Allow to cool in the liquid. When cool enough to handle, peel off the skin, dust with salt and pepper, roll in flour, and brown well in hot fat. Place the tongue in a casserole. Beat a glass of tart grape jelly with a fork, add a cupful of hot water, pour over the tongue, and bake it in a moderate oven from 30 to 40 minutes, basting occasionally.

Since the meat will not need any last-minute preparation and the oven is being used, stuffed baked potatoes can be prepared with ease, and are very nice to serve with the tongue.

Stuffed Cauliflower

1 Head Cauliflower
4 Slices Stale Bread
1 Medium Onion, Chopped
1 Tablespoonful Fat
2 Cupfuls Baked or Fried Ham, Ground
½ Teaspoonful Celery-salt
1 Egg, Beaten
¼ Cupful Milk

REMOVE the green leaves from a medium head of cauliflower, wash well, and leave whole. Place in boiling salted water and cook for about 20 minutes, or until nearly tender. Remove to a colander to drain and cool so it can be handled.

In the meantime prepare a dressing as follows: Pour cold water over 4 slices of stale bread and allow to stand. Sauté 1 medium chopped onion in 2 tablespoonfuls of fat until yellow and soft but not browned. Add 2 cupfuls of baked or fried ham, ground, and stir until heated through.

Squeeze the bread dry, add ½ teaspoonful of celery-salt, the onion and ham and 1 beaten egg, blended with ¼ cupful of milk. Mix well.

Place the cauliflower in a greased casserole or large glass pie-plate, stuff the dressing between flowerets and pack the rest around the outside. Dot the whole with butter, and bake for about 30 minutes in a moderate oven. The cauliflower should be lightly browned when removed from the oven.

Serve as a main dish with a green vegetable, lettuce salad with French dressing, whole-wheat crackers, coconut-cream pie, and coffee.

Baked Sirloin of Steak

PURCHASE sirloin steak 2 inches thick. Place it in a roasting-pan and cover the top with a layer of thinly sliced Spanish onions. Add a layer of green pepper, cut in rings. In the center of each pepper-ring place a teaspoonful of canned chilli and top each circle with a thin slice of lemon. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Mix ½ teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce with a medium-sized bottle of catchup and pour over all. Bake, uncovered, in a moderate oven for 2 hours. Serve on a hot platter, garnished with parsley.

Creole Eggs

FRY a minced small onion and half a green sweet pepper in 2 tablespoonfuls of fat for 5 minutes. Add a tablespoonful of flour and stir until smooth. Then add 2 cupfuls of strained stewed tomato, 1 clove, half a bay-leaf, 1 teaspoonful of minced parsley, and salt, pepper sugar, and a shake of Cayenne to taste. Let boil up and stir until smooth and thick. Lay in a greased baking-dish a thin layer of crums, then 1 of the sauce, then 1 of sliced hard-boiled eggs; then repeat, having the sauce as the top layer. Cover with grated cheese, and brown in a moderate oven. Three or 4 eggs will be required for this dish.

Shoulder of Pork Casserole

Shoulder of Pork—2 Pounds
Flour
Fat for Browning
Water or Stock
Pepper
4 Carrots
2 Cupfuls Peas
2 Teaspoonfuls Salt
½ Bay-leaf
3 Allspice-berries

CUT the meat into pieces suitable for serving. Roll in flour and brown in a frying-pan in hot fat. Remove to a casserole and cover with boiling water or stock. Wash, scrape, and cut the carrots into halves. Add them and the spices to the meat in the casserole. Cover, and cook at a simmering temperature for 2 hours. Then add the peas and seasoning. Cook until tender. Serve hot at table from the casserole.

Liver en Casserole

1 Pound Beef-liver
1 Tablespoonful Fat
½ Cupful Small Onions
1 Cupful Carrots or Turnips, Cut in Cubes
2 Cupfuls Potato Balls or Cubes
1 Cupful Tomatoes
1 Tablespoonful Catchup
1 Tablespoonful Flour
1 Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Pepper
2 Cupfuls Stock
½ Teaspoonful Grated Nutmeg

WASH and pare the vegetables, sauté and turn into a casserole with the tomatoes, stock, and catchup. Add a sauce made from the flour mixed with cold water, and cooked until slightly thickened.

Remove the skin and veins from the liver and cut into convenient pieces for serving. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and flour. Sauté in the fat and turn into the casserole. Cover and cook in a slow oven for 1 hour. Season with salt and nutmeg. Serve from the casserole.

Lamb-Chops Viennese

PLACE lamb-chops in a baking pan or casserole. Cover with canned tomatoes, season with a bit of onion, salt and pepper, and bake in a moderate oven until well done. These chops are deliciously tender and have a different flavor.

THERE IS A TYPE OF CASSEROLE FOR EVERY NEED

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

"Every complexion needs soap and water. But some soaps are harmful. They injure the texture of the skin. They contain too much free alkali . . . caustic soda . . . similar irritants. That is why I advise all my clients: 'Never use any soap except Palmolive.'"

E. Massé

16 Rue Daunou, Paris

"If soap irritates your skin *you are using the wrong kind"*

says Emile Massé

whose beauty shop, in Paris, is known throughout the continent

Palmolive is pure. It is made entirely of palm and olive oils, known for generations as nature's greatest beautifiers.

"THE beauty specialist cannot work on an irritated skin," says Emile Massé, of Paris. "Every woman should aid her beauty expert by using Palmolive. Its vegetable oil content is safe, soothing, non-irritating." Monsieur Massé, famous Parisian beauty specialist, explains—in these words—why 18,900 of his celebrated colleagues recommend Palmolive Soap. They want their clients to use a soap that definitely helps the expert in keeping complexions lovely. And Palmolive is their universal choice.

Why the skin needs soap and water

The pores must be thoroughly yet gently cleansed twice every day, to keep the skin from looking drawn, muddy, coarse, uncared for.

Palm and olive oils, as combined in Palmolive Soap, provide a penetrating, healing cleanliness that is the very foundation of facial beauty. Since the days of Cleopatra, these two famous cosmetic oils have been used as beautifiers. Nothing has ever supplanted them. "This soap," says Massé, "combines deep cleansing with the well-known cosmetic effects of palm and olive oils."

A corner of Monsieur Massé's salon on The Rue Daunou, in Paris, where smart women come for beauty treatments.

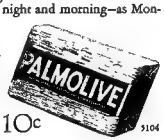
Palmolive's color is the natural color of olive and palm oils. The natural odor of these oils makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfume. It contains no other fats . . . just nature's own cosmetic oils.

Consult your beauty expert

Visit your beauty expert regularly, to be well groomed in every beauty detail. And cooperate with your expert by using Palmolive Soap daily in this simple treatment advocated by more than 18,900 famous beauticians:

Massage a smooth lather of Palmolive gently into the skin for about 2 minutes. Then rinse it off with warm water, graduating to cold. That's all. But be sure you do it regularly night and morning—as Monsieur Massé and the other famous experts advise.

P. S. And use Palmolive for the bath, too. It costs no more than ordinary soaps, you know.



Retail Price 10c

5104

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern Time; 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

Digitized by Google

THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Youth is to be gained as well as kept

Why salines are so important in the quest for youthful charm

Birthdays never bother some women, while with others they are seasons of forlornness. Yet it isn't an unkind fate that makes the difference, nor is it generally any lack of good external care.

Nine times out of ten, women forfeit their youth because they neglect nature's first law of health—they fail to keep internally clean and thus they breed within themselves the arch enemy of beauty, constipation.

To keep your youth and to regain the years that are rightfully yours, turn to the saline method with Sal Hepatica. For there is no champion of charm so efficient as the drinking of saline waters. Salines sweep from the system the poisons that cause sickness. They clear the bloodstream of blemish-bringing poisons. They neutralize the acidity that gives the skin a dull and sallow cast.

European women know full well these benefits that salines bring. The famous spas at Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, are thronged with fashionable women who, on their physicians' advice, make regular pilgrimages to these natural "fountains of youth". Partaking daily of the health waters, their complexions are restored to fineness, they find themselves fresher —they stay young longer.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the wonderful European spas. It gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for constipation, indigestion, headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within 30 minutes.

Get a bottle today. Whenever constipation threatens you, take Sal Hepatica. Send coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains in full the saline treatment.

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30¢, 60¢ and $1.20

SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers sick!!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. H-20
71 West Street, New York, N.Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

© 1929

Digitized by Google

Continued from Page 32

Balance is further assured through a manifold program of athletics. Gymnasium work is required only of freshmen. But practically every upper classman yields to the temptation for voluntary exercise held out by the physical education department. Even in this realm of activity Radcliffe girls have an eye to the morrow. The most popular among a dozen sports are the very ones required for a country-club future—swimming, riding, tennis, and archery.

Debating arouses lively interest here. So does journalism. The latter field is twofold. Either a girl reports and writes for the *Radcliffe Daily*, which prints all official notices, or she works for the Press Board. That organization functions just as it does at Smith College. Girls accepted by the director learn to sell their copy to newspapers. Last Summer two seniors in the group obtained positions on newspapers as a direct result of their experience.

Two of the most active organizations at Radcliffe are the Music and Choral Clubs. The latter has one of the best opportunities in the country for group singing. For, often in combination with the Harvard Glee Club, the girls are trained under the direction of Dr. Archibald T. Davison, a musician of unequaled prestige in his field. His assistant, Mr. G. Wallace Woodworth, is also a gifted leader with a humorous understanding of young people. Altho an hour spent under his baton means hard, unremitting work on compositions as difficult as they are beautiful, his gay banter and the fascination of ensemble performance hold an irresistible lure.

As one of the seniors put it, "Choral rehearsals are practically never cut. They're such glorious fun!" She added with every air of considering the advantage of secondary importance, "I've met some of the very nicest men at Harvard through the work of the Choral Society."

THAT society sings with the Harvard Glee Club or Choir several times a year and once, at least, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This experience must be its own reward, for it receives no academic credits. Indeed singing and playing are neither taught nor credited. A student may major in music. But the course consists entirely of work in harmony and composition, of appreciation and history.

On the other hand the fine arts department offers practical courses in drawing, painting, and design. These are given the same credit as are history and appreciation courses. This is a huge department, and, like that of music, it draws upon the vast resources both of the university and of the city for illustrative material and experience. There is no question that in teaching the arts Radcliffe has an enormous asset in her locality.

Yet the advantage involves certain minor restrictions to freedom. The "Red Book" of undergraduate regulations requests that students "wear their hats in Harvard Square." The bareleged fad is no further encouraged. Indeed it would take earnest determination in this atmosphere for any girl to go in either for the behavior or the concerns of adolescence. Not that living next door to Boston means you must adopt a bumpy forehead, square-toed shoes, or a green-felt satchel! Quite the reverse.

One of the students said confidentially, "The fact that Radcliffe girls now look smart has been the chief means of quelling the jokes Harvard men used to make about the college. They'd say, 'Radcliffe? Oh, you mean *Radcliffe!*' But now we're decidedly on the university map."

All the same, modern chic must be accompanied by a certain perennial dignity. A junior member of the Student Government Association summed up the matter as follows: "Nobody wants to be bothered with conduct cases. We're too busy. Rules here are so few and so sensible that no well-brought-up girl could possibly resent them. So we haven't much patience with that handful who turn out to be flighty."

Regulation of dormitory life is supervised, in co-operation with the head mistresses, by a Committee on Halls. This is a subdivision of the Student Government. The latter body controls all undergraduate enterprises and brings student requests before the college authorities. Thus very quietly were smoking-lounges established in the residence-halls. There is no pretense here that student government is not definitely limited. Yet there is a relationship, as happy as it is close, between the government and the president and dean. Both executives go together every Fall, just before college opens, for a week-end with the Student Council at the Cedar Hill Camp. There, in cozy informality, plans and problems are thoroughly thrashed out. From then on, within reason, the girls run college events.

Doctor of philosophy tho she is, the dean of Radcliffe is one of the youngest on any faculty. Students find very appealing that union of youthfulness with such poise and wisdom. It is the dean who, so far as it is possible, interviews personally all candidates for entrance to Radcliffe. Some few of these, coming from distant schools of good standard which can not offer special preparation for college examinations, are admitted on their school records alone—provided the marks are sufficiently high. But the vast majority of prospective freshmen enter either by examinations given by the College Entrance Board or by the recently established comprehensive examinations in four selected subjects. In addition the candidate must submit school recommendations and other proofs of fitness.

What the dean said of her method of selection among qualifying candidates is typical of the spirit of Radcliffe. "I do not judge a girl by scholarship alone. She must prove, of course, that she not only can work, but that she likes to work. Otherwise she will not find this college her proper milieu. However, in my opinion a girl's most important asset is her capacity for growth. One learns to estimate this quality very accurately, and it is worth far more than brilliance alone."

Miss Bernice V. Brown's relation to the student has one striking likeness to that of President Comstock. She is sympathetic without a tinge of sentimentality. Another attribute which carries great weight with the girls is her cultivated and sure taste. "She does everything beautifully," they say of her. And then they take the visitor to see an impressive demonstration. It is the Tutorial House, decorated by Miss Brown two Summers ago.

"We had just taken over a small residence belonging to the college," said the dean, "in order to provide a central place where the girls could confer with the tutors. I had only a small sum to spend in equipping the house, but I was determined by hook or crook to give the rooms some atmosphere of inspiration.

The result proved that a gifted decorator has been lost to the world. With ingenuity and imagination more than equal to the challenge, Miss Brown gave to each of the fourteen rooms a decorative suggestion of its purpose. The tiny room where Chinese art is discussed presents a harmony consisting of black and red walls, black curtains and bookcases, and a red table faced at either side by Chinese chairs painted in red and gold. The room for conferences on the language and literature of France is a dainty boudoir hung with green-taffeta curtains and fitted out with charming old French chairs, a gilt mirror, and a chandelier of glass.

THE American history room is set off with a wall-paper of antique pattern, Windsor chairs, a Colonial table, rag rugs, and a superb chandelier of pendent crystals. Each of the other rooms has a like perfection achieved by clever touches and the felicitous selection of furnishings. Every hour of every day the rooms are occupied with conferences carefully scheduled to give the few hundred and fifty members of the three upper classes an opportunity for this individual advisement. Tutorial House represents the Radcliffe curriculum in terms of color and form.

In print the curriculum is neither gay nor simple. It is, however, impressive. In two ways Radcliffe's course of study differs from that of other colleges in this group. In the first place it covers a wider and more diversified range. In the second place it offers postgraduate work in every single subject. The advantage of doing so is an enormous gain to the perspective of the undergraduate, and enables her to sense the culminated vista of knowledge opening down every avenue.

Radcliffe has a language department unparalleled in scope by any other women's college. The classics, German, and the Romance languages are followed by Indian philology, Chinese, Celtic, the Semitic languages, and Slavic and Scandinavian tongues. The department of history alone

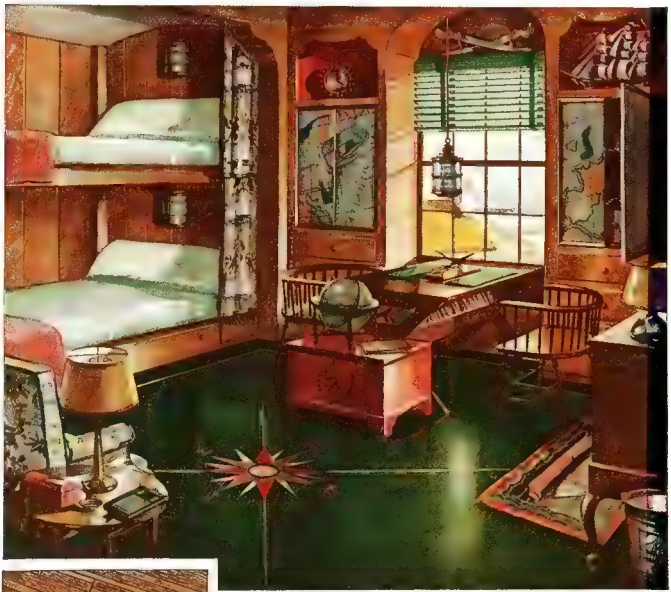
Continued on Page 49

THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

For a PAIR *of* JOLLY SAILORMEN

too young to put to sea

Here's a nautical room with bunks for two and a compass for a floor



"We'll sail to Spain and back again—yet never wash the deck." For this unique Armstrong Floor, planned specially for this room with several colors of plain linoleum, has a spot-proof Accolac-Processed surface. Light waxing and polishing keeps it spick-and-span.

EIGHT bells and all's well aboard the good ship *Home*. No coaxing now to get lessons done—and not a hint of mutiny when it's high time to turn in.

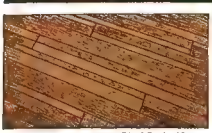
A very wise captain of this crew of two has planned a really remarkable room. What red-blooded boy wouldn't be won entirely by the double-deck bunks, genuine ship's lanterns, old sea chest, a "witless" that works—and a floor that makes you want to sail the seven seas.

That floor effect *is* a bit ingenious. But so is the material of which it is made. Armstrong's Linoleum—yes, the same that has served you in your kitchen and bath for years. The same that today is finding its way into every room of many of the country's finer homes.

Imagination is the big reason. Imagination in the blending of rich, enduring colors, in the creating of smart, fashion-setting designs. And now, imagination on the part of America's home planners who are discovering in linoleum a welcomed versatility that permits them to fashion their own floors.

Perhaps you'd like to try your hand at floor design the next time you decorate. At least, there's a fascinatingly new story awaiting you if you'll but call at some local linoleum, furniture, or department store. Ask about the new Armstrong Linosets and Linostrips that make it so easy now to plan original floor effects. Learn anew that Armstrong's Linoleum of today is as stylish as the latest Paris fashions, the smartest motor cars.

Plan a surprise room. Why not surprise your family with a really very different room? Hazel Dell Brown, decorator, will help you do it if you write for her latest book, "New Ideas in Home Decoration." It's packed full of novel suggestions that are not hard to carry out. It also brings you a "Decorator's Data Sheet" and an offer of Mrs. Brown's personal assistance. Just send 10 cents to cover mailing. (Canada, 20¢.) Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 926 President Ave., Lancaster, Pa.



Above—Early American Plank Design No. 1.

Below—Armstrong's Embossed No. 5031.

Armstrong's (A) Product

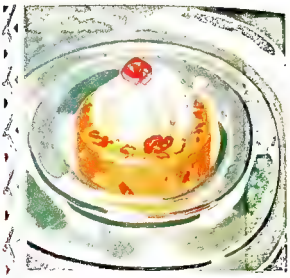
Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · PRINTED · · ARABESQ · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

Go gle

Quick! Quick! Company coming!

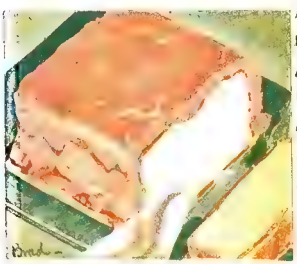


CARAMEL PUDDING (The most magical recipe of all) *Place unopened can of Eagle Brand in boiling water and keep at boiling point for 2½ hours, being careful to keep can covered with water. Remove from water, chill thoroughly, then keep unopened can in refrigerator ready for use. To serve when a quick dessert is needed, remove top of can, cutting along the side so that the contents may be removed whole. Cut in slices and garnish with nut meats, whipped or plain cream, or fruits.*

CHOCOLATE COCONUT DROPS (Simple—and simply delicious) *Melt 1 square unsweetened chocolate in a double boiler. Add ⅔ cup Eagle Brand and ¼ pound shredded coconut. Mix well, drop by spoonfuls on a greased pan. Bake in a moderately hot oven 15 minutes.*

MAGIC MAYONNAISE (It never fails) *Beat one egg yolk thoroughly, and add in the order given, ⅔ cup Eagle Brand, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup pure cider vinegar, and ¾ cup salad oil. Stir with fork or beat with Dover egg beater. If oil is disliked, melted butter may be substituted.*

CHOCOLATE SAUCE (Another failure-proof recipe) *Melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate in double boiler. Add 1½ cups Eagle Brand and stir over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add ¼ teaspoon salt and ¼ to 1 cup hot water, according to consistency desired. If you like a chocolate mint flavor, add a drop or two of oil of peppermint. May be served hot or cold.*



PEANUT MOCHA ICING (A marvelous new flavor) *To ¼ cup Eagle Brand, add 1 tablespoon strong coffee and 2 tablespoons peanut butter. Blend well. Add gradually 1¾ cups sifted confectioner's sugar, until icing is right consistency to spread. Beat until smooth and creamy. Spread on cake.*

...here's magic help

WITH Eagle Brand on the shelf, you've nothing to worry about. For Eagle Brand—haven't you heard?—is the magic that changes two or three ordinary ingredients into concoctions of fairy deliciousness. So *quickly!* . . . So *easily!* . . . Try these recipes and prove it in no time at all.

Please don't think of Eagle Brand as ordinary canned milk. It is *two ingredients in one.* Pure, fresh, full-cream country milk, ready blended with fine sugar. Twice as rich as bottled milk, because most of the water has been removed. Silky-smooth, creamy, delicious—truly a magic mixture, as you can see by the recipes given here!

You'll find two hundred more ways of saving time, trouble and money in "New Magic in the Kitchen," our complete recipe book. It gives you the Eagle Brand story, too—tells you why this milk is so nourishing and digestible, why it is one of the finest foods for underweight children. Just mail the coupon.

***Wonderful* for coffee!**

Is that a surprise to you? Thousands of people prefer Eagle Brand for creaming and sugaring coffee. They find Eagle Brand far more digestible than cream, for one thing. And what delicious coffee it does give you—golden-brown, rich, creamy—at *half the cost* of separate cream and sugar!

Eagle Brand CONDENSED Milk

IT'S MILK AND SUGAR TOO

FREE! *Send today!*

THE BORDEN COMPANY, C-P.R.-048
Borden Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York.

Please send me the free recipe booklet, "New Magic in the Kitchen."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Continued from Page 46

involves thirty-one courses; that of English thirty-five. No wonder the freshman, even in her second term, requires careful advice in choosing one among this vast assortment of subjects.

A recent study of these elections reveals two interesting facts. The entire range of choices for concentration covers thirty-six courses. But the five which received the most votes are, in order, English, French, history, German, and philosophy. The surprizing thing about this list is that exactly these subjects were given first preference by the little pioneer class in the Annex forty-five years ago. Apparently taste in learning, unlike fashions and manners, changes not with the generations.

Free as it is, the election system at Radcliffe is subject to certain mandates. Of the sixteen courses required for graduation, six, at least, must lie within one field. Four others must be chosen to include literature, history or government, a laboratory science, and either mathematics or philosophy. Four courses remain for freshman studies and for choices which may either play into the major subject or, on the contrary, satisfy the student's desire to dip into something quite different.

Each student is obliged to prove before her junior year that she has a reading knowledge of two modern languages or a reading knowledge of one and an elementary knowledge of two others. Finally, at the end of the four years, each candidate for a degree takes a comprehensive examination covering the entire subject of concentration.

It is plain to see that honors work, as it is developed in other colleges for women, has no place at Radcliffe. All the independent research of which a girl is capable is amply provided for by that combination of concentration course and tutorial conference. A student may, however, present herself as a candidate for a degree with honors. Of these there are three: *cum laude*, *magna cum laude*, and *summa cum laude*. Election to the Phi Beta Kappa Society represents an extra plume in the cap of scholarship.

Radcliffe graduates are to be found among the most distinguished women of our day. They are college presidents and professors, writers, scientists, actresses, workers in governmental and social service. A recent survey of 900 alumnæ shows 120 different occupations. And fifty years ago Annex students looked forward to but one career—teaching! Yet, for all this diversity of work, the percentage of graduates who marry is increasing. The fact indicates that wives as well as spinsters continue with some predominant interest.

Miss Comstock believes that to inspire such interest is the purpose of college training. Says she: "To release creative energy among women and to give it scope is important both to the individual and to society. With 400,000 women enrolled in institutions of higher learning in this country, it is certain that women have their feet on the ladder of scholarship. A great number of them should be urged to climb upward, for high scholarship is much needed in this world, and every woman capable of undertaking the dignified and useful career of adding to human knowledge must receive every possible stimulus and aid."

The president of Radcliffe would like to create a center for postgraduate research which would be a sort of "gild of scholars." Her plan involves a group of buildings to house these mature students and give them both privacy and opportunity for social contacts. This college is an ideal place for such a community. Not only do Harvard and Boston offer unsurpassed means for research and for cultural experience, but the woman scholar has no better friend than Miss Comstock.

HER vision has given to the undergraduate body a standard of work which is neither narrow nor showy but characterized by integrity. Nowhere is scholarship more enthusiastically accepted as "a thing of beauty" and a "joy forever." Because of this realized ideal Miss Comstock is the boast of educators. Two of the other college presidents in this group felt moved to say. "Confidentially, the president of Radcliffe is the best of us all."

THROUGH SEVEN CAMPUS GATES

BARNARD COLLEGE

Continued from Page 19

The recitation-hall, however, offers the visitor to Barnard no excuse for doubting its purpose. To make a tour of it is to sense anew the leap forward which advanced education has made in the last decade. Take the language courses, for example. Generally nowadays, and certainly here, foreign tongues are spoken exclusively in the classes where they are taught. In all the advanced French classes Barnard students attain a fluency and charm of accent which bode ill for Parisian shopkeepers. For when these girls go to Paris and everybody who studies French ultimately gets there—they will not be recognized as Americans and nobody will overcharge them.

Instruction in German, Italian, and Spanish makes like effort to educate the ear as well as the eye, and even those undergraduates who do not major in the language learn much of the corresponding literature and history.

Moreover, every girl is required before her senior year to prove ability to read at sight "with ease" one language. It may be French, German, Greek, or Latin.

Spoken English is another feature which Barnard, in common with the other six colleges, is stressing. One course is required, and every voice is diagnosed for faults Those who need it are given clinical treatment in tonal production. Advanced courses in "emotional and intellectual expression" are offered future speakers, and a rehearsal course for all those interested in dramatic work.

MORE novel, however, is another angle of approach to spoken English. Columbia is backing a fascinating research into the variations of English speech, especially as it is used in the United States. Phonographic records are being made and collected to illustrate accents typical of all distinctive localities in the country. Some priceless bits of Americana are thus preserved. The Barnard class engaged in this study is trained to be perfectly objective in its judgments.

As the head of the department explained, "Standards of speech change with the centuries, and therefore no absolutely right values exist. Even the broad 'a,' now rated so high, was once a colloquialism of the English middle classes. We are only interested here in the historical significance of accent and tone. Nevertheless, as they progress with the subject, girls become decidedly voice-conscious. Especially is this the case if they hear their own vocal tones on a record. The result is a decided stimulus to improvement in speech."

THE English department at Barnard is enormously popular. Recently it has revised its requirements for a major, and is thus ruling out all those who choose the subject as a mere line of least resistance. One of the sophomores said of the change, "Believe me, they're making the course stiff! It isn't a mere major any longer. It's a drum-major."

Any old "grad" will heartily agree with this comment. In contrast with the genial smatter which was once college English everywhere, Barnard's major course comprises the history of the language, a reading knowledge of Anglo-Saxon or Middle English, and a complete survey of English and American literature before and after 1700. Even girls who specialize in writing must cover one-third of this same ground. Moreover, both groups of students must be able to read at least two foreign languages.

This college took the lead, which others have followed, in co-ordinating the entire college curriculum. It is now a two-part whole. Until the end of her sophomore year each Barnard student, more or less under guidance, elects what Dean Gildersleeve

"STAR" BACON★

makes so many dinners different and better

BAKED STAR BACON
HORSERADISH SAUCE
SCALLOPED POTATOES
BAKED SQUASH
APPLE AND CELERY SALAD
CANNED FRUIT WITH SMALL CAKES
COFFEE

★

STAR BACON AND CABBAGE
BOILED POTATOES
STRING BEAN SALAD
LEMON SPONGE WITH CUSTARD SAUCE
COFFEE

★

TOMATO SOUP
STAR BACON MEAT LOAF
MUSHROOM SAUCE
BAKED POTATOES
BAKED TOMATOES
CUCUMBERS IN SOUR CREAM DRESSING
PEACH PIE COFFEE

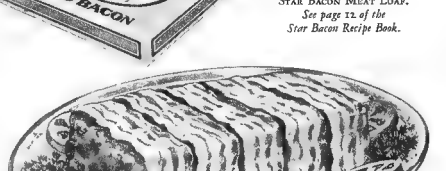
STAR BACON has to be delicious! Only the finest looking and most tender sides of bacon are chosen for the Star label. Then the flavor is developed by curing and smoking processes that are unequaled in accuracy. The smoke and heat are under absolute control—just as you regulate the heat in your oven.

Star Bacon is sold in pound and half-pound window-top cartons that let you see the bacon you buy; also sliced to your order from the original piece.

Put Star Bacon on your market list. Be sure you see the words "Armour's Star" on the window-top carton or on the wrapper and rind of the original piece. Mail the coupon now for a free copy of the recipe book with its 36 *Ways to Serve Star Bacon.*

ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago
Armour and Company, Ltd., London, England

STAR BACON MEAT LOAF. *See page 12 of the Star Bacon Recipe Book.*



ARMOUR'S STAR BACON

LISTEN TO *the Armour Hour every Friday night over 36 stations associated with the N. B. C. Eastern Standard Time* 10.30 P. M.–11 P. M.

SLICES OF REAL FLAVOR

★Full directions for the Star Bacon dishes in the menus above are found in the recipe book with 36 *Ways to Serve Star Bacon.* Mail coupon for a free copy.

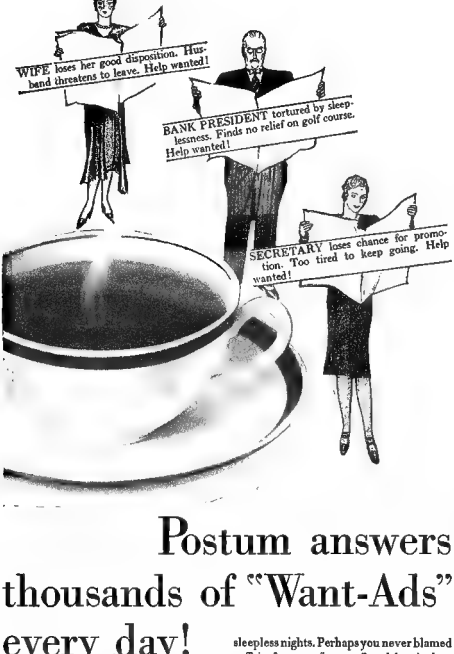
Dept. P-4, Div. Food Economics
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.
Please send me free copy of the recipe book with 36 *Ways to Serve Star Bacon.*

Name_____

Address_____

"STAR" HAM ★ "CLOVERBLOOM" EGGS AND BUTTER ★ "STAR" LARD

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY


WIFE loses her good disposition. Husband threatens to leave. Help wanted!
BANK PRESIDENT tortured by sleeplessness. Finds no relief on golf course. Help wanted!
SECRETARY loses chance for promotion. Too tired to keep going. Help wanted!

Postum answers thousands of "Want-Ads" every day!

UNLESS you know Postum very well, you'll wonder how it can come to the rescue in so many varied cases. For all you can see in the cup is a tempting, golden-brown drink—and all you can taste is deliciousness! But ask the millions of people who drink Postum every day. *They'll* tell you how it has helped them!

Many of these men and women didn't know, at one time, what it was to enjoy vigorous health. Some were troubled by sleeplessness—others by indigestion, ragged nerves, or headaches. In every case, help was wanted!

One by one, these men and women realized that the cause of their troubles was—*caffein beverages*. So they eliminated drinks containing caffein from their diets, and drank Postum instead. Almost at once, sleeplessness, nervousness, indigestion, and headaches gave way to radiant health! Do you wonder these men and women still drink Postum?

Perhaps it never occurred to you that caffein could cause your own sleepless nights. Perhaps you never blamed caffein for your "nerves" and headaches. But make this test! Instead of caffein beverages, let Postum be your mealtime drink—for thirty days. Before that time is up, you'll find yourself sleeping like a log. You'll find yourself feeling better—looking better, too!

Postum contains no caffein. It is made from whole wheat and bran, roasted. Its flavor is mellow and smooth—*distinctive*. Drink Postum plain—or add cream, and watch its rich brown color change to gold. You're sure to like this delicious drink. You'll want to make it your lifetime friend!

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer—or mail the coupon for one week's supply, free, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

P—P. R. 2-30

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ Check which
(prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐ you
(prepared by boiling) *prefer*

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Company, Ltd., The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.

Postum is one of the Post Food Products which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes. © 1930, G. P. Corp.

Post Food Products

calls "sample courses." They include government, history, psychology or economics, a laboratory science, possibly mathematics, and usually several courses among languages, literatures, and fine arts. Hygiene, English composition, and spoken English represent the only fixed requirements.

Thus equipped by two years of contact with diverse fields, the junior enters upon a program altogether different in character. From then on she burrows as deeply as possible into one subject.

In order to give this work in a special department "backbone, solidity, and coherence"—to quote from Dean Gildersleeve's report -the faculty of that department helps its students plan every detail of the major course. Even allied subjects are carefully considered. Moreover, several times a year all the students in a certain field meet together for exchange of information and for supplementary lectures. As a result the horizon becomes continually expanded. Supervised in this fashion, the work accomplished in the junior and senior years attains a stamp of scholarship which lifts every student to a new level of maturity.

Yet Barnard carries this process still further. It offers special opportunities to those students whose capacities are superior to any general level, however high. For them has been organized the honors course. It is very similar to the system operating at Smith. Eligible candidates are those whose work has been consistently excellent during the last two years, and toward the end of March the list is posted. The sophomore who finds her name on the illustrious register must get what Briggs, the cartoonist, calls "the thrill that comes once in a lifetime."

YET not every girl accepts the invitation. For it involves grave responsibilities. She who does must, as a sort of last hurdle, complete a piece of work in the Summer, and if this is satisfactory the honors student enters upon her career. She is exempt from classes and, in her senior year, from all except the final comprehensive examination on her subject. She works directly under the head of her department, but otherwise delves away in unrestricted independence.

"There are too few of such students at Barnard," growled one of the professors. "American girls are still inclined to regard college as a glorified high school, and they won't strike out on their own or fling their whole souls into work.

However, the very fact that such a course is part of our curriculum is a significant beginning. Let's hope it will stimulate more girls to take a really positive part in their own education."

This is the sort of challenge now sounded by the more ambitious members of all college faculties. And it can not be heard too often. Yet it would, indeed, be unjust were Barnard not judged largely by what its most profound undergraduates accomplish. Advanced students in science, for example, acquire a decidedly professional point of view. It is typified by a weekly meeting at which the most important scientific journals of all nations are discussed and every new discovery and technique noted. Nor is proof wanting of the high quality of this undergraduate achievement. The National Research Council Fellowship in the physical sciences has been offered to only five women in the United States, and two of these have been students of chemistry at Barnard.

Dean Gildersleeve has always been the inspiring genius behind every move to raise and dignify scholarship. On the one hand, she heartily indorses all that gives to college life its vivacity and charm. She accepts the responsibility placed by society upon the woman's college of keeping students healthy, happy, comfortable, and sufficiently chaperoned. She never loses sight of the fact that most of her students are destined to family life, and that what college training chiefly contributes to them is a sounder and more intelligent general attitude. And yet the exceptional girl destined to follow some individual career is always kept in the foreground.

THE dean's purpose is to encourage mental adventures and to establish women more firmly on a basis of sound achievement.

Any one who wants to know what Miss Gildersleeve is really like should read her annual reports. They are the very best of their kind and are so readable as to have been widely quoted. Each sentence is as direct as the flash of her eyes. The dean wastes no word, either spoken or written. Yet the lucid brevity of these reports is warmed by a humanness which reveals the personality behind them. One feels her intense but impersonal, tolerant of the vagaries and egotism of youth but impatient of cowardice, bombast, shoddy thinking, and sentimentality. Her own accumulation of degrees and her magnificent service to many educational organizations indicate a veritable passion for furthering intellectual development.

A personal encounter with the dean gives an impression of dark quicksilver. She is tall and slender, with what used to be called "snapping black eyes" and a quick, unexpected smile. She gives one every confidence that she would always be fair and far-sighted

ONE imagines also that occasionally, just because she cares so immensely what women do with their lives, she must wish that the entire sex had just one ear and that somebody would box it soundly.

Miss Gildersleeve says in one of her reports, "The task now facing women is to show that they deserve these opportunities that have been given them. They must demonstrate this by producing an increasing amount of absolutely first-rate work. Let them forget that they have ever been a martyred sex, struggling against handicaps and obstacles; let them take the opportunities now open to them as human beings and concentrate on producing work as good as that of the best men."

Don't think for a moment, however, that Miss Gildersleeve is speaking only of scientific achievement. The esthetic side of education is greatly stressed at Barnard. The fine arts course offers both a general view of the whole field of art useful to the average student and many detailed studies for those who specialize in the subject. Excursions to the Metropolitan Museum give unequaled opportunity to study the works of the world's masters. The only limitation of this excellent department is that it offers no possibility of individual experimentation with paints and clay.

The music department, on the other hand, is just beginning to include some "practical" work. History, appreciation, harmony, and counterpoint are supplemented by ensemble playing and by choral singing. Both the latter are given one credit if taken in combination with theory and esthetics.

As for hearing music, nowhere in America are such diverse and magnificent programs available as in New York city. Tickets for the opera, for symphony concerts and artist recitals are tendered Barnard students at small cost

MOREOVER, the college, which by the way, possesses a rare collection of old instruments, offers a special scholarship in music.

Artistic interest is stimulated through the Glee Club and the college orchestra. Student musicales are frequent. One of the most charming of these occasions was a recent program of sixteenth-century songs given by the musical members of the French Club.

Another avenue to beauty is a Spring celebration called the Greek games. It is one of the cherished traditions of Barnard. So integral a part does this festival play in college life that at one end of the gymnasium is built as permanent background for it the pillared façade of a Grecian temple. Before it is revived, as at no other college, the rhythmic measure of the classic dance. True to Hellenic tradition of an annual contest before judges, the ceremony is one in which sophomores and juniors compete. Each class presents some Greek story by means of pantomime, dramatic dances, and music.

The athletic exhibition consists of discus-throwing, hurdling, hoop-rolling, and chariot- and torch-races. Also to the director of physical education trains the dancers and the faculty contributes advice on historical detail, the entire plan is conceived and executed by student committees. Individual girls compose the music, lyrics, and dances. When the great day comes judges award the palm to the class which wins the most points on originality, execution, dramatic interest, and form.

The grace of these lithe figures in posture or flying movement, the emotional climaxes of chorus and ensemble dance make the spectacle a memorable experience of beauty.

Continued on Page 52

You can have exquisite hands

Jergens Lotion softens and whitens

When you are wearing the delicate frocks, the gleaming jewels, of formal evening occasions—your hands and arms must have a matching loveliness. Beautiful whiteness, exquisite texture, follow the regular use of Jergens Lotion. Women everywhere are using this fragrant healing preparation to keep their skin smooth and fresh—delightful to the touch.

TWO FAMOUS INGREDIENTS give his preparation almost instant power to soften and whiten your skin

Perhaps you despair sometimes of ever having vely white hands—

But the first time you use Jergens Lotion, you el—no matter how rough and dry your skin has come—that here at last is real help and encouragement.

The moment you apply this healing preparation, e parched tissues relax; your skin becomes ooth and supple, pleasant to the touch. After a ek's use the whole texture of your skin shows narked improvement. Hands that were rough and chapped become soft and smooth—every bit of harshness and irritation gone. By using Jergens Lotion every time you have had your hands in water, you can keep them in exquisite condition —velvety soft, dazzlingly white.

Because of its wonderful help in keeping their hands smooth and white—thousands of women have also begun to use Jergens Lotion as a regular accessory of the bath, to give their arms, back, neck, shoulders, the lovely smoothness, the gleaming whiteness, that are beautiful and necessary with evening dress.

Two famous skin restoratives, used in medicine for generations, give Jergens Lotion its special quality of softening and whitening the skin. Blended with other healing ingredients, they form a fragrant, silvery liquid—easy to apply, for it leaves no stickiness. Your skin absorbs it instantly.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today, and see what comfort and beauty it will give your hands this winter! 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

FREE · new trial bottle · beautiful booklet

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2305 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, *"Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection"*

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Digitized by Google
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

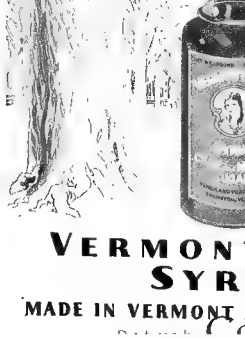
That deeper, richer, true Maple flavor . . .

MADE from Vermont maple sugar . . . and the world produces no finer . . . blended with sparkling cane sugar to bring out the flavor . . . Vermont Maid Syrup recaptures that good old maple taste you remember so well from childhood.

Try this famous syrup on your pancakes or your waffles. Its deeper, richer, true maple flavor will haunt your memory. Try it, too, over ice cream and custard; over biscuit, corn bread or mush. It makes a real treat of these familiar foods.

Your grocer has Vermont Maid Syrup, in attractive glass jugs, ready for the table. Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vt.

Try Vermont Maid Syrup on your waffles or your pancakes and judge its deep, rich, maple tang for yourself. For ten cents we will send you a generous sample of this famous syrup.



Send 10¢ for generous sample

Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Depr. B-4
Burlington, Vermont

I enclose 10¢ for generous sample bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup and recipe folder.

VERMONT MAID SYRUP

MADE IN VERMONT BY VERMONTERS

Continued from Page 50

As for the performers, they have of necessity dipped deeply into "the glory that was Greece" in order to bring up from ancient sources these new conceptions of loveliness.

Barnard has no theater workshop. It has, however, a lively play-writing course. Every girl who takes it has the guaranty of having her play tried out if its merit is sufficient. One of the members of the group said, "I'm not in this course because I expect to get a play on Broadway. My ambition hardly soars to the possibility of a prep-school production. But, oh, the difference this work has made in my enjoyment of the theater! Now I have a clear idea why a play is good or bad—and I don't mean by those terms what Boston means, either."

The same critical faculty is demonstrated by writers for the *Barnard Bulletin*. Last Spring the journal sharply challenged the dramatic society of Wigs and Cues for its conventional choice of plays. But, indeed, everything is challenged in these pages, and a more spirited and free-spoken press would be hard to find. Not that it does not champion a cause deemed worthy. Witness its campaign for the release of Mooney and Billings. In the frank discussion of all questions to which its columns are open praise is not ruled out. Nevertheless the editors have a flair for minority opinion.

ONE of the many foreign students, whose presence is assured here by a system of special scholarships, was allowed to express at length in the journal her adverse opinion of American colleges. "She hadn't been over here but a few months," laughed the editors, "so of course her ideas were superficial to the last degree. But some of her comments were good, all the same. And in the end, partly because we let her get everything off her chest, the girl quite veered around and liked us fine."

Tolerance at Barnard is not a negative, but a positive quality. The student government is efficient because of its high sense of responsibility. It works under the jurisdiction of a faculty committee on student activities, to which it must submit important student demands or radical changes of procedure. This is one of the few women's colleges with a specially organized honor system. Students exact of each other a universal pledge of scrupulous honesty in examinations and in reporting excuses for class cuts.

Another unusual feature of this undergraduate reign is the work of the Eligibility Committee. It reports on every candidate for office. Not only is no girl allowed to hold more than one important office at a time, but every prospective official must be qualified both in academic standing and in physical fitness.

Right here it must be said that none of the women's colleges has done more to further the cause of health than Barnard. A course in hygiene and some specified physical activity is required of every student. Each freshman is examined twice during the year. At that time she is given a motor-ability test and a physical-efficiency rating. These determine what her exercise should be, and she is permitted no more strenuosity than is beneficial. Until she graduates, however, she must take some form of exercise.

THE Athletic Association has developed a broad program of sports based on the motto, "A game for every girl and every girl in a game." If you can't play basketball you may still become expert at archery. Indeed, the spirit of play and the technique of relaxation, quite as much as a sound training in health principles, distinguish this justly famous department of physical education.

"It often seems odd," said the head of that department, "to see sophisticated Barnard girls wax enthusiastic over clogging and peasant dances." But, as a matter of fact, an impression of youthful high spirits carries over from the gymnasium to every corner of the college.

Certainly life in the residence-halls has every air of being both decorous and jolly. Regulations, enforced by student officers co-operating with the dean's assistant, are sound but liberal.

Beginning with late afternoon, the reception-rooms and small sitting-rooms are filled with young men. Perhaps a group will gather around the piano—not to sing about "dear alma mater," however. Perhaps that sort of thing still goes at Princeton or Yale, but not at a woman's college. Up-stairs, at the end of "quiet hour," commences that sociable flurry characteristic of girls' dormitories the country over. Here the rooms are comfortable rather than elegant. But their coziness has one unique distinction. This is the only college in the group which trusts students to smoke in their rooms.

Religious interest among Barnard girls is concentrated largely in the Newman Club. The spirit of research has seized upon the Menorah Club, and its members are making an extensive survey of Hebraic culture. Among the rest of the students religious feeling, when it exists, is too completely individual for group expression. One of the juniors said with half-regretful sarcasm, "All the Protestants together can't get up an organization that has any life. I guess this is a skeptical age."

Chapel is held once a week at Columbia, and Barnard students are expected to attend. Moreover, there are courses in Biblical literature. Yet it is inevitable that this college, which since its inception forty-one years ago has been part of a great cosmopolitan university and entirely empowered of pious heritage, should place its accent, not on religion, but on a dispassionate search for truth.

Here this search runs none of the risks of academic isolation. There is a constant exchange between Columbia Heights, where theory is taught, and the great city, where it is applied.

Psychologists who lecture at Barnard advise, on the one hand, advertisers seeking tips on crowd appeal, and, on the other, educators who wish to measure the intelligence of school-children or to apply psychoanalysis to clinical problems.

Those who teach economics and sociology can check abstractions against Wall Street and against the actual cases handled daily by social workers struggling against human maladjustment. Professors of education can show their students experiments in the educational method being made in New York city, which are famous the country over. And, not to be outdone, the department of government has arranged with city organizations to give Barnard girls experience in practical politics.

THE Barnard faculty, divided almost equally between men and women, exchanges lectures with Columbia professors. Such opportunity is a great stimulus to scholars and teachers. Moreover, the close union with the university has a dual advantage for students. First, they can, without a break, continue their special studies in the Graduate School "across the street." Second, arrangements have been made with the university to admit at the end of their junior year Barnard girls who wish to enter its professional schools.

Since the Law School opened its doors to women there is only one college at Columbia, the School of Mines, Engineering, and Chemistry, which does not definitely co-operate in this way.

In its turn Barnard College is now offering its educational resources to a group of young women who otherwise could never know the advantage of higher education. This institution is following the notable example of Bryn Mawr, and has organized a Summer School for Women Workers in Industry. The membership is limited, but entirely free. Altho this is a day-school only, students linger, after a session of lectures, health work, and swimming lessons, for an evening devoted to literature or dramatics.

Never was a more ardent group of students. To see this class eagerly watching a demonstration in elementary science or struggling manfully on written composition is to realize that here is a thirst for knowledge only equaled by the first pioneers among college women.

That, despite constant strain to finance the ordinary needs of the college, its administrators and alumnæ should undertake this enterprise in generosity is a magnificent demonstration of Barnard's passion for human justice.

Such imagination concerning the needs of others is in accord with Dean Gildersleeve's recent definition of education. No one has ever offered a better one. Her statement concludes with the season: "To be educated means, finally, that your own special powers have been developed and trained so that you can exert them for the good of mankind and your own satisfaction."

No compromise with quality! ~ *these men insist on being sure!*

Their daily check ~ the last of many different inspections ~ puts the final guarantee of goodness behind every Del Monte Food you buy

Trifles make perfection—but perfection is no trifle!

To Michelangelo—four centuries ago—goes credit for this famous observation. Yet his words are just as true today. And how well they apply to quality in canned fruits!

Often the little things, the endless precautions that might seem unnecessary, are the final guarantees of a better appearance and flavor.

There's the matter of inspections, for instance.

DEL MONTE Fruits are first inspected in the orchards, then are inspected at the cannery door. They are inspected and sorted on the preparation tables—on belts moving to the canning tables—and again as they are filled into cans. And finally, the plant superintendent himself cuts open samples from each day's "run"—to make sure that results are up to his own ideals.

You'd think that this would be enough!

Yet every day in the canning season, a selected committee of DEL MONTE executives gathers in the sunlit room shown above—and from samples of the previous few days' pack, taken from *all* DEL MONTE canneries, determines whether the fruit is fully up to DEL MONTE'S quality requirements.

The decision these men make is final—an unprejudiced, impartial judgment of the output of all DEL MONTE canneries and all districts—matched against the one rigid quality ideal for which this label stands.

A remarkable quality test

Unless you watched these men at work, you'd hardly believe the pains they take—the critical severity with which they examine each product as it comes from DEL MONTE canneries!

First, trained assistants weigh each can—count the pieces of fruit—test the density of the syrup—for all these things have their bearing on canned fruit quality.

Then, with all the fruit transferred from cans to gleaming white enamel dishes—DEL MONTE'S expert judges start their final, painstaking inspection.

From table to table they go—slowly, methodically—stopping beside each dish. With long-handled spoons they dip into the syrup—noting its consistency and color. They examine, separately, every piece of fruit—judging it for color, ripeness, texture and general appearance—tasting it for flavor.

The most thorough canning process

Even the most trifling deviation from the quality DEL MONTE specifies for every fruit it packs, is recorded and brought at once to the attention of cannery officials!

Only when their inspection is completed—after this most particular of juries has said, "Quality OK"—is any DEL MONTE Product ready for your table!

And remember—inspections are just one detail of the DEL MONTE canning process—a process unsurpassed for thoroughness and painstaking care, in the entire canned fruit and vegetable field!

Before canning starts—DEL MONTE Fruits are selected from the world's finest orchards and gardens. Each fruit is picked for ripeness, size, color, flavor and perfect appearance. All this, just to give DEL MONTE the very finest raw materials with which to work.

In DEL MONTE canneries, modern machinery does many of the tasks of preparation you once did by hand. Back of this splendid mechanical equipment directing every operation with human skill and judgment—are hundreds of trained, experienced workers. In addition—one woman out of each sixteen in DEL MONTE canneries, spends *all* her time inspecting, checking—making sure that all the fruit that goes into DEL MONTE cans is fully up to its high requirements. Even the syrup on DEL MONTE Fruit is specially chosen for the variety itself — independent of any commercial standard—the particular degree of syrup that will best supplement and bring out the fruit's own natural flavor

As a result of *all* these things—and not simply because of any one of them alone—the DEL MONTE label stands today for *more* than just the best that can be packed. It stands for *uniform* quality in every can—year in and year out. Uniformity, safeguarded by the experience and skill of over 70 years in the canning of fine foods.

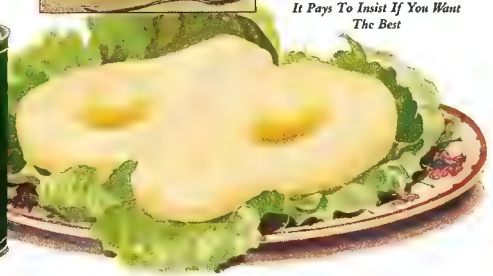
And don't forget that fruits are just a part of the many foods DEL MONTE cans.

Under this same dependable brand—packed with the same painstaking care—is the widest assortment of vegetables, condiments and relishes, salmon and sardines, dried fruit, raisins and other foods.

Whatever your requirements—whatever your ideals of canned food quality—you'll find under the DEL MONTE label the varieties you want—and the quality you demand—at reasonable cost.

Suggestions that make meals "different"

Even if you now have a lot of cook books—you're sure to find many new and "different" recipes and menu suggestions in the DEL MONTE recipe collection. There are 267 of them in all—in seven booklets and leaflets, all handy size for filing. May we send them to you—free of charge? Simply drop a card to Dept. 536, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.



It Pays To Insist If You Want The Best

"UNLIKE NAPOLEON'S COOK–

I never have to weep over 'nothing new to serve' . . ."

Corn Products Refining Co.
New York City.
Gentlemen:

Napoleon's cook, they say, broke down and wept, because in all the world, there was "nothing new to serve"—no untried delicacy to tempt the jaded appetite of the master. But that was before Mazola was ever heard of, otherwise, he would have had no cause for worry.

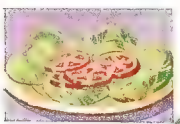
Mazola-made salads are tempting and tasty. Eggs fried in Mazola are tender and much more digestible than when fried in smoking hot fats. Fish fried in Mazola is almost as delicious as chicken, and vegetables sauted or fried in this oil cannot be surpassed—either in taste or appearance.

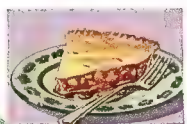
My biscuits, when made in the old way—"lay heavy on the stomach." Now, when made with Mazola—they simply "melt in your mouth."

My children used to eat the filling from their pie and the dog had the misfortune to get the soggy crusts. Now—with my Mazola made pies the children eat every crumb of crust, and Pal, like Mother Hubbard's dog—gets none.

I use Mazola for every recipe which calls for butter and find it very economical. With the many tasty dishes which I can prepare from Mazola—unlike Napoleon's cook—I never have to weep over "nothing new to serve" to tempt my family's appetite.

Mrs. N. C. Andersen
174 Presumpscot Street
Portland, Maine





This interesting letter quaintly describes the unusual adaptability of Mazola to 3 popular uses.

As an exceptionally fine salad oil that makes smoother, more delicious dressings, Mazola is equally fine for all frying. Mazola-fried foods are always tender, tasty and free from grease.

For shortening, many women prefer Mazola for its richness, convenience and economy as well as for perfect baking results.

IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S famous book "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" contains nearly 300 new, helpful recipes. Write for your copy today. (See coupon)

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept. P-2, 17 Battery Place
New York City.

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin). Kindly send me my copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

GOSSIP

Continued from Page 2

to her) that I wondered how he ever found time for a cup of coffee, let alone a square meal. Yet the Mr. Schmidt I knew was as plump as a partridge. I gazed on this romantic picture with less indignation than on the other, but with misgivings for the person that invented it. For if the girl had believed she was a poached egg and had been looking for a piece of toast to sit down on she could hardly have been more crazily at odds with reality.

For the Lady Gwendolyn Snooks I knew was indeed blond and beautiful; but she was also a matter-of-fact, efficient, rather dreary soul, who had no interest in the world except amassing enough money to finance her husband's political career, and who went about her theatrical work with a good-humored doggedness that is very likable. Had Mr. Schmidt whispered improper suggestions in her ear I am sure she would have rolled a lack-luster eye, murmured something about her husband in the tired, throaty voice of her set, and hoped that he would not make her late for rehearsal.

But I can not believe that the tactful and perceptive Mr. Schmidt I knew would offer these unwanted attentions. Nor can I believe in these love-affairs which, if half of them were true, would make him the chief representative of the love industry in the United States, for he is a typical good German-American papa, who loves to preside at the head of his table over family sociabilities, as well as doing a hard day's work in Wall Street, and playing a good deal of bridge, and going to all the best concerts; and these things take time.

He may have had affairs of the heart. I should not like to insult him by supposing that he has not. But that he had time and energy to be the chief exponent of passion, I can not credit.

After I had expressed myself on the subject of these two personalities the young girl began to talk about books, and presently she mentioned an American woman writer who is one of my closest friends. Yes, she wrote beautiful stories, didn't she? But wasn't she terribly conceited? Wasn't it true that if she went to the theater and was offered seats that weren't in the first three rows she would make a terrible fuss and would say, "How dare you offer me these seats? You evidently don't know that I'm Eleanor Grant!"

At that I had to laugh aloud, since Eleanor Grant is cursed with such modesty that the only way of getting about that would really satisfy her would be to be sent through the post in a plain envelop. But I stopped laughing when I realized that Eleanor Grant is perfectly aware that such stories are perpetually told of her by people who do not know her, and suffers tortures. To know that thousands to whom one has never done any harm never tire of alleging that one is fatuous to the point of nauseal

NOW, this girl had not met any of the people about whom she talked. She had never seen or read any of Jack Smith's plays; she had never seen Lady Gwendolyn Snooks act; she had naturally had no opportunity to sample Mr. Schmidt's banking; I doubt if she had given half the time to Eleanor Grant's stories that she had given to accepting and adoring tales of her egotism. There was, in her preoccupation with those people, no strand connecting her with reality.

I am not complaining that what she believed about them cast shadows on perfect characters. Jack Smith, Lady Gwendolyn Snooks, Mr. Schmidt, and Eleanor Grant have all got their faults, and I can believe that some people might distort them even if they knew them personally. What I do complain of is that the stories she believed about them were as utterly idle fiction as she would have produced if she had shut herself up in a room and told fairy-stories about four elves called Inky, Winky, Pinky, and Pop.

No, that is not a fair analogy. For if she had set herself the task of giving life to four characters named Inky, Winky, Pinky, and Pop, the creative faculties latent in every brain might possibly have been aroused, and she might have put into their doings just such a tincture of reality as her experience had revealed to her. In any case, even if they had simply embodied her silliest day-dreams, these would have been her own day-dreams; they would have been personal to her. They would not have been just reach-me-downs filled loosely to the vaguer and baser fantasies of humanity in the mass, which is all that this gossip talked by people about those they do not know ever is.

They come, the fantasies that clothe themselves in this kind of gossip, from the slums of the mind. To a certain extent they are the product of crude and simple jealousy. It is the scandal of Fleet Street, the newspaper quarter of London, that many of the popular delusions regarding Jack Smith were started by hints sedulously planted in the press by an old journalist who is crazy with vanity, tho he has no gifts, and suffers the tortures of the damned when he sees a younger man win the fame he thinks ought to have been his.

The rumors about Lady Gwendolyn Snooks are equally pleasing to the homely and ill-natured woman who wants to believe that every beauty is a hussy capable of all things and to the silly girl in the small-town beauty-parlor who thinks that if she could get to New York everything in the world would happen to her. And the legend of Mr. Schmidt represents at once the dreams of the sensual mediocrity who likes to plan how he would live if he were a rich man, and the fretful allegations that failures make about the gross quality necessary for success.

And as for Eleanor Grant, consider the vast numbers of those who want to believe those stories about her; the people whose novels sell under two thousand copies, who have sent in twenty stories to the magazines which publish her year in, year out, and who write not because they care about writing—if they do that they have that which purges them of bitterness, tho it may leave them with a heartache—but because they care about success, and thus doom themselves both to failure and a keen resentment of it.

ADD to these all the people who "feel they could have written it—" they had not refrained from doing so, and all the stupid women who hate all clever women, and the even more formidable army of all the stupid men who hate all clever women. If Eleanor Grant were a saint, with a halo she would have no chance against this army.

But these fantasies come from even worse places. They come from the same slums of the human mind that breed insanity. Psychologists tell us that normally there rises in us the will to die, to run away from life with its burdens of responsibility into the peace of death. In the healthy-minded this wish is kept in subjection by the wish to live, and rarely gets its chance to control either action or imagination. In the quite mad it sweeps the board and takes the very definite form of murder or suicide.

But there is a vast body of people who are far saner than that, and yet nothing like healthy-minded They can not get on with their lives and achieve the satisfaction that comes of making books, or pictures, or sound business, or amusing and affectionate domesticities. They hang about the earth, keeping themselves alive, but trying to make life as like death as possible. They never do anything; they work feebly and without initiative in grooves laid down by the dead; they enjoy only trivial pleasures; and above all they detest all achievements that extend and intensify life, and those who are responsible for them.

Since Jack Smith has added brilliant plays to the world's literature and has helped a generation to understand itself they hate him. They have to pretend that this brilliance is not a normal characteristic of his, but that he owes it to a drug which puts him into an abnormal condition, and will soon bring him to a state of collapse. Thus they can think less of him, and less of humanity as a whole, and can give themselves the hope that the disturbance he causes will soon be over.

When they think of Lady Gwendolyn Snooks they like to pretend that all beauty is venal and unfastidious, even when it has had an upbringing that ought to make it specially immune from these faults; and when they think of Mr. Schmidt they refuse to think of a man who has helped to build up the finance of the country into its present state of solidity and uses his money and the mind that made it to embellish

I'M JUST DELIGHTED! SEE HOW WHITE MY WASH IS
SO YOU TOOK MY ADVICE AND CHANGED TO RINSO
IT'S THE MOST WONDERFUL SOAP IN THE WORLD! I DIDN'T DO A BIT OF SCRUBBING
RINSO IS GREAT FOR DISHES, TOO

New kind of suds washes clothes whiter—*safely*

Millions change to "no-work" washdays

WITHOUT scrubbing or boiling, without bar soaps, chips or powders, Rinso soaks clothes the *whitest* white ever. Safely!

"I never saw anything like it!" declares Mrs. G. W. Cory of 404 So. Front St., Wheeling, W. Va.

No wonder millions of women now use this famous granulated soap. They trust their finest cottons and linens to its gentle care. They know their clothes will come from Rinso's suds gleaming white—like new!

"Clothes come so white, it's wasting time to boil them!" declares Mrs. L. C. Lancaster of Spokane, Wash.

Wonderful in washers, too

The makers of 38 leading washing machines recommend Rinso for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes. "I don't know what I'd do if I couldn't get Rinso for my washing machine," says Mrs. Charles Bell of 723 Michigan Avenue, Columbus, Ohio. Try it next wash-day and see how *white* clothes can really be.

Economical—a little goes so far

Cupful for cupful, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—it's so *compact*. And what thick, creamy, *lasting* suds—even in the hardest water! Dirt soaks right out. That saves the clothes. Spares the hands.

Be sure to get the BIG household package of Rinso. You'll find it's great, too, for dishes, floors, sinks and all cleaning. "Rinso dissolves the grease and makes dishes sparkle better than any soap I've ever tried," says Mrs. T. O'Riley of Pawtucket, R. I.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.

For whiter clothes in tub or washer

Lift two sheets of Kleenex from the New Box, and rub them over the entire surface of the face and throat. The Kleenex will blot up all the dirt, grease and make-up. Then discard Kleenex.

Here is the Kleenex Way to remove cold cream

—it blots off all the surplus cream that your skin doesn't need

DO you know the function of cold cream on your face? It is this: the oil in the cream replaces the natural oil that washing and weathering take away. Yet all the oil your skin needs is absorbed after 5 or 10 minutes' light massage or patting.

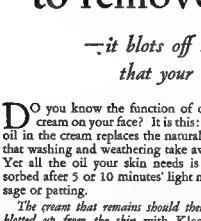
The cream that remains should then be blotted up from the skin with Kleenex cleansing tissues. Otherwise . . . in time you'll notice little oily areas around the nose—the chin—the mouth. Then blackheads, perhaps. And pores made larger.

Kleenex is so wonderfully absorbent that it simply *blots up* every bit of cream your skin doesn't need. Instantly, gently, without rubbing. And it lifts up, along with the oil, any cosmetics or dirt that lingered in the pores.

No more stained towels

You use these tissues just once, then discard them. Thus, each tissue that touches your face is fresh, soft, and dainty. And there's no problem of stained and soiled towels—and high laundry bills!

The new Kleenex is truly a delightful toilet accessory. There are pastel tints, very soft and lovely . . . or pure white, if you prefer. The box itself is a marvel of ingenuity, modern in design and color . . . and cleverly made to hand out automatically, through a narrow slit, two exquisite tissues at a time (the correct number for a treatment). You see, you *can't waste Kleenex.* And the tissues are kept absolutely clean till needed.



Ask for Kleenex in your favorite color:

Flesh Pink Sea Green
Canary Yellow and White

The colors are absolutely pure . . . and they harmonize exquisitely with bathroom and bedroom decorations.

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Illinois.

Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

Name .....

Address P-2

City .....

Kleenex
Cleansing Tissues

civilization, but substitute a mythical figure wholly devoted to jackassism. And as for Eleanor Grant, they pretend she exists in such an embryonic state of egocentricity that they can feel that if good literature can be written by the likes of her it is not worthy of their attention.

In any and every case they itch to tear down the person who has raised himself above the common herd, to tread him down into the earth and punish him for trying to lead man out of his dark pit to regions where he has to use his brain more and more. They want to kill those who curse them with the gift of more and fuller life. They want to preserve the world for those who discreetly imitate the inertia of corpses.

THEY are, moreover, extremely successful at times. "How they hate me! How they hate me!" Jack Smith said over and over again to a friend as they stood behind the scenes at the first night of one of his plays which had fallen below his own high standard and was mercilessly booed by a gallery that had heard of the vicious young man's misdoings and was glad of an opportunity to punish him.

I have seen Eleanor Grant's face the morning she has received a press-cutting in which one of these legends comes up at her like some monstrous water-beast out of the depths of a stagnant pool. Moods like these are a serious check on creativeness. But sometimes they score an even more direct hit than this.

All the friends of a certain woman writer not dead, who for some years before had been reduced to a pathological state of sensitivity by her abnormally high blood-pressure, knew that her death must have been hastened by the agony of excitement into which she was thrown by an idiotic rumor about herself. It happened that when she was staying in an English country house she slipped on the stairs and fell to the bottom, injuring her spine.

The accident happened before witnesses, and was one of the most natural affairs imaginable, since the staircase was polished and winding. But because it was Summertime, when news is scarce, an unusually irresponsible woman cabled home a paragraph hinting broadly that this was an attempt at suicide, and the story spread like wildfire. This was a torturing humiliation to the highly strung woman who had just had every nerve in her body jangled by her fall; and a few months afterward she died.

Now, while envy and the will to die force popular gossip to take the form of mischievous lies about the celebrated, there are no corresponding factors forcing the truth into circulation. If the truth is benign it is usually too negative to be thrilling when it is repeated by people who are not personally acquainted with the individuals concerned, unless it is of a unique quality, like the courage and probity of Lindbergh.

The friends of Jack Smith and Lady Gwendolyn Snooks and Mr. Schmidt and Eleanor Grant could spin entertaining tales illustrating their good points for hour after hour, but the mere facts passed from lip to lip are not arresting. One can not make it news that Jack Smith does not take drugs, that Lady Gwendolyn Snooks is a faithful and devoted wife, that Mr. Schmidt is a decent soul, that Eleanor Grant behaves like a sane being when she goes to the theater, because these things are, happily, true of most of God's creatures. One can not get publicity out of being one of the stars in the Milky Way.

But if the truth is not benign, if it is sinister, nothing is more unlikely than that it should not get known. The persons concerned will have too strong a motive to permit it to become knowledge. Recently a woman whom I had once known very well died abroad in circumstances so mysterious that her family undertook an investigation. As a result it was found she had died from giving herself an overdose of a certain drug, and that she had lived for years past in a group of addicts.

Two of this group were people of international reputation, but I had never heard either of them named in common talk as a drug-taker, for the reason that both of them had concocted elaborate tales of ill health to account for their physical and mental state.

And if an able young man like Jack Smith did take drugs he would long ago have developed a perfect technique for convincing the public that he never touched anything but buttermilk. Similarly, if Lady Gwendolyn Snooks and Mr. Schmidt were really having a love-affair it would be the simplest thing in the world for people with so much money and social experience to suggest that they had only once met, and then at a church social, and if Eleanor Grant were a real wolf-egoist and yet had enough intelligence to write her books, she would have long ago learned the trick of dissembling her megalomania before strangers and appearing simple and modest.

I have known a woman writer who took up every impulse to independence on the part of her family and twisted it round and round her fork as if it were spaghetti and ate it; but she was hailed from coast to coast as a womanly woman of the Madonna type, owing to an expression she practised in front of the glass. In fact, if the stories people tell about the public personalities they do not know were true, they never would have been allowed to get hold of them. Once one talks this kind of gossip one is compelled to tell lies.

Many people think that a certain amount of truth is laid at the disposal of this kind of gossip by the newspapers, which ferret it out and publish it; but that belief is simply a proof of the success with which the newspapers have made the public accept them at their own valuation. For a newspaper is like the whale, which has a grid across its throat that lets in small fish, but keeps any large body outside.

It can acquire all or at least many of the small facts that go to make up a complicated situation, and it can do miracles of reconstruction with them, but it can not absorb the large, amorphous masses to which, unfortunately, the real truth regarding such a situation frequently presents itself. There are innumerable reasons why it can not do this. For one thing, few situations arouse enough sustained interest in a newspaper to keep its men working on it long enough to enable them to follow up all the clues.

For another, a large proportion of newspaper proprietors and of newspaper men, while willing to print as much of a story as has got abroad, are far too decent to attack the last defenses of reticence the persons concerned may raise. And the proportion that are not are frustrated by the fact that most of these persons, when tackled, prove to fall into two classes: those who are so stupid and inarticulate that they can not convey the truth when they try to do so, and those who are so clever that they can easily manage to tell just as much of the truth as suits them.

Moreover, whatever methods they have used, they are apt to interpret the facts they discover by them falsely, because they are governed by certain human prejudices that are highly fallible, and by a tendency to accept the most probable explanation of the events in spite of life's inveterate disposition to be improbable.

ALL these things make the press unable to do more than tell us that an extraordinary thing has happened; and some years ago, when I was still connected with a newspaper, I came across a curious example of its powerlessness to go further and define with any particularity what that extraordinary thing really is.

A certain London lawyer, a Roman Catholic, went down to a country town to defend a Roman Catholic woman who was being tried for the offense of sending obscene and abusive letters to the woman who lived next door to her. He did not believe her innocent, for she had been convicted twice before of the same offense, and the evidence was as damning this time as ever. She used to throw the letters over the garden wall at her neighbor, wrapped round sharp stones, and written in a clumsily disguised edition of her own handwriting.

On one occasion the unfortunate neighbor had had her eye so severely cut by one of these missiles that she had had to run out into the street and get a policeman to take her to the hospital to have it dressed. All the lawyer could hope for was to get his client as light a sentence as possible, but she got a very heavy one because her appearance created an unfavorable impression.

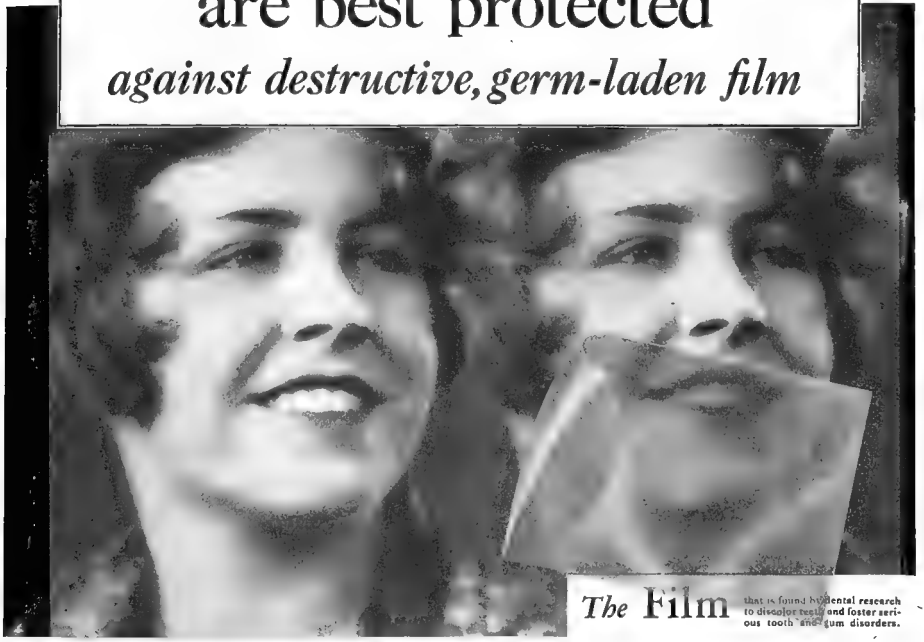
She was a gaunt and unusually ugly middle-aged spinster, who stared savagely round the court and sometimes cried out in hysterical rage. In complete contrast to her was the recipient of the letters, a handsome, placid woman, the wife of a well-to-do mechanic and the mother of several children, who seemed very upset at having to give evidence in such an unsavory case.

Continued on Page 58

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

How lovely teeth are best protected

against destructive, germ-laden film



The Film that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

FREE ... *a 10-day tube of Pepsodent to try*

Within a very few days you will see a change in teeth's appearance. You will find greater protection against decay.

DECAY and pyorrhea threaten nine mouths out of ten. Germs cause decay. Germs and tartar cause pyorrhea. The best way to remove these germs is to remove the film that holds them. The scientific way to remove film is by Pepsodent.

That is why we ask permission to send you a generous supply at once without charge. You will find it different from other ways of cleansing teeth.

Bo% of common dental ills now laid to germs

Certain germs are present in tooth decay. Other types in pyorrhea; other kinds in trench mouth. Authorities believe 8 dental troubles out of 10 are caused by bacterial infection.

Germs are covered and imprisoned by a dingy, clinging coating on the teeth and gums called film. There they breed in contact with the teeth and tissues.

Germ-laden film fills every tiny crevice in enamel. It clings so tightly that you may brush until you harm the teeth and gums without dislodging it effectively. That is why all ordinary methods fail in combating film.

Remove film a different way

To reach and remove these germs, film must be combated. To remove film, dental authorities developed the different acting tooth paste, Pepsodent.

First, Pepsodent curdles film, then light brushing easily removes it . . . safely, gently. No pumice, harmful grit or crude abrasive, but a fine, creamy paste prescribed for soft teeth and tender gums.

You can tell that Pepsodent is different from all other ways the instant it touches your teeth. Can see the difference in results before your free tube is empty. Here is a way to lovelier teeth plus far greater protection from these serious diseases. Write to nearest address immediately for your supply to try.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.

Mail coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 12E, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St. . . . . Toronto 2, Ont., Can.
8 India St. . . . . London, E. C. 2, Eng.
(Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Av. Sydney, N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 2261

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Intimate BEAUTY TALKS with HELENA RUBINSTEIN

Thousands of women all over the country are continually writing to Helena Rubinstein, seeking her expert advice on the personal beauty problems that are so much a part of every woman's life. Write yourself to this world famous beauty specialist! Address Inquiries to Helena Rubinstein Beauty Talks, 8 East Fifty-Seventh Street, New York, N. Y.

Dear Madame Rubinstein — I am a woman doctor yet I seek your advice! As you may readily guess, I have neither the time nor the patience to give my skin the real care that it deserves. So I seek, instead, the name of just one cream that can do many things for my skin. Have you, in your extensive line, such a preparation?—Dr. R, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Dr. R.—I am sure I have your "one" cream. I have always said to those of my clientele who are busy, professional people like yourself—"If you have not time for luxurious care of yourself—or if you are ever in doubt as to exactly what cream to use for your skin—then most certainly do I recommend my Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream". It is, Doctor, the one cream on the market today which is so beneficial, it suits every type of skin. It will do these important things for you: It will make and keep your skin clean, smooth, firm, fresh. And you may use it freely, with excellent effect, upon your face, your throat, your arms, your elbows, your hands.

Dear Madame Rubinstein: I am a young girl of nineteen. I have quite a nice secretarial position in Wall Street and my employers seem to like my work very much. But I can't help feeling conscious of my appearance. I am so often embarrassed with pimples and blackheads around my nose and chin. Please can you tell me what to do for them? —Katherine C, Bronxville, N. Y.

Dear Katherine C—You poor child! Of course there is something you can do for them. I have made a specialty of cases just such as yours for thirty years. Wash, tonight, with my Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special. Make a lather of the paste and work well into the skin. Rinse and dry thoroughly. Then add my famous Valaze Acne Cream and leave on overnight if possible. This treatment, carefully followed, will correct severe cases of acne in a remarkably short time.

Dear Madame Rubinstein — I am quite young and quite pretty. But I haven't any distinguishing feature. If only my eyes could be very deep and sparkling and mysterious. You have so many nice preparations—I am hoping you have some especially for eyes.—Cora W, N.Y.

Dear Cora W.—Your idea is an excellent one for it is especially smart this season to accent the eyes! If they are blue or hazel, use blue or green Eyeshadow, smoothing it over your eyelids to bring out the soft charm of your eyes and make them subtly alluring. For brown or black eyes use brown Eyeshadow. Then apply my Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener. Or for a more sophisticated effect, use my Valaze Persian Eyeblack (Mascara) to make the lashes look long, silky, luxuriant.

Dear Madame Rubinstein—My husband and I are the same age yet lately I look years older. My skin seems to have lost all its freshness and has become sallow and coarse. Is there any way I can overcome this?—Mrs. J. H., Wallingford, Pa.

Dear Mrs. J. H.—Before going to bed, film your face lightly with my famous Valaze Beautifying Skinfood. Leave on for fifteen minutes tonight—longer, as your skin grows accustomed to it. This cream has been called by hundreds of my clientele "the skin clearing masterpiece"—because it so wonderfully clarifies, animates and refines the texture of the skin. You will notice a decided improvement after the very first few applications. And a month will mark a vital difference!

Cosmetic and home treatment creations of Helena Rubinstein are obtainable at the better shops or direct from her Salons. You will find them moderately priced: Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (1.00). Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special (1.00). Valaze Acne Cream (1.00.) Valaze Eye Shadow (1.00). Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener (1.00). Valaze Persian Eyeblack (1.00). Valaze Beautifying Skinfood (1.00).

Helena Rubinstein, Inc.
8 East 57th Street New York

Digitized by Google

Continued from Page 56

When the prisoner was convicted and sent off to jail the lawyer was neither surprised nor indignant. But before and after the trial he was pestered on behalf of the woman by the priest of the town. She was, he assured the lawyer, very different from what she appeared. The hideousness of her appearance had nothing to do with her soul, except that it perhaps had made her holier, because she was so sensitive about it that she had cut herself off entirely from her fellows and had immersed herself in her religion.

The wildness of her conduct in court, the priest contended, was due not to any ferocity, but to the despair natural in one who saw herself about to be sent to prison for the third time for an offense she had not committed. For to her priest, who was the center of her life, she had denied both in and out of confession that she had written any of these letters. And he begged this lawyer to get this woman out of prison.

THE lawyer came back to London and approached first of all the proprietor of the newspaper for which I was then working. He was a kindly soul and sent down his best men to make an investigation. English journalists have in their time done some magnificent crime work, but these did nothing. Nobody in the town had a good word to say for the old spinster, whose distraught manner as she went through the town since her punishment, had aroused even more repulsion and fear than she had originally done.

The journalists came back with no help to offer; the, as this was just the time when the flood of misunderstood Freudism was at its height, and the world was full of chatter about "suppressed desires," they all had a vain desire to write stories making great play with the idea of the starved spinster who spent all her days in church and all her nights scribbling letters of obscene abuse to the happily married woman next door.

But the priest stuck to his guns, and continued to lay siege to every person of influence with appeals for his parishioner. Not unnaturally nothing happened. However it at last happened that one day, when one of these influential men received a letter from the priest containing all the papers relevant to the case, he handed them to his secretary and told her to run her eyes over them; and she, doing so, astonishingly exclaimed:

"What, is she still at it?"

For she had seen the complainant's very unusual Scottish Christian and maiden name, and she had recognized her as a girl who had been her schoolfellow twenty-five years before in a Lowland town, and had got another girl, who was queer and unpopular, expelled for slipping letters full of bad language into her satchel. This affair had later been looked on with doubt when a rumor reached the village that in the training college to which she had gone yet another girl, also queer and unpopular, had been expelled for the same offense against her. The canny Scots had thought it was odd it should have happened twice.

The English, tho notoriously less canny, thought it impossible that it should have happened thrice. The spinster, who by that time had just finished her sentence, was told to go home and wait quietly. The place was guarded by detectives, and soon they found the other woman in the act of manufacturing evidence with a letter and a stone, and when they searched her house they found blotting paper which bore the imprint of many rehearsals for forgery.

The whole of the town, the police force, and the journalists had been wrong about this woman. Because they had not known her they were led astray by the childish prejudice against very ugly people which lingers at the back of many adult minds, and by the fact that logically it is more probable that a lonely and an ill-favored spinster should be moved to vindictive action against a happy wife and mother than that it should be the other way round. The parish priest had been right about this woman, altho he was very likely not more intelligent than some of these people and certainly not as experienced in these matters, simply because he knew her.

At first sight it may look as if this were a case which proved that investigation can drag up to the surface the truth; and so, in part, it did. It revealed the truth, which it was very necessary the world should know, that the spinster had not written these letters. But it did not reveal the whole truth. It left one with the picture of a fiend incarnate who, while she had everything in the world a reasonable woman could want, persecuted a poor creature who had nothing; and this was false.

Years after I met at a country hotel an old doctor who came from the village in Scotland where this woman had been brought up, and I mentioned the case to him. He told me the story of her childhood, which showed that it, too, was tragic. She had been the only child of a mother who persistently neglected her in favor of a younger sister of her own, whom she endowed with the unreasoning and excessive passion that people sometimes conceive for any defective person who has been left in their charge; for this sister was a particularly repulsive idiot.

The child had suffered many pangs at seeing her beloved mother prefer this unattractive being to herself, and she had been subjected to some unkindness from the idiot, to say nothing of the jeers which other children raised at seeing her with this undesirable relative. She was proud and reserved, and nothing of her feelings had been shown on the surface; but she had developed a secret insanity which made her, whenever she saw a person who was in some way defective or conspicuously unattractive, long to revenge herself on the type.

When this longing was aroused she had to gratify it, however much she had to pay. She had to inflict pain on herself, as she did when in cold blood she cut her eye with the stone. She had again and again to run the risk of being found out in the meanest of crimes and forever losing the confidence of her family and finding herself in jail, as she did when her luck failed. She had as implacable an enemy within herself as the spinster had in her. In fact, the truth was that she was not a fiend incarnate, but a helpless victim; and that truth had been completely hidden from everybody save the old man who really knew her.

There was, of course, no way of setting that truth into circulation. Public interest in the case had died down long before, and even if it had not, I doubt if her family would have been glad when the old scandal of the idiot aunt was resuscitated, even tho it mitigated the more recent scandal. The false accusation had to stand, as it always does, in the gossip people talk about those they do not know.

HOW mischievous and above all how boring are these tales through which stalk faceless fantoms holding masks painted with conventionalized representations of evil instead of men and women! A society is barbarous until its gossips grasp the paradox that the Mrs Jones who lives next door is probably not as interesting a human being as Jack Smith, Lady Gwendolyn Snooks, Mr. Schmidt, or Eleanor Grant, nevertheless they are much more likely to be more interesting when they talk about Mrs. Jones. Only by realizing that have the great gossips, like Madame de Sévigné, become famous.

A REMARKABLE SERIAL BEGINS

On Page 10 you will find the opening chapters of one of the most colorful novels Pictorial Review has ever published. The amazing story of the "duel" between Mary Queen of Scots and Elizabeth Queen of England provides a marvelously vivid and glamourous romance without departing from the facts of history.

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

ANNOUNCING

A NEW HELP IN SOLVING THE HOUSEWIVES' PROBLEMS . .

For sixty years Heinz has been making fine foods—foods of unmatched flavor and goodness, yet priced so reasonable as to be within reach of all. Only the finest of fruits and vegetables and spices go into Heinz products. So there are no substitutes for Heinz foods—all are flavorful—*good*—all kept that way by endless experimentation and development.

Now—as another step forward in this great food enterprise—Heinz announces a new department devoted to helping the housewives of the world in their never-ending problem of the family's daily meals.

This department, called the Home Economics Department of H. J. Heinz Company, is in charge of Miss Josephine Gibson, who will tell women new ways of serving the old familiar dishes, how to make many delightful new dishes, and who will give them complete menus that are not only appealing to the appetite, but healthful and good as well. It is a lecture department, for already each day in the big auditorium at Pittsburgh, Miss Gibson advises thousands of visiting women on their problem of meals; it is a correspondence department because Miss Gibson answers any questions directed to her; and it is a radio broadcasting department. Altogether, this department's purpose is to give a worthwhile service to *all* women in *all* parts of the land. It is a connecting link between the scientific preparation of foods in the great Heinz kitchens, and the planning and preparing of meals in the kitchens of housewives the country over.

She broadcasts each Tuesday and Friday morning at 10:45 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, over WJZ, KDKA and many other important stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company, direct from the Home Economics Model Kitchen of H. J. Heinz Company, in Pittsburgh.

57

©H. J. H. CO '28

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY · PITTSBURGH, PA.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

A color photograph

Just what women have been waiting for

a way to know exactly what GRADE is in the can

GRADE marking has never been done *this way* before. For years you practically have had to guess the grade—hoping your choice would meet your need, but never *knowing*.

You need *never* guess again when buying Canned Hawaiian Pineapple. James D. Dole—who first made Hawaiian Pineapple available to all the world—is first to grade this favorite fruit with simple, easy-to-remember grade numbers.

You know, of course, what Dole means to pineapple. Even if you are unfamiliar with the label around the can, DOLE stamped in the top tells you the fruit inside is the sweetest, most tempting treat Hawaii can send you.

And now you also know how to be sure of getting exactly the grade of pineapple you need—whether it be Sliced, Crushed or Tidbits.

You can thank "Jim" Dole for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple.

Do you know you can now buy pure, unsweetened pineapple juice—packed by DOLE?

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY
Honolulu, HAWAII
Sales Offices: 215 Market Street, San Francisco

Digitized by Google

© 1928 H. P. Co.

Read—*and remember*—these easy definitions
Then buy by number just the grade you want

DOLE 1 . DOLE 2 . DOLE 3

Easy as 1–2–3. Ask your grocer for a can of Hawaiian Pineapple. If Dole is stamped in the top of the can, Dole-grown, Dole-canned fruit is inside. Beneath Dole you'll find a grade number—either 1 or 2 or 3. These grades are fully explained below.

Grade 1

Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Tidbits—Grade 1 slices cut into small uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Grade 2

Also comes in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. Grade 2 syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

Grade 3

Broken slices packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit itself is of good, wholesome quality.

free! A new edition of a famous story, containing 39 tempting, new recipes.

Mail to
HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY
215 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. Dept. F-2

I would like a free copy of your new recipe book "The Kingdom That Grew. Out of a Little Boy's Garden."

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

K I

Continued from Page 17

dancing solo, with a great laugh he sweeps a warm-skinned, supple-waisted baggage out of the cloud of his worshipers—some brainless good-for-nothing—to whirl her giddy to the drunken drums.

The water on her lips isn't tears, it's poison; if she swallows it she'll die. So Quashie will be a murderer. He'll grow pale when they sit him in that electric chair.

Pah! She spits the salt out, wipes her mouth and eyes with a savage wrist, and casts herself down on the bed. Another minute and she's up, standing, listening.

"Who dat out there, tromp around? Reverend, ain't I say good night?"

Silence. She won't open the door. But here it's open, and her head stuck out.

It's Quashie Middleton. There he stands, not shuffling abashed dust now, for he's got corn liquor in him, but spraddle-footed, bullet-headed, arms akimbo.

Well, how about it, no more fiddling and fooling, is Venus coming to the shout?

Because she's shivering she pretends to yawn, covering it with a hand, politely.

"If I gwine to de shout? Well, I do and I don't. Who dat? Look like a woman."

Quashie turns to peer at the indicated shadow, furtive under the third tree up.

"Who dat, you, for hide there? If you Hoke's Sukie, ain't I tell you left me 'lone? Ain't I tell you I can't able for bother 'bout you; you ain't worth? Don't you-mind-um, Venus—dem wench. If you ready for gwine now—"

Venus floats down a step on air. "More better I put on my shoe, ain't it?"

"You dance more better in you bare foot, dey so fat and pretty."

"Mmmm! I ain't say yet if I gwine or don't gwine. Hmmm! I ain't finish read my reading-book yet; more better I finish-um maybe. You-all satisfy for shout and dance; you ain't got education like some folks. Now, suh, de reverend——"

WHO can blame Quashie? The flat of his hand does it. Stars! By and by Venus sits up in the dust, holding her head. With the return of her faculties there comes strength, the strength of a cat, of a tiger. She goes for him, teeth skinned.

But Quashie is too big; he can hold her away while he roars. If his mirth is specious and bitter, she'll not know it while his lungs last. So she actually imagined, did she, that he'd be *seen* in the company of such a splay-footed, long-mouthed, mud-colored—"Ho-ho! I ain't think for true I can make you fool *two* time; I gwine dead for laugh. *Sukie, come-here.* I bound give you a kiss; you sunshine-um all, sweet like wild-bee honey."

There's a giggle from the far tree, but, modestly, no obedience. Quashie has to chase her, for Hoke's Sukie is not that kind of girl. "No-suh! Ow!" When he's caught the panic-striken lady he has to wrestle, prodigiously, in the fire-touched starlight of the street. But then, "Um-yummm!" Loud and sumptuous, what a smack! Sweet like wild-bee honey——

VENUS has never known what hate can be. She daren't stir limb or draw breath now till those two are out of sight around the cabins. As for tears, it doesn't seem that her hot eyes will ever again know the wetness of weeping.

There's the door open for her return into the pitch and airless dark. Never! She wheels and walks swiftly down the cabin-file, fists clenched, lip bitten. Where she's going she has no notion; her only impulse is to get away from the devil-pulsing of those wooden drums. But running is of no use; down the grassy shore beyond the last houses the ocean becomes her mocker, *boom-boom-boom* on the beaches across the marsh. It drives her inland. Scrub-grown sand gives place to a vein of quagmire, blackness invisible in blackness, lips sucking at her naked feet. At another time she'd be in terror of snakes, but she's got a snake in her heart and a snake in her brain now, and that makes a difference.

It's as true as Scripture, it's the light in Gran' Bina's doorway in the gum-thicket that first puts the thought into Venus's head.

"Gran'," she cries, "give me a conjur."

"Bless my Lawd, he little Venus Rannul! Come in, Chile. What fashion conjur?"

But when the wrinkle-eyed, blue-gummed, old "conjur-woman" has studied her client for a moment, sapient in her craft, she nods "Love-conjur, eh; no need tell Gran' Bina dat. Who dis man you want for make sweet for you, Chile?" The crone breaks out in a cackle. "Do, don't go for tell me dis-here am more business 'bout Quashie *Middleton!* Do!"

That finds Venus's tongue. Fury! "I ain't want no love-conjur. De conjur I want, he a *evil* conjur, for *dead*-um. Graff-um and gripe-um and dead-um *dead!*"

"Do!" Gran's face changes. "Dat a heavy thing."

"Harky, Gran'; I gots three dollar I save from de Buryin' Society——"

But the huge, soiled bath-towel turban is shaking. "For dead-um, no-suh; dat too responsible." An uneasy, regretful eye around the firelit walls, hung with stock-in-trade—drying herbs and entrails, bits of rag, furred, scaled, and feathered skins. "Dat Quashie, he too swonguh; dat de *gawd* truth." There's a sudden venom in it, the bitterness of the jealousy of age which can sin no more. "But for *dead*-um – dat too heavy. I can able turn-um into some fashion varmint, might be, same like mule, or wild-cooter, or buzzard."

"Oh, *Gran'!*" Venus is on her feet, and her hair is on its ends. "Oh, Gran', can you able for turn-um into buck-deer for run de dog? Harky, Gran'! To-morrow Sunday, ain't he?"

Well, on almost every Sunday morning, in season, Maussa Harry Calhoun has friends down from Charleston for a deer-drive, hasn't he? Yes, what was it the maussa was saying to Esau Hoke, the old head-beater, this very afternoon? Something about the 'Tween-River Drive, wasn't it, from the head of the marshes clear up to Adams Crossroad?

"Harky, Gran', if you can able make dat swonguh nigger into buck deer, for stand in de 'Tween-River Pine-land, come day-clean in de mornin'——"

IT'S long past midnight, the dance-fires dead, the revelers sealed and snoring in their cabins. Quashie's cabin being on the same side of the street as Venus's, she couldn't see it even if it were nearer; to keep watch of its door-step she has to crouch in the sea-oat cover on the marsh-bank at the top of the yard. It's just as well that the position cramps her limbs a little, for the plague of slumber is contagious.

The conjur-bag, laid between tread and rising of the door-step, is too small to see so far away, but the conjur-bag is all right. What every medicamento the deer-gut envelop holds, that's Gran' Bina's secret; but the glitter in her eyes as she shut the girl out in the thicket before commencing was a warrant of its sufficient power. Now all that remains is for Quashie Middleton once to open his door without suspicion, step out across the thing, and go his way without misgiving—and then—*Ki!*"

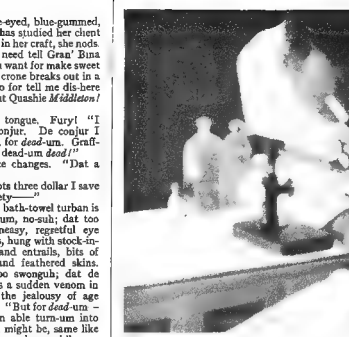
"De biggest, fastest buck-deer in de whole pine-land—" So-ho! Venus savors it in prospect, the turned ear, the nearing hound-notes, the crashing flight, fangs penetrating the red haunches, moan and gore. Sweet! "Gwine wild-bee honey!"

The hour lengthens toward "first fowl-crow." Away across the woods the pack at the big house smells Sunday in the air. Diana, the old "blue-speckle" bitch, speaks to the stars.

IT'S a queer thing; so long as it's dead quiet it's easy to stay awake; it's when the wind begins to blow among the sea-oat tassels that the eyes blink and close.

It is getting on toward "day-clean" when Venus wakes with a start. Already the light of the stars is less than the blue-gray light of the approaching dawn, in which all objects are distorted and magnified. The door of the cabin across the street looks enormous, it's so black, and it's black because it's open. Quashie, then, is up and out.

Venus daren't go, but she's got to see. Upbraiding herself for a shiftless virgin, light as mist she steals across. "Do-*gawd* for de luck!" There on the step, unnoted, where the "swonguh" one's shadow must have passed over it in coming out, lies the deer-gut conjur, its wizard-work done. Swollen with breath, Venus grabs it up and



MEDICAL AUTHORITIES AGREE

"no doctor would use anything but a liquid solvent to cleanse the skin thoroughly."

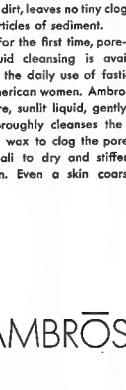
A $25 visit to a skin specialist

If you paid a specialist to examine your skin he would tell you this truth about beauty:

SUPERFICIAL CLEANSING is the cause of most skin defects. To look young it is not enough to remove surface dirt: only when the pores are cleansed to their depths every day does the skin stay fine-textured and smooth.

Medical authorities recognize this. No doctor of standing would use anything but a liquid solvent to cleanse the skin thoroughly. He knows that greasy preparations, while softening for the skin, are not efficient cleansers. Only a liquid penetrates instantly into the pores, dissolves out the deepest dirt, leaves no tiny clogging particles of sediment.

For the first time, pore-deep liquid cleansing is available for the daily use of fastidious American women. Ambrosia, a pure, sunlit liquid, gently and thoroughly cleanses the skin. No wax to clog the pores, no alkali to dry and stiffen the skin. Even a skin coarsened by neglect soon becomes naturally fine with daily pore-deep liquid cleansing. If the skin is dry it will be softened by a smooth facial cream, but only after every particle of soil has been removed by liquid Ambrosia. Correct treatments for each type of skin, endorsed by New York's leading dermatologist, given in the booklet with every Ambrosia bottle. All drug and department stores, $1.00, $1.75, $3.00. Write for generous free sample. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 2-K, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



AMBROSIA

THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER

created by a French chemist . . . named by the Empress Eugenie . . first made only to the private order of notable women . .

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

A "Beauty Shampoo" in 10 Minutes

Leaves Your Hair Lovely and Alluring

Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost, you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing," which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle ..its gloss and lustre.. depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt —hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural... color tones . . . of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

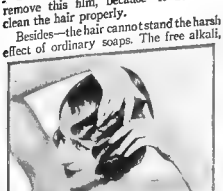
That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world.



To Set or Wave Hair

To set your hair, or put in a finger wave, use a few drops of Glostora.

Apply with your fingers, or add a few drops to a little water in your wash basin and comb it on. You can then press the waves in easily and they will set quickly and stay.

Waving your hair in this truly professional way, does not leave it stiff, sticky, or artificial looking, as ordinary waving fluids do.

FOR DRY HAIR—a few drops of Glostora, brushed through your hair after shampooing, restores the natural oil, leaves your hair easy to manage and gives that added gloss and lustre which is always so charming.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy, lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing every . . . atom of dust, dirt and dandruff.

throws it as far away as she can, into the marsh.

"*Ki!*"

Now she'll sleep no longer in sea-oats; she'll sleep sweet sleep in her own soft bed, and let the "blue-speckle" bitch and her slavering progeny do the rest of it.

Sleep! When you mustn't sleep you must; it's when you may that you can't. Within two minutes she's out again into the eery earliness.

There are sounds behind the third cabin. It's Esau Hoke, saddling his gray for his Sunday duties. He opens his eyes to see the girl at such an hour. She gives him no time.

"Where you gwine to-day, Esau? 'Tween-River? Who-all gwine drive with you?"

"Well-suh, me, and my boy Borrigud, and Mann Jackson, he gwine drive, and den Quashie Middleton— Do, Gal, what-for you holler and crack a laugh same like dat, suh?"

"Huh-huh!" Feverish merriment. "I expect Quashie he gwine put de dog on a fine big buck dis mornin', Esau. Huh-huh! You harky what I tell you, Esau."

"Why-for me harky to a ignorant? Be *gawd* luck if us able for start a *half-nine* buck, dese days, Gal. Since old Rabbit-tail he swum de river and clean out last December month, dey ain't *no* buck left dis side-um big enough for trouble to drive-um. Do, now, Gal, you look like a plat-eye, fashion you stare so white."

It's not at Esau she's staring; it's beyond him, across a gap of stubbled field.

"See-um, Esau?" It's hardly more than a whisper.

Esau turns his head smoothly, hunter-wise; then snorts. "Dem thing!"

"You ain't see-um, de devil-monstrous, big buck-deer, jump in de woods?"

Esau cackles. Three little brown does, that have been in the corn-stubble; three little shows in the brief suffusion of the false-dawn, fading into the greater shadow of the woods beyond the field—that's all Esau has seen.

"You ain't plat-eye, Venus; you *blind* eye. You been gone up too early after Saturday night. Hi—do—fool gal—where to you gwine *now*?"

VENUS is going for the woods. The hair, usually so tight on her head, tugs at her scalp like so many brier-prickles. It's funny you can be so certain-sure of a thing in prospect, in theory; then when you *see it happen* you don't know whether to gloat or pray.

"Do my Lawd!" That's all she can think as she runs through the gum and dogwood bordering the fodder-field. "Do my Lawd!"

In the tree-tops the world stirs toward day, warblers and cardinals and waxwings sounding their first thin notes. Venus hears none of them for the hammering of her heart.

How far has she come? Where is she going? What does she want, anyway?

"Well, I—I—I just only wants to—to—to *see-um*."

It isn't breathlessness, nor is it the punishment of briers on her bare legs, that stops her finally. It's character. Character in forlorn, eleventh-hour revolt. Look here, she's not like these ignorant, superstitious nigger-yard niggers, to swallow any old conjur-woman's talk. Last night, maybe, when she was mad. But now in the cool morning——

"Huh-huh, no-suh. Me, I ain't for believe-um. I gots education. No-*gawd*-body can't *able* for change human into varmint. No-*suh!* Huh-huh! Ha-ha-ha!"

Now that she's calm she recollects that there's a wheel-track a little to the right which she could have used if she'd had her senses. When she steps out into the leafy tunnel of it, the first thing she sees is the trio of does, three dim shapes flipping to cover in the brush beyond. And the second thing she sees is the buck.

He stands in the graying corridor not thirty paces away; stands and studies her.

"De biggest, strongest, fastest big buck-deer in de whole *gawd* pine-land!"

Gabriel Angel of the Trumpet! Education? Reading-book reading? Hmmph!

Venus tries to stammer "Oh-suh, Quashie!" but she can't make a sound.

They're Quashie's eyes and nobody else's, deep mahogany, liquid clear. Why, he's Quashie Middleton all over, sattiny, sinewy, standing audacious, the very carriage of the antlered head "swongub" to break the coldest woman's heart. Venus can almost see the lip curling, fiery disdain, hear the syllables: "Ain't I tell you, Wench? See me here so fine!"

Guilt smites her; panic grabs her. She finds her tongue at last.

"Oh, Quashie, I ain't for *sneeze-um*. Come along quick with me to Grand Bink——"

"*Brummmph!*" A short, contemptuous, wheeling, unhurried. The fleer and flaunt of a white tail A scurrility of chuckling hoofs, swish of leaves, abandonment. "*Brummmph!*"

Venus has been furious once, furious twice, but those furies were pale to this now.

There's a fall of other hoofs on the road. It's Esau, on the gray. He rallies her.

"You ain't catch-um yet, Venus. Where to you haunt-buck done flap away now?"

"In here, Esau!" She flings wild hands at the undergrowth. "Make haste for fetch every *gawd* dog you gots, put-um on de warm scent, for run de devil dead!"

The man rocks on his bigtag saddle. "Hi-yi! you gwine dead *me* for laugh, suh."

The girl makes red eyes and cat-claws at him.

"If you ain't for get de *damnee* naturalist, myself I gwine get-um."

"Hi! Three doe he make one buck, and nigger-gal make a hound for run-um. Ho-ho!"

Other horsemen loom in the tunnel. He hails them on. "I gots a new dog for run with de pack; come see-um, Mann; make haste, Borrigud. You ain't find Quashie yet? Him musts gwine on ahead to big house."

At that there's another mirth than his own, a wild peal of it, coming back out of the greenery into which the girl has fled.

THE dawn reddens, a sheet of flame up the coast. At the big house Mr. Harry Calhoun and his guests are just turning out. There's still plenty of time for another coffee-cup or a thimble of keg-ripened corn against the chill, before filling into the battered woods-Ford that is waiting to carry them in and string them out along the seven-gun "stand" across the head of the peninsula known locally as "'Tween-Rivers." It's a long way around behind Candy Creek, where the drivers must detour to gain the peninsula's end by swimming, and there they are still in sight across the bridge, the white overseer and the negro beaters, high on their horses above the milling dogs. It will be a good half-hour before the drive starts back up the narrow neck of 'Tween-Rivers.

Loafing beneath the moss-hung oaks of the avenue, passing rich Low Country jokes, the gunners would be surprised to know that there's a drive already in full progress.

VENUS RANNUL knows little of woodcraft and deer-ways, being a girl; she has neither the eyes of the eagle nor the nose of the beagle. How does she know then what she's about? Well, she's so mad she doesn't bother her head over that. What do mere senses matter when one is out of them? Or perhaps it's only luck.

Here, then, in long, sharp-angled zigzags, she combs the maze above the Kiffin bend, the thickets of gall-berry and bay and smilax, swamp clearings and cane-brakes, waiting and praying prayers to the devil for the beginnings of the pines.

"Ow-ooooh!" she cries. "Ow-ooooh!"

Ten chances to one her quarry has doubled and gone back; but what will her mind have to do with those ten? No, sir! There's blood in the sky to prove it. "Ow-ooooh!"

There! If the girl's heart weren't leaping already it would leap now. Three feathers flicker in the depths of an alder, going out. The does! The buck? There's triumph and poison in it: "If dem doe-deer here, *dat* buck *hims* here too. Hi, Quashie! Ow-oooh!"

Once, even, she sees him. He stands to his belly in the grass of a clearing, brought to bay by this two-legged pursuit, so impotent yet so persistent that it troubles and intrigues him. Venus halts at the edge. Hold his head as high as he will she'll hold hers higher, if it cracks her neck to do it.

She'll be sarcastic, and see how he likes it. "Excusing, suh, you must be heavy proud to have a lady follow you so much a de woods, huh? Even if he a ugly, skinny, poor nigger-gal, for joke about, huh?" A malignant, museful titter. "Maybe you love better have more *quality* company for make haste after you, suh, same like de-*gal Ki!—like de white folks' hound-pack!*" A

Continued on Page 64

Digitized by Google

THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

85% of America's Leading Hospitals

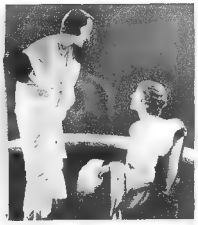
now use the same absorbent of which Kotex is made

Here is medical approval which dictates every woman's choice of sanitary protection . . . it must be hygienically safe, it must be more comfortable than any substitute

KOTEX absorbent has replaced surgical cotton in 85% of America's great hospitals! Surgeons used 2½ million pounds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding last year. That is the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads! Remember that Cellucotton is *not* cotton—it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton but with 5 times the absorbency.

Hospitals depend on Kotex absorbent today.

They realize that comfort is most closely related to health during the use of sanitary protectives. Then is when women must have perfect ease of mind and body. And Kotex assures such ease.



This unusual substance—Kotex absorbent

Cellucotton absorbent wadding was an invention of war times. Its quick, thorough absorbency is almost marvelous. It is made up of layer on layer of the thinnest and softest absorbent tissues . . . each a quick, complete absorbent in itself.

These many air-cooled layers make Kotex not only *safer*, but lighter, *cooler* to wear. They also permit adjustment of the filler according to individual needs.

As one hospital authority puts it: "Kotex absorbent is noticeably free from irritating dust, which means increased hygienic comfort."

To women who still make their own sanitary pads of cheesecloth and cotton, these facts will be of interest. Kotex absorbs (by actual test) five times quicker, five times greater, than an equal amount of surgical cotton. It takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture and distributes that moisture evenly, not all in one concentrated place.

Kotex absorbent is used in hospitals where every precaution known to science surrounds a patient. Hospitals where world-renowned surgeons operate.

Lying-in hospitals use it in enormous quantities, proving conclusively that doctors regard it as hygienically *safe*. What other product offers this assurance?

Since it is so easy to buy Kotex and the price is so low, no woman need consider using anything else. Her choice is made for her by the medical profession. Surely, if they find Kotex absorbent best—even in the most dangerous operations—it cannot fail to be best for constant use.

Why smart women prefer Kotex

It is significant that 9 out of 10 women in smarter circles today use Kotex. They find that it permits a freedom and poise hard to acquire otherwise. That's because Kotex really fits. It is designed, you see, to conform . . . shaped at the corners and tapered.

For perfect daintiness, Kotex deodorizes. This eliminates all possibility of an offense that fastidious women consider inexcusable.

And here is the reason so many women first began to use Kotex: it is easily disposable. That fact alone has helped to change the hygienic habits of millions of women the world over!

Thousands of women first learned about Kotex in hospitals, then discovered they could buy it at their corner drug store! The price of the Regular size is never more than 45 cents.

A few months' trial will convince you that you owe yourself this modern, comfortable, *safe*, sanitary protection. Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours

2 *Safe, secure*... keeps your mind at ease.

3 *Rounded and tapered corners*—for inconspicuous protection.

4 *Deodorizes*... safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

5 *Disposable* completely, instantly.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
At any drug, dry goods or department store, or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Digitized by Google
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Sunkist Orange Juice
for the proper growth of your baby's Body, Bones and Teeth

GREAT medical minds are unstinted in approval of *fresh* Orange Juice as a necessity for the proper growth and development of baby's body, bones and teeth. It is prescribed because the *fresh* juice of Oranges supplies the needed minerals and vitamins A, B and C ("C" is the scurvy preventive on which daily intake is advised since it is not stored in the body).

In no other form can baby get so appetizingly and completely these important elements. In fact, it is pointed out by science that *fresh* Orange Juice *and milk* form an almost perfect combination for a baby's balanced ration. *Oranges cause a greater retention of milk's minerals!*

Where a baby gives an indication of mal-nutrition, such as being listless, fretful, lacking in vitality and under normal weight, *fresh* Sunkist Orange Juice will prove very helpful.

Oranges, or *fresh* Orange Juice, are beneficial in preventing many of the minor ailments of growing childhood. Oranges are almost a daily necessity and should be liberally allowed. Orange Juice, *fresh* Lemonade or pieces of Lemon dipped in sugar are potent correctives of child-types of Acidosis. Children who are given Oranges regularly are less liable to stomach "upsets."

Experts have approved the new edition of the popular booklet "Feeding the Child for Health." It supplies important child facts and includes tables for height, weight and growth measuring; also simple recipes for wholesome and inviting health-building foods.

California Sunkist *Seedless* Navel Oranges are now in market . . . fresh every day. They have the richest juice and finest flavor. Being seedless, they are particularly desirable for children. Look for the trademark "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper. "Sunkist" means uniform quality.

SUNKIST
CALIFORNIA
ORANGE JUICE
Richest Juice - Finest Flavor

© 1930 C.F.G.E.

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Dept. 402, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California.

Please mail me a FREE copy of *Feeding the Child for Health.*

Name _____ Street _____

Sunkist Oranges and Lemons bleed Recipes, size 3½ x 6, 32 in Canada. Choice of nine, elegant or white stock and color. Use back for name and address. If not at your grocer's, send seventy cents in stamps direct to address in coupon.

Continued from Page 62

shriek of laughter. "*Varmint!*" Flinging arms. "*Gwine on, git on!*"

The buck goes, all right. Hardly has he lifted in the first wheeling leap than the cover beyond has swallowed him. And now Venus can surrender to blown weariness and let go. Those woods over there, they're pure pine-woods at last, and when you reach pure pine-woods you're 'Tween-Rivers for certain.

Her knees are gone of a sudden, and she lies down flat in the grass. Long breaths come and go. "Me too ugly, eh? Me a joke for-um, eh? Ho-ho, suh! *Ki!*"

THE sun climbs up the east. Now its ray, topping the trees, comes down on her weary body, golden, sumptuous, and soaking. Venus is so happy. Sweet salty tears wet the grass.

It would be easy to sleep the sleep of bliss now, were it not for the beginning lullaby. With a prickly thrill the girl starts up on her arms to listen. First it's only the clear, high note of the single finder, then it's two, then a chorus, faint down the peninsula, the silvery rolling tongues of the home-breds, the shriller chopped tongues of the "English," and small among them the halloo of beater and the overseer's horn.

Venus jumps up. "De dog, he on-um!" Her lips hang apart and she breathes heavily. Quashie, huh? Wouldn't she love to see that swonguh nigger *now*. Darting this way and that, fear-smitten, that dreadful music loudening on his track—"*Ki!* him sorry *now!*"

What will he do? He came into the trap this way; like as not he'll try to get out by the same path. And will he get out? *Ki!* Over her dead body! She commences to jump up and down, flapping her arms. "Hi-hi-hi-hi! No-suh! Ow-oooh! Ow-oooh!"

In the gloom of the pine-woods yonder, it's like echoes sweeping nearer.

"How-oooh! Ay-ip, ay-ip! How-oooh!" sing the dogs.

"On-um, Diana!" halloo the horsemen.

"On-um, Vic!"

"Hi-hi-hi-hi!" yells Venus in the clearing. "Hi-hi-hi!"

"*Thud!*"

But that's from the *left*, the *other* way. A jar in the air. Venus's hands drop down. "What dat, for bang?" Under the brown of her face a grayness runs.

Whatever the reason for that premature gunshot in the hidden passes of the "stand," a stray, or maybe a snake, it brings Venus up, frozen cold. Incredible, but it's the truth, the dumbhead girl has never once thought of *dat* end of the drive, the ambushed white men and the hard, black guns. Hounds, horses, cracking whips and winding horns—"for run-um, for sweat-um, for graff-um"—yes. But guns! Iron and fire and lead! That's different.

"Oh, d-d-do-*jadus*, what I done done?" Frozen cold. "Oh, but dat heavy responsible; dat *too* responsible." She lifts a wail: "Quashie!"

She gulps. For there he stands.

He stands for an instant at a door of the woods, atremble, dismayed to find escape blocked this way too, a look of reproach in his deep brown eyes to finish the breaking of Venus Rannul's wicked heart.

"No-suh," she moans, "I ain't mean-um such a like. Quashie, make haste, you damfool, quick for run dis way. You ain't think *me* for hurt you, Quashie?"

Gone. Back into the net, uncomprehending. Or—comprehending disdainfully.

"Q-u-a-s-h-i-e ! "

But now she comes to life. Leaping the high grass, she crosses the clearing. She stumbles through a dusk pillared by the trunks of pines. "Q—u—a—s—h—i—e!"

"Ay-ip! How-oooh!" Wide behind her. "On-um, Diana! On-um, girl!" Stentorian.

"Q-u-a-s-h-i-e, gwine dat way! Come dis way, dis way!"

It's wasting breath. Now all she can do is run and run and run.

Branches whip her. A cloud of myrtle-leaves comes out to smother her.

"*Bang!*"

A rod of leaden wind through the leaves. Beneath it, yelling, Venus falls flat down.

"Good Lord alive!" It's the voice of a white man, a hundred feet away. But now there's a second *bang*, farther off, and a third, still farther. Shouts begin to arise.

Venus says to herself: "I's dead." In death a large shape drifts by, above her sight, leaving a swirl of branches. A leaf near her is red with blood.

"Me for bleed *dat* muck?" she wonders. She begins to try to find her wounds. She hasn't a single one. It was fright, not buckshot, that knocked her down. But the blood on the leaf is real enough, and so is the shape, out of the myrtle now, among the pines.

A man implores and imprecates in the opposite distance. "Hey, the dogs! I tell 'im, a whellickin' big buck; yes, here's the blood Bring the dogs and put 'em on it quick."

Venus is out of that thicket, running as she never ran before.

"Oh, Quashie!" Sobbing.

Bright arrows across the branches, across the leaves.

"Oh, Quashie!" Wailing.

Diana, the "blue-speckle" mother, lifts the blood-cry; her brood swells it. No need to falter on this trail; with the hot reek in their cold noses they come all-out.

"Quashie—where is you?"

Here he is Finding no covert where he may lay him down to lit in decent secret, here in the awful publicity of the pine-woods the reaper has brought him low. He lies on his side and his limbs are quiet, but his neck is curved, holding aloft the broad-antlered head. There's no terror of the girl's approach in his eyes, only sadness.

Venus falls on her knees and puts her hands around her throat to keep the sobs back.

"Quashie, sweet man, don't you frighten. Dis ain't but nothin', same like a bad dream. You gwine be all right, suh, fore you gwine wid me quick for see Gran' Bina—"

Her voice has been rising and rising, but now, "Ay-ip! Ay-ip!" the oncoming chorus drowns it out. She whirls, spreading her arms, at bay.

"Diana! Gwine back, suh! Cæsar! Vic! Do-*jadus* for pity. Vic! Good dog! Hark! See me here, I's Venus. Back, devil gun! you, ain't you for hear?"

Blind projectiles of meat and hair, a ravening tide. She's in the weight of the wave, fighting with crazy strength, kicking, clawing, biting like a dog herself. Beyond the bedlam there are other sounds, pounding of hoofs, crack of whips, yells, and raw yelps, as the hounds ease pressure and twist away.

Horses' legs and stirruped feet are around her, but on her knees there above the cloud she can spare them no attention. Quashie and answer wing over her head.

"What does this crazy wench think she's doing? Who is she, Hoke?"

"Him Venus Rannul, suh. Venus, ain't you harky de overseer? H'ist up, Gal, fashion we can have look at dat buck. Do-Lawd, suh, I swear to Gabriel him do look like old Rabbit-tail, come back across de river. Gwine away from dat deer!"

All the despair in Venus's heart comes out screaming.

"Him ain't no deer; him Quashie, and him dead, and me dead-um!"

"Him *who*?"

"Him Quashie Middleton, for true, and me gwine burn in hell-fire, because me done 'suade de conjur-woman throw a conjer on top of him, for turn-um into brock-deer, for de dog drive-um."

A threefold whoop of delight is hooked by the overseer. He has a twinkle in his eye.

"Pretty bad business, Venus. Why'd you do it? Hate him, all of that?"

"Hate-um, for *spared*-suh I ain't never hate-um; I done love-um, suh, love-um till I outside my mind for love-um, only him too swonguh for me, suh, and time I see-um for kiss t'other womans I spang crazy for make-um suffer, and so me 'suade Gran' Bina— Oh-suh——"

THEY'RE all so quiet up there. She heeds her neck to study the high ring of them. The overseer, Esau, Mann Jackson, Boyd, why are they all grinning so, leering beyond her so? Who is it behind and above her that they're all mocking so? She turns to see.

When she sees it's Quashie Middleton up there on his sorrel, his face a scowl for the others' contentment, but his eyes aglitter for his own—when Venus sees this, it's like a woods creature that doesn't have to think to move. Almost between the snorrel's legs she snakes and scuttles and flees.

"*Ki!*" She hears behind her the one most exultant syllable. A swirl of lead. Her feet slip like grease on the pine-needles. But then a voice lifts in authority.

Continued on Page 66

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

"Out West *we are proud of keeping house in modern fashion,*" *pretty young Mrs. H. S. Christensen, San Francisco, confided. "For one thing, our hands mustn't ever, ever say dishpan! I use Lux for washing dishes—and Harry says my hands are just as pretty as on our wedding day!"*

"Southern *girls do take pride in lovely hands," said charming Mrs. Daniel McNiel of Jacksonville. "I just naturally wouldn't trust my hands to ordinary soaps. Using Lux for dishes and other soap and water tasks has kept my hands as dainty as when I was married—and that's 6 years ago."*

"Hands . . .

lovely as on our Wedding Day . .

thanks to Lux in the Dishpan," say these young wives

From the North, *Mrs. Charles S. Salmon, of Chicago, said—"Thanks to Lux in the dishpan, my hands are always smooth and soft—and I've kept house 7 years. Lux is so kind to one's hands."*

In the East, *too! "Lux is so soothing—it's simply marvelous for one's hands," said Mrs. L. V. McMaster, Boston. And indeed her hands are exquisite as when she was a bride, in spite of housework and dishes!*

I HAVE been married more than ten years, and have done all my own work, yet my hands look as nice as they did on my wedding day, thanks to Lux," writes Mrs. L. A. Herbers, St. Louis.

"Old-fashioned soaps do leave the hands reddened and roughened. Wives used to think their hands *had* to look that way. But there's no excuse now for 'dishpan' hands, with Lux so easy to use and so lovely on the hands."

Young Wives Everywhere

Modern young homemakers *themselves* discovered this secret of keeping hands delicately white and smooth—femininely appealing. They first noticed how nice their hands looked after Luxing their fine things . . .

Then began using Lux for dishes, too!

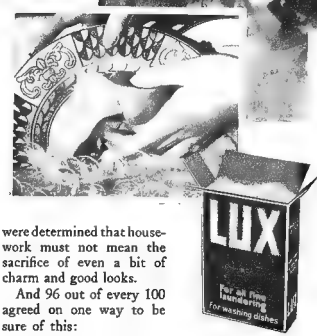
And delightedly found that their hands almost at once showed the difference. Even *one* dishwashing with Lux leaves hands lovelier!

Recently, we asked nearly 2,000 young wives in 11 large cities about hands and housework.

All of these up-to-the-minute young women were determined that housework must not mean the sacrifice of even a bit of charm and good looks.

And 96 out of every 100 agreed on one way to be sure of this:

They are keeping hands as young and dainty as when they were married, *by using Lux.* For dishes and other soap and water tasks about the house!



Then we questioned women who had been keeping house much longer—thousands in representative homes all over the country.

8 out of 10 are using Lux! Universally they say—"We love Lux, because it leaves our hands so smooth and white, so beautifully cared for."

As 305 famous beauty shops put it:

"Lux gives the hands actual *beauty care*—keeps them smooth and white as the hands of leisure."

You, too, can keep your hands as flower-like in beauty, as delicately cared for, as the hands of a carefree bride! At almost no cost!

Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day! A tiny price for lovely hands!

LUX *has helped millions of wives to have hands lovely as a bride's . . . for less than 1¢ a day*

Use Powder

Cleans Teeth as Nothing Else Can

For Cleaner, Whiter Teeth . . . do as your dentist does, when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Science has found nothing to take its place.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere, have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

No Glycerine—No Grit

Being an ALL POWDER dentifrice, Dr. Lyon's contains no glycerine, therefore does not soften the gums. It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Neutralizes Acids

In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than a liquid such as Milk of Magnesia.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

Lasts Longer—Costs Less

Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs . . . only half as much . . . to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

In use over 60 years

Continued from Page 64

"Quashie, damn your black hide, you stop here! Here come the guns; like as not they'll want you to tote this buck back to the big house——"

And a shout: "Ho-ho! Dat Quashie, me bet he gwine tote-um for bust a record."

VENUS runs through the cool perfume of the pine-woods till the pines are behind. She runs vaulting across clearings blown with white, thousand-scented winds. She runs through tangles of laurel, ambrosial, and dark bowers of bay and myrtle, fainting sweet.

"HE!" she pants, and stops to listen.

It's in the traverse of the abandoned rice-field beyond that her ears first catch it, a tattoo of hoofs, faint crescendo on the big house road.

"Hi! Hi!"

The ditches between the ancient rice-squares are too wide for leaping, but direct terror is wings to her feet, and she leaps them, heaven high. There are more woods yet to win through before she'll have so much as a sight of the safety of the nigger-house yard. And then the road from the big house still lies to cut her off.

"De-Lawd, deliver!"

She has only two feet to run with, and a horse has four. How fearfully they louden on the metal of the road.

"If dat ignorant nigger for catch me—do—*jahu! Ki!*"

RENT A HUSBAND

Continued from Page 22

Unhappiness it would have been, but how I wanted it!"

"You knew that then?"

"I was in love with him," said Sara. "What did I care?"

All evening he thought of that as he watched her, gay and amusing and enjoying herself. He knew what every one knew about Sara. That she had a little money, enough for independence, that she played golf for championships, and worked hard at her music, that most of her life was social. Most of it was the sort of thing that was in this room, and among these people wherever they were.

Viola Kay said,

"When's your wife coming back, John?"

They all used first names now. They'd been together too late at night to stick to sur-names.

"On Saturday."

"Do we lose you then?"

"I certainly hope not. I want Marian to know you all. I want you to know her."

"That will be fine," answered Viola, and he knew that she didn't mean it. "We'll have to find you somebody else, Sara. Have to rent you another husband. Let's see. Grant's taking Judy to Florida this week, but he's coming right back. He'll be on the town in a week or two."

They all laughed but John. It wasn't funny to him. He grew sick at the very thought of some other man picking Sara up for parties, being lined up as her escort, having the vague privileges that had been his. It stung as he drove her home, and as he said good night he found it impossible not to kiss her.

"Lightly," she said. "Remember you're a husband," and made his attempt innocuous and unimportant.

"Did it ever occur to you that even husbands have feelings?"

"Often."

"I suppose they all try to kiss you."

"Not all," she said. "Many."

He said with lips that were a trifle dry: "I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Just go ahead," said Sara. "You'll find a lot to do to-morrow."

"You've quite a technique, haven't you?"

"It's considered very good," she agreed.

That night he disliked her. He told himself exactly what Sara and her whole crowd were. Light—always making light of everything. Nothing but words and amusements. He decided to stop making a fool of himself and to spend the last night before Marian came home staying quietly at home. Or perhaps he might drop in at the Wentworths', see some of the old friends.

But when Charlotte Audley called him again about six o'clock he didn't tell her about those plans.

"Can we count on you?" asked Charlotte. "We're going to go back to our house afterward."

"Absolutely," said John. "Shall I pick up Sara or anybody?"

"No. I think she's coming with the Reeds to-night."

At the hockey game Sara gave him that utterly free smile of hers which bore no grudges, asked nothing, promised nothing, and then apparently she forgot him. She sat in the front of the box with Pete Audley and followed every moment of the very exciting game. There was no chance for a word with her.

He had been in the Audley house some four or five times now. Pete had taken him down to show him the way the house organ had been installed. He knew the general plan of the first floor pretty well, and the rooms did not seem so large. When they came back from the hockey game somebody played the organ, and they all sat in the groups and talked and listened.

Charlotte said, "Your wife's coming back, isn't she?"

"Yes, to-morrow morning."

"That's nice. How excited your children must be!"

"They are," he said, and Charlotte added, as they all did, that she wanted to see Marian more often. They were all very polite about Marian. They were so polite that John knew instinctively that it meant she was outside, quite outside.

It was another delightful evening, but to-night he wanted it to break up. He wanted to get Sara alone. All day long, in the intervals of imagining that he didn't intend to see her to-night, he had planned on what he would say to her. He had worked out explanations concerning himself and his theories regarding the relations of people with each other, married or unmarried. He had a dozen speeches ready. And then as it happened he said none of them. For the Rays' car came, and it fell upon him to take the Rays home as well as Sara. There was no possible excuse for delivering the Rays first, no possible way he could go back to Sara's at one o'clock in the morning.

HE HAD forgotten how much Marian talked. All the way home from the station he answered questions. She was, he thought, a little heavier than she had been, and he kept telling her that it really didn't matter about the expense of her trip.

"I've been making a little more money. We're all right."

"Have they raised your salary again?"

"No. This is on the side."

"You mean they gave you another bonus?"

"No. I did a little investing, that's all."

"Gambling on that stock-market!" she asked.

"You make it sound unholy," he said laughing.

"Well, you know it's always unsafe," said Marian. "Don't do that any more, dear."

She asked him more things in the next hour, and gradually a picture seemed to unfold itself before her.

"Didn't you see the Wentworths at all? Or Esther Pine?"

"I just didn't manage it."

She did not say anything more. Not just then. For she was absorbed in greeting the children and looking things over, and it was just before he went back to the office that she suddenly said,

"Did you spend all your time with that fast set? That Audley crowd?"

"Don't be silly, Marian," he answered. "They're not fast. They were very nice to me. I want you to get to know them. They're charming people."

Marian looked at him a little queerly, and John changed the subject.

"Tell me about Fred. So he's got a new car, has he? And the wedding came off all right, did it?" he asked.

They were restless days for John, the most restless days he had ever known. Yet never had they appeared to be more commonplace. In all their length there was not

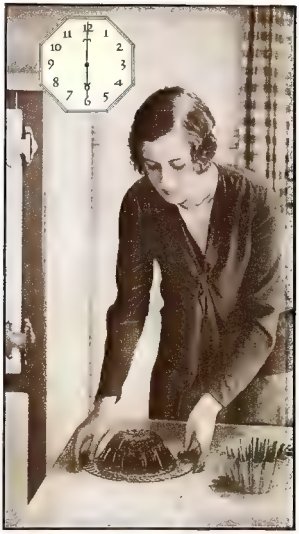
Continued on Page 72

Digitized by Google
Origina from
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Here's that new Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin . . .

You make it in 3 minutes—serve it in an hour—It's an utterly new type of gelatin dessert—smoother and far more delicious

Dissolve in boiling water, add ice water. Put in ice box



At dessert time it's ready . . . tempting and colorful

AT LAST a way has been discovered to make gelatin desserts jell faster. It's a secret process invented by the makers of Royal Gelatin Dessert.

You know how long ordinary gelatin takes to set . . . three or four hours. Even then it sometimes fails to jell.

This new Royal Gelatin Dessert cuts the time in half. And with modern electric refrigeration it sets in about an hour . . . or in some cases in less than an hour.

What a convenience! You prepare it in three minutes . . . along with the rest of the meal. Then into your ice box it goes.

At dessert time it's ready to serve—firm, yet tender . . . smooth and quivery . . . sparkling with color.

When you taste it, you notice a difference in flavor, too. Huge red raspberries . . . scarlet strawberries, ruby red cherries—that's what you taste in Royal Gelatin Dessert. The rich juiciness of orange, the sharp tang of lemon.

The flavors are always fresh—because Royal Gelatin Dessert is always fresh on your grocer's shelf. It is delivered to stores regularly in small quantities by the nation-wide delivery system of Standard Brands, Inc.

Doctors, you know, recommend gelatin both for its nutritive value and its easy digestibility. It's especially good for children . . . And how they love it! Let them eat it to their hearts' content.

Serve this new dessert for dinner tonight. Be sure to ask your grocer for Royal—in the red box. For that's the new quick setting kind!

Five delicious flavors to choose from: Raspberry, Strawberry, Cherry, Orange, and Lemon.

You can make a variety of luscious, colorful desserts with Royal. Plain or fancy, garnished with whipped cream, fruits or nuts.

Strawberry Fruit Mould: Dissolve 1 package Royal Strawberry Gelatin Dessert in one cup boiling water; add 1 cup cold water. When it just begins to thicken, pour small amount in pint mould. Slice 2 or 3 halves of canned pears, and seed and cut in half ½ cup white grapes. When gelatin has set, arrange pieces of fruit as desired, to form design. Add more gelatin to cover fruit, chill until firm. Mix remaining fruit and gelatin, pour into mould. Chill until firm. Turn out and garnish with canned fruit and whipped cream.

ROYAL *Quick Setting* **Gelatin Dessert**

Go gle
THE UNIVERSITY

Many a good old standby needs only a touch of variety to make it a brand new dish ~

"WHAT'S this—something new?"

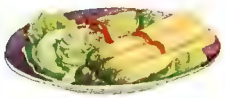
"Why, no—it's your favorite omelet, but I dressed it up with asparagus."

"M-m—tastes better than ever!"

Of course it does. You've taken a "standby" that you knew would please the family, then lifted it out of the commonplace by giving it a touch of variety.

With California Canned Asparagus, it's easy, because this delicious food always provides the distinctive flavor and delicacy that makes any dish twice as tempting and flavor-full.

What is your favorite salad—hearts of lettuce with French



dressing? How much more appetizing it would be with a few succulent spears of asparagus.

Perhaps your family is fond of chicken a la king—just try it garnished with asparagus tips.

For a quick luncheon, do you ever serve cold ham and potato salad? Asparagus on the same plate provides new variety—and what a delightful flavor! Besides, if you save the liquid in the can, you can use it in a delicious asparagus soup for dinner. That's real economy for you!

CALIFORNIA CANNED

Asparagus

The World's Most Popular Salad and Vegetable Delicacy

No matter what the occasion may be,—simple meal or formal dinner,—there's always an opportunity to take advantage of the delicacy that asparagus offers. Have you read our recipe book "Asparagus for Delicacy and Variety"? It suggests dozens of interesting ways to serve this aristocrat of vegetables. If you'll just sign and mail the coupon

printed below,—we'll send you a copy free.

Another good thing about canned asparagus—you don't lose time with advance soaking and steaming. It is ready to serve without trimming or waste.

And you can eat all the asparagus you want, even if you are on a diet, for asparagus is never fattening.

You'll find it worth while to keep a few cans handy. It is delicious by itself as a salad or hot vegetable. And when you are planning meals and have in mind serving one of the old standbys, remember you can give it variety and freshness,—in fact, make it a brand-new dish,—if you will simply add California Canned Asparagus.

Canners League of California – Asparagus Section,
Dept. 462, 800 Adam Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Please send me, free of charge, your recipe book "Asparagus for Delicacy and Variety."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

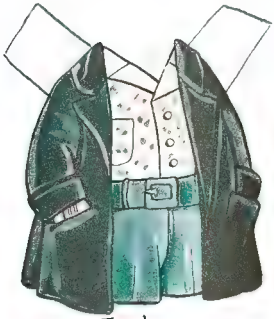
State _____

Google
THE OHIO STATE

DOLLY DINGLE'S TWIN COUSINS

By Grace G. Drayton

JOCK.

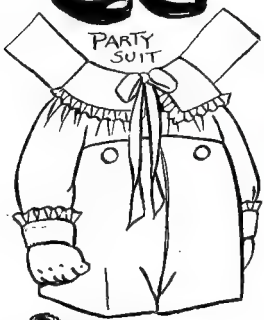


JOCK'S SUIT

JOAN'S SUIT.

G. DRAYTON ©

JOAN



PARTY SUIT

JOCK'S CAP

JOAN'S CAP

PARTY DRESS

Conducted by MARION LAMBERT

JUST AMONG OURSELVES

WE START this month with a letter which is brimful of common sense, humor, and adaptability. I don't believe Roberta's husband will ever "stray." He'll be too well entertained at home.

Dear Marion Lambert: In regard to the recent question concerning waves and trimness at home versus the waves and trimness of the "always" attractive secretary: If my husband had a secretary (which I am at present, sometimes working eight hours a day in the office, which is in our house, sometimes only two) the competition in waves and smiles would go to her. Her day is scheduled, and the few interruptions that do come are not directly thrust upon her emotions.

Does she ever glance out to see an adored child take a dive off the fence and put in a hurry-call for the doctor; have a book-agent arrive as she is about to get into her bath; cancel the engagement for her wave because the girl who takes care of the children has forgotten to come? A permanent lasts only so long, straight hair is not becoming, and my civil engineer of a husband is in and out of the house at all hours of the day. What shall I do to be always charming to the eye and ear?

As secretary and housekeeper, mother and companion, I think—but do not make it a law of the Medes and Persians—that if a man wants an excuse so easy as the old-time secretary-propinquity one to stray, you may as well let him wander. Have you ever noticed that the masculine eye is a roving one, even when accompanied by the reigning belle?..

Poor Dumb Dora: Don't you think that too many people enter marriage with their ideals so woven about the object of their affection that, when the objects finally emerge as they really are, either one or the other tries to make over in a few years what it has taken about twenty-five years to mold? If, as some say, our habits and tendencies are formed before seven, and the later years only strengthen them, pity the poor husband or wife who tries the revamping process. Probably we all have qualities that irritate our mates.

Do not try to manage your man, Dora. Ignore his little ways calmly and politely, and mingle for a few hours each day, if possible, with some friends of your own temperament. It sounds as if you had spent many restless and worried times over this difficulty. There are many such men. Some have been changed, but very slowly. Notice the small things, and if only two changes a year to better habits occur, there is some hope. Roberta.

My Dear Marion Lambert: Do you ever hear from women who have refrained from getting a divorce? An old-fashioned coward, my friends call me. I have lost more friends by remaining married than I can ever gain by having done what I consider my duty. For the people about me feel I am a little contaminated—and I am—but out of that contamination I believe I am dragging myself, my sons, and my husband up to a little cleaner and safer plane. It is all such a dubious experiment these days, this clinging to the marriage-vows, with every one scornful of you and urging you to divorce.

And my two excuses are these: First, the great love my husband and boys have for one another. I have felt it wrong to poison my sons' minds against their father, as I so easily could have done, for he has many saving qualities. On the other hand I have tried to teach them that misbehavior brings grief to otherwise happy homes; that home is a unit, and loyalty to one's own the backbone of a gentleman.

In the last year their father has pondered the fact that he has betrayed the trust of his sons. He has grown a little deeper, a little steadier. I pray God some day we may be able to depend on him. In the meantime I am heartbrokenly conspicuous—so many women have just emerged fresh from his kisses. They do not consider themselves contaminated. And I am not at all sure that men ever change.

My other reason is the memory of the gracious refuge my home was to me when I was a little girl. I love my boys too truly to deprive them of the home life they treasure, as only modern children can as they watch one home after another of their little friends break up and new fathers step in. In an unbroken home the children are adored; in a another is adored—for a while anyway.

children become awkward appendages to an otherwise footloose freedom. It seems that somebody has to suffer. Who shall it be?

I chose to cling to the unit, shaking off wayswardness myself and telling my children that they might depend on me. It puts me in a ticklish situation, socially. No more of the old gay life ever again. I am becoming a perfect stick to the exacting group, for "wholesome amusements" are my diversion now. We are all "little boys" together—even daddy.

A few years ago, when I wanted so badly to get a divorce and marry the only man I have ever loved, I can say truly that my husband and I sincerely hated each other. In that mad jumble I somehow didn't want my children to have the stigma of divorce attached to them. I tore my heart out by the roots and sent the man I loved away. I will always love the roots and sent the man I loved away. I will always love him deep in my heart. He is a fine man, but he also was indifferent to my children.

Then a miracle happened to my husband and myself! We have learned to look deep in each other's eyes. He knows I fought my desires until it broke my health. He knows he and the children can depend on me. We do not hate each other now. An affection has sprung up—we are not sore and bitter any longer. I can depending on him. I lay my hand in his with a little of the confidence I felt when I first married him, an innocent little girl wedded to a man of the world. He is finer.

I've acted the martyr in these jolly modern times, hung my head with chagrin. Do you suppose my children will gain or lose from our battered companionship? Battered.

I think your children will gain, dear Battered, as your husband and even you yourself have gained. To have made under such conditions a home of happy memories for your children is an almost incredibly difficult and courageous thing. It is easy to find excuses for the woman who abandons a wrecked home, but she who builds a new and enduring structure on the old ruins compels the admiration and respect which, deep in our hearts, we all give to unflinching fortitude and stability of character.

I have expressed *my* opinion. What do you, my readers, think Battered should have done?

Dear Marion Lambert: When I was three years old my mother passed away and my father gave me into my grandparents' care. They lived in a large city among wonderful people. They gave me violin-lessons and dancing-lessons, a course in dramatics, and now I'm in my third year in high school.

But last year I was sent to live with an aunt in a very small town. I just can't seem to get used to this place. I hate it. The people are so uneducated and there is so much smallness about everything.

I can play the violin well, but I can't have lessons here. I'm sure if I stay in this little hole much longer it will crush the very ambition out of me.

How can I get my chance? Even school holds no interest for me here. The country may be very soul-uplifting and inspiring to some, but I fail to see it. Etc.

I know just how lonely you must feel in the country after your life in a large city, but I am going to tell you something about yourself, which is that you seem to me rather narrow-minded for a girl who has had the contacts you have. You come into the country and fret and repine because it isn't like the city, instead of looking for the good things that are there.

No, I do not expect you to be perfectly happy in the country, nor to want to live there all your life. After a while, I am sure, you will go out into the world and do fine and beautiful things for yourself, but just now wouldn't it be a good plan to apply yourself to getting all the education you can so that you will be able to do something for yourself a little later on?

As a matter of fact there are people in that little town who can teach you a good deal if you are in a frame of mind to let them. It isn't possible that one seventeen-year-old girl should have more wisdom, more judgment, and more understanding than the entire community. Somewhere among those people there are fine souls which you have not found.

I myself spent all the years of my girlhood in a country town. Sometimes I felt about it very much as you seem to, yet now when I go back there I meet so many wonderful people. They were there all the time, but I did not have sense enough to appreciate them.

Dear Marion Lambert: I'm writing a letter for Daisy to read to her husband, who insists on doing the marketing!

I am a housekeeper, also a cooking-teacher, and I love to deal with housewives of ages from twenty to fifty years. I want to say that no woman can possibly run the home unless she has a certain amount of money to do it with. When she gets this money she can plan according to her budget. It may take her several weeks, but after that she will really enjoy it.

A man may know the cuts of meat, but wine out of ten do not know what delicious dishes can be made from the cheaper pieces. I don't think men know why one baking powder is better than another; consequently they buy the higher priced one, and good material is wasted with it.

There are cooking-fats just as good as butter, and many people can not tell, in cakes and pies, the difference between these fats and butter. No man who has an indoorsy job of his own has time to look into the problem of cooking. He doesn't do the cooking. A woman has her job to do, which is the home. Why not let her run it? I'm sure it will be run smoother if she knows exactly what she can do. Etc.

If an architect can a-man, say a banker, pick out lumber for the man who wants to build a house? Mirma.

So very many of you have asked me for a definite household budget. I have found a place where you can get, free of charge, a plan for budgeting incomes of various amounts and a book ruled ready for a year's accounts. You can have the address of this place if you will send me a stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Do you ever have a problem or a trouble which you long to talk over with some one who will listen, understand, and never tell? Marion Lambert is that some one. Have you gained from life some bit of experience or wisdom which you would be glad to pass on to those who need it? Send it to Marion Lambert. It will be used to help those who will deeply appreciate it.

This page is for all our readers. We want you to use it. Every letter is considered confidential. The writer's real name is never printed.

If you need immediate advice enclose a stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address Marion Lambert, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Heed this Plain Warning!

Antiseptics and Drugs in Toothpastes have no Magic Power to Cure, says Well-Known Health Magazine. Function of Dentifrice is to CLEAN.

A Dental Authority says:

"The only function of a dentifrice is to aid in the mechanical cleansing of the teeth without injury to them. Of itself it has no chemical or magic powers to clean or to maintain health . . . the antiseptics and drugs incorporated in many dentifrices are valueless, neither curing nor preventing disease."

From an article in "Hygeia"—the health magazine of the American Medical Association.

IF you are using a toothpaste in the vain hope that it will *correct* or *cure* some disorder of teeth or gums, you must heed this plain warning!

Thousands of people are harming their teeth by believing that a dentifrice can *cure*—and neglecting to go to the dentist for the proper scientific treatment which he alone can give to teeth and gums.

No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea. No dentifrice can permanently correct acid conditions of the mouth. No dentifrice can firm the gums. Any claim that any dentifrice can do these things is misleading, say high dental authorities. A dentifrice is a *cleansing* agent—like soap—and should be made and sold and used with the *one* object of cleaning the teeth.

This is a tremendously important object in itself. Everyone wants clean, sparkling teeth. Everyone knows that cleanliness of teeth and mouth is vital to complete health.

Why not, therefore, accept this sane and common-sense attitude toward toothpastes? Dentists are all urging it. Stop looking for a dentifrice which will *cure*. Begin seeking the one which will *clean* your teeth best.

Because it does this one thing superlatively well, Colgate's has become the world's largest-selling toothpaste. Millions of people use it, and for 26 years have kept right on using it, because they have found it cleans better.

The reason for this is simple. Colgate's contains the greatest cleansing agent known to man, in a special, mild, effective form. This cleanser, when brushed, breaks into a sparkling, active foam. Careful scientific tests have proved that this foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to *penetrate** deep down into the thousands of tiny pits and fissures of the teeth where ordinary sluggish toothpastes cannot reach. There, it softens the imbedded food particles and mucin, dislodging them and washing them away in a foaming, detergent wave.

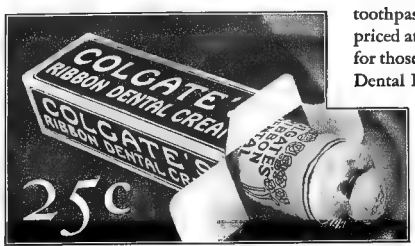
Thus Colgate's cleans your teeth thoroughly, safely. You have not fooled yourself with "cures."

The 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter. Also in powder form for those who prefer it—ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

**Why Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start*

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where the causes of decay lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



Colgate, Dept. M-578, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, N. Y. C.

Please send me the booklet, "How to keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy" and a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream, free.

Name_____

Address_____

Continued from Page 66

an unexpected moment. Once or twice he tried to revive that conviction he had been cherishing that he and Marian were going to do more interesting things, going to lift their life out of its rut of safe monotony and steady concentration on two small children.

He insisted on taking her to the club for dinner, where they ate without event and came home again. He tried a concert with her, and Marian said that she thought it was lovely. But she yawned a good deal. In return he went to a lecture at her club, on the Chinese problem, and yawned himself. And then one day Charlotte Audley asked them to dinner.

"Both Waynes?" asked Viola Ray when she heard who was coming. "Is that for any reason?"

"I thought I should," said Charlotte, "and Pete does too. He thinks John is great. Says he has a real future in the grain trade. Maybe she's not so bad. Sara says maybe she has concealed virtues."

"I thought those were the things you ought to conceal, if you're modest."

"And then," said Charlotte, "the Sloanes couldn't come. And there wasn't any one else I particularly wanted, and I was all fixed for twenty-four. Pete's got pheasants and hates to have them wasted. A dinner that costs two hundred dollars to use up some free birds. Therefore, both Waynes."

"I hope she has a good appetite," said Viola; "she looks it."

"Oh, let's give her a good time."

THAT was what they tried to do. John had done his part. He had insisted on a new dress and don't known what was wrong with the back of it. Marian's flesh seemed so pink against all that fluffy black. He told her that she looked wonderful, none the less, and promised that she'd enjoy herself.

It was not his fault, nor Charlotte's, nor the fault of kindly Peter Audley, who had her on his right hand, nor the fault of Sara Stephens, who had been very cordial, that Marian wept when she got home. Wept in a breakdown of anger, in a frontal attack on the whole thing.

"I don't like those people," she cried. "They're frivolous. They're brainless. They're snobbish. I don't see what you see in them."

"Oh, don't be absurd. They're extremely intelligent. I thought everybody was especially nice to you. They made a point of it."

"Yes," said Marian, "of course they did. They quite condescended to me. They were nice to me because of you. You weren't like yourself at all, either. That flip talk of yours. Making a toast to that Mrs. Brill. Where's her husband, anyway? That's what I'd like to know. Such talk from the father of a family!"

"I don't see what that has to do with it. I didn't offer any cruelty to the children."

"You know what I mean," she said, and wept again.

He did know what she meant. He had known all evening how hopeless it was, how miscast she was. She couldn't do it now. It was mental agility as well as information, ease as well as beauty, that she lacked. He had seen her try to talk to Peter Audley, seen her little hostility rise with Mrs. Brill's indifference, seen her attempts at sins and graces. He knew that she recognized her failure, and that was why she wept.

"If you want to go with people like that," she threatened, "you'll have to go alone. I don't care how rich they are. I don't like them. Look at the way that Stephens girl acts with married men. I suppose she's been carrying on with you all the time I was gone. I saw you look at her."

"You'd better go to bed. You're going to have hysterics," he said coldly.

SO SHE had then. But even as he soothed her and flattered her and put cold cloths on her head, his resentment brooded, mixed with an aching pity, for himself, for Marian, for an isolation that he could feel shutting them in and yet not together.

For days her sullenness brooded, and then slowly lifted as if the duties of the household and the laughter of the children had broken through it. The fiasco at the Audley's faded in Marian's mind, and John, with grim amusement, heard her even boast a little of that party. He himself was careful not to disturb the surface of things.

But underneath his husbandly, fatherly equanimity the restlessness rushed on. He found a few outlets for it. Later games at the club, higher stakes, a few more flirts in the market. Money and friends seemed to come easily enough. But there was so little he could do with them. And sometimes, hearing of Sara and remembering that bright hallway and her swift, clear voice, he found himself preyed upon by strange ideas and preposterous impulses. He drove them away.

Only once, at Christmas time, when the children were overstocked with gratified wishes and he had bought Marian the mink coat she coveted, he allowed himself one more holiday indulgence. He went into a florist's and bought all the flowers that seemed most beautiful and had them sent, with his card, to Sara. It had been a kind of defiance and he had been ready for any consequences. But there happened to be none.

IT WAS just luck that he happened to be at the club on the evening of the Twelfth Night party. Never having attended it, he didn't know it was going on. Marian had a headache and the cook was out, so she had suggested that he get dinner down-town. He had eaten at the club and picked up a game of bridge in the card-room. About nine o'clock he heard the music.

"What's on?" he asked somebody.

"The Twelfth Night party. Big night."

John went on playing without comment. He was thinking that he had heard them speak of that party at the Audleys'. It was an annual one and rather a favorite. If he went to the door of the lounge where the dancing was going on, he might see about any one. He played with the thought, threw it away, picked it up again, and cut out of the game at the first opportunity. After all, why shouldn't he go if he wanted to? Of course he wasn't dressed for it, but he wouldn't be dancing. He'd just be looking on for a few minutes and then he'd go home.

He'd reckoned without his friends. Ted Ray saw him, Joe Warren hailed him, and Charlotte insisted that he join them.

"We've been simply yearning for you, John."

He felt as if he'd come back and was delightfully welcome. The restraint that had come over him when he'd seen them had was gone. No one mentioned Marian after his explanation that she had a headache and he'd been having supper at the club alone.

"Who cares whether you're dressed or not? Make it a costume party."

And Sara looked at him as if he'd been there all along, and smiled.

"Who's taking you home?" he asked. "Whose husband have you got to-night?"

"Your wife's," she said.

"Let's go early."

"Oh, let's enjoy ourselves," said Ted, "in the dancing method."

"You don't know how I've missed you," he said as he danced with her.

"I've done a little missing myself," said Sara, "and your flowers were glorious. Send me more, at long intervals."

BUT much later on, in that bright hallway, which almost hurt him to-night, she was different. She flung back her coat, and they sat down on the old-fashioned couple settee, and he lit her a cigaret.

"I think you do care—a little," he said.

"And so do you a little."

"Only that? You don't know, my child."

"Oh, yes, I do. Enough for discomfort—for restlessness—oh, my dear, I don't discount them. They're my familiars. But they don't run me. I run them. I run them ragged. You ought to take a page out of my book."

"I wish you'd be serious."

"I won't. There are times when seriousness is vice." And suddenly she turned to him, her voice swept by feeling. "What on earth could we do with seriousness? Where could we go with it? Don't you understand that it's only by not being serious that we get anything at all. I can rest you, my dear, for an evening, for your wife's vacation, but I can't own you. That's pretty hard while a man's wife lives and cares for him and he cares for her. Oh, yes, you do. You married her while you were young and you're all woven into each other. What if you are a little tired and eaten by routine-ness? If you really fell in love with me you'd be eaten by remorse. And remorse has a much larger appetite."

"But I can't give you up," he said. "I can't get you out of my mind!"

Continued on Page 74

"If a garment will stand plain water alone you can wash it with absolute safety in LUX. If it won't wash in LUX, it won't wash at all."

LUX

"Why that's the strongest statement ever made about a soap."

"Yet it's absolutely true!"

Digitized by Google

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

From Washer to Ironer in 10 Seconds

A *speed* washer and ironer now combined

in one beautiful Thor machine

at a price formerly asked for a good washer alone

HERE, madam, is the very latest development in home laundry equipment—the famous Thor agitator washer—the wringer interchangeable with the speedy Thor rotary iron. A *complete* laundry service combined in one handsome compact machine!

It is so practical—so easy to convert from washer to ironer—so simple to operate—so speedy in both washing and ironing—that every woman who sees it wonders why someone didn't think of it before.

Thor designers and engineers have worked on this marvelous invention for years. Like all Thor products it was given every possible practical test—restudied and redesigned to the point of perfection—before it was offered to the public. Today, it is being used in over 250,000 homes. It has made thousands of old-type, slow machines completely out-of-date.

$149.25
COMPLETE
Small down payment and easy terms offered by most Thor dealers. *(Price is slightly higher West of Rockies.)*

Think what this means! It means that now you can finish both the washing and ironing in far less time than it formerly required to do the ironing alone. You save at least 6 hours a week. Further, it means complete relief from the leg-aches and backaches hand-ironing has always caused. It means speed and ease in one of the hardest, most tedious household tasks.

Note the illustrations. Did you ever see a trimmer, neater looking washer? The tub is glistening porcelain enamel, in a delicate green-rippled finish. The mechanism is remarkably simple and sturdy—*all Thor washers are famous for that!* And the price is less than you were formerly asked for a good washer alone.

Now being demonstrated by Thor dealers

If you now own an old-style washer—or if you are having your laundry work done for you—call on any Thor dealer. See this new combination washer and ironer and witness a demonstration. Its simplicity, its speed, its ease of operation, will be a revelation to you. Literature and a nearby Thor dealer's name will gladly be sent on request. Use the coupon, please! Hurley Machine Company, 22nd St. and 54th Ave., Chicago. Manufactured in Canada by Thor Canadian Company, Limited, Toronto.

Thor products are distributed in Asia, Africa and South America by International General Electric Company and in Great Britain through Edison Swan Electric Company, Limited, with 22 branch offices.

HURLEY MACHINE CO.,
D-7, 22nd St. and 54th Ave., Chicago

Please send me illustrated literature describing the new Thor Washing and Ironing Machine and name of nearby Thor dealer.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Thor

Thor Washer illustrated, $99.75. Detachable Speed Iron to fit your Washer, $49.50

THE WORLD'S FIRST ELECTRIC WASHER WAS A THOR—THE LATEST IS A THOR

"I prefer new wonderful Mello-glo Face Powder because it stays on longer and prevents large pores", says Dorothy Flood, beautiful Ziegfeld star. 10 Maple St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Mello-glo Face Powder bestows a natural bloom and spreads more smoothly", says attractive Gertrude Dahl, 353 W. 57th St., N.Y.C., featured in popular "Whoopee".

"No more shiny nose with new French-process Mello-glo Face Powder", says the lovely actress, Lola de Lille, 333 E. 43rd St., N. Y. City. "It keeps satin shine away". © 1929, M.-G. Co.

New Wonderful Face Powder Captivates Beautiful Women

MELLO-GLO stays on longer — Will not enlarge the pores — No pasty or flaky look — Does not irritate the skin — Made by a new French process — Famous for its purity.

Beautiful women everywhere proclaim the marvelous difference in MELLO-GLO Face Powder. Its colors pass the United States Government's rigid test. It is sifted and sifted through a fine silk mesh—mixed and remixed to give perfect uniformity. The special shade blends with your complexion and reproduces the tint of youth.

Less powdering—a smoother finish—and a natural looking complexion—with MELLO-GLO Face Powder. Do not let your pores grow large or your skin rough and aged. Use MELLO-GLO and look younger!

No face powder was ever made like it—only MELLO-GLO has the secret formula and this new process. There are no substitutes. Get MELLO-GLO and keep your complexion young. MELLO-GLO is a square box of loveliness for one dollar; at any [illegible] counter.

Continued from Page 72

Sara stood up. The cigaret had burned to nothing and she had not smoked it. She crushed the ash of it.

"Why try?"-she asked. "Why will men never learn to take life as it is? Women do. They know they have to."

For a while they were silent, and at last he spoke, with a different tone, something like acceptance.

"Can I see you sometimes?"

"When you're really for rent," she said, "not when you're otherwise occupied—or should be. Once in a while, why not? Men do see women without harm. There are a good many relationships in the world which are not to be sneezed at. Come into the living-room. I'll play you a sonata and get you a drink and then—at length—you'll go home."

Marian heard him come in. He was late—much later than a bridge game would have kept him. He probably had met some of that dancing crowd at the Twelfth Night party. Still, that was why she had suggested his going to the club, tho she hadn't told him. If he liked that kind of thing, she didn't want to stand in his way, not always. Even if she didn't like it herself and couldn't do it well. He's probably seen that Stephens girl. He was humming something under his breath. He's been hearing music, thought Marian jealously. He's happier than he's been in weeks. He's seen her.

She heard him pause at the door of her room and lay very still, with her eyes closed. He came over and bent to kiss her lightly and affectionately, and she did not move. After all, she thought in comfort, he's mine. He belongs to me.

THE BLUE GERANIUM

Continued from Page 9

the nurse went off from two to four, but 'to oblige,' as the phrase goes, she would sometimes take her time off after tea if George wanted to be free for the afternoon. On this occasion, she mentioned that she was going to see a sister at Golders Green and might be a little late returning. George's face fell, for he had arranged to play a round of golf. Nurse Copling, however, reassured him.

"'We'll neither of us be missed, Mr. Pritchard.' A twinkle came into her eye. 'Mrs. Pritchard's going to have more exciting company than ours.'

"'Who's that?'

"'Wait a minute.' Nurse Copling's eyes twinkled more than ever. 'Let me get it right. *Zarida, psychic reader of the future.*'

"'Oh, Heavens!' groaned George. 'That's a new one, isn't it?'

"'Quite new. I believe my predecessor, Nurse Carstairs, sent her along. Mrs. Pritchard hasn't seen her yet. She made me write fixing an appointment for this afternoon.'

"'Well, at any rate, I shall get my golf,' said George, and he went off with the kindliest feelings toward Zarida, the reader of the future.

"ON HIS return to the house he found Mrs. Pritchard in a state of great agitation. She was, as usual, lying on her invalid couch, and she had a bottle of smelling salts in her hand, which she sniffed at frequent intervals.

"'George,' she exclaimed, 'What did I tell you about this house? The moment I came into it I *felt* there was something wrong! Didn't I warn you so at the time?'

"Repressing his desire to reply, 'You always do,' George said, 'No, can't say I remember it.'

"'You never do remember anything that has to do with me. Men are all extraordinarily callous, but I really believe that women are even more insensitive than most.'

"'Oh, come now, Mary dear; that's not fair.'

"'Well, as I was telling you, this woman *knew* at once! She—she actually blenched—if you know what I mean—as she came in at that door, and she said, "There is evil here—evil and danger. I feel it."'

"Very unwisely, George laughed.

"'Well, you have had your money's worth this afternoon.'

"His wife closed her eyes and took a long sniff from her smelling-bottle.

"'How you love me! You would jeer and laugh if I were dying.'

"George protested, and after a minute or two she went on.

"'You may laugh, but I shall tell you the whole thing. This house is definitely dangerous to me—the woman said so.'

"George's formerly kind feeling toward Zarida underwent a change. He knew his wife perfectly capable of insisting on moving to a new house if the caprice got hold of her.

"'What else did she say?' he asked.

"She couldn't tell me very much. She was so upset. One thing she did say. I had some violets in a glass. She pointed at them and cried out:

"'Take those away. Blue flowers—never have blue flowers. *Blue flowers are fatal to you. Remember that.*'

"'And you know,' added Mrs. Pritchard, 'I always have told you that blue as a color is repellent to me. I feel a natural, instinctive sort of warning against it.'

"George was much too wise to remark that he had never heard her say so before. Instead he asked what the mysterious Zarida was like. Mrs. Pritchard entered with gusto upon a description.

"'Black hair in coiled knobs over her ears; her eyes were half closed—great black rims round them—she had a black veil over her mouth and chin. She spoke in a kind of singing voice with a marked foreign accent —Spanish, I think——'

"'In fact all the usual stock in trade,' said George cheerfully.

"His wife immediately closed her eyes.

"'I feel extremely ill,' she said. 'Ring for the nurse. Unkindness upsets me, as you know only too well.'

"It was two days later that Nurse Copling came to George with a grave face.

"'Will you come to Mrs. Pritchard, please? She has had a letter which upsets her greatly.'

"He found his wife with the letter in her hand. She held it out to him.

"'Read it,' she said.

"George read it. It was on heavily scented paper, and the writing was big and black.

"*'I have seen the future. Be warned before it is too late. Beware of the full moon. The blue primrose means warning, the blue hollyhock means danger, the blue geranium means death——'*

"JUST about to burst out laughing, George caught Nurse Copling's eye. She made a quick warning gesture. He said rather awkwardly:

"'The woman's probably trying to frighten you, Mary. Anyway there aren't such things as blue primroses and blue geraniums.'

"But Mrs. Pritchard began to cry and say her days were numbered. Nurse Copling came out with George upon the landing.

"'Of all the silly tomfoolery,' he burst out.

"'I suppose it is.'

"Something in the nurse's tone struck him, and he stared at her in amazement.

"'Surely, Nurse, you don't believe——'

"'No, no, Mr Pritchard. I don't believe in reading the future, that's nonsense. What puzzles me is the *meaning* of this. Fortunetellers are usually out for what they can get. But this woman seems to be frightening Mrs. Pritchard with no advantage to herself. I can't see the point. There's another thing——'

"'Yes?'

"'Mrs. Pritchard says that something about Zarida was faintly familiar to her.'

"'Well?'

"'Well, I don't like it, Mr. Pritchard; that's all.'

"'I didn't know you were so superstitious, Nurse.'

"'I'm not superstitious, but I know when a thing is fishy.'

"It was about four days after this that the first incident happened. To explain it to you I shall have to describe Mrs. Pritchard's room."

"You'd better let me do that," interrupted Mrs. Bantry. "It was papered with one of these new wall-papers where you apply clumps of flowers to make a kind of

Continued on Page 76

It's not because her friends WON'T tell

perhaps they are not sure themselves about Feminine Hygiene

IN her anxiety, it is natural for the newly married woman to believe that her friends know more than they tell her about feminine hygiene. True, they may have been married longer. True, they may seem more experienced than she. But they themselves have probably received advice upon this subject so *different*, so *conflicting*, that they hesitate to pass it on.

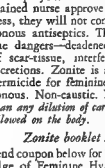
Danger in poisonous antiseptics

The whole question of feminine hygiene centers upon the kind of antiseptic which is employed. Much as the doctor and trained nurse approve of hygienic cleanliness, they will not condone the use of poisonous antiseptics. They know too well the dangers—deadened membranes, areas of scar-tissue, interference with normal secretions. Zonite is a safe and effective germicide for feminine hygiene. Non-poisonous. Non-caustic. *Yet far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body.*

Zonite booklet tells all facts

Send coupon below for "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." This up-to-date Zonite booklet gives all information about feminine hygiene in a clear, frank manner. It is a thorough education on the subject. Removes the necessity to rely on friends. Mail today. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, chapped hands or skin irritations. Also as an effective deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube 50c.



In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1

Both in U.S.A. and Canada

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet as booklet checked below.
☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
Name ..... (Please print name)
Address .....
City ..... State .....
(In Canada—165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

We Want A Name for this new wonderful SHAMPOO

This Offer Open to Every Reader of This Announcement

Have you sent a name? If not do so at once. It makes no difference who you are or where you live we want you to send us a name for this new and unusual shampoo. Whoever sends the most suitable name will win $1000—nothing else to do.

WIN $1000.00 CASH

Any Name May Win!

No matter how simple you think your suggestion is you cannot afford to neglect sending it at once. Any name may win.

Win this **$1000** cash prize by a few moments' thought. How can you earn this amount of money easier or more quickly? Remember, there is no obligation! The person submitting the winning name will have nothing else to do to win the $1000.00 and the extra $100, if prompt. In choosing a name bear in mind this shampoo is marvelous for cleansing the hair and scalp. It is designed to bring out the beauty, lustre and natural gloss of the hair. Remember, too, how handy the new sanitary tube is for traveling, no bottle to leak or spill, no cake of soap to lie around and collect germs. The only thing necessary to win is to send the name we choose as the best and most suitable for this shampoo. Only one name will be accepted from each contestant. This unusual offer is only one of a number of offers embraced in our novel distribution plan of ultra toilet goods, whereby those taking part may win any one of one hundred prizes, the highest of which is $8000 00 cash.

By participating in our distribution plan the winner of the $1100 cash prize may win an additional $8000.00, making a total of $9100. Everyone sending a name, regardless of whether it wins or not, will be given the name opportunity to win the $8000.00 or one of the other cash prizes. Get busy with your suggestion at once—do not delay!

You May Win Thousands Like These Folks Did

Think of the joy and happiness it would mean to you to receive our check for $1000.00, or if you are prompt $1,100 in all. Better still, you may win the $1,100 and by participating in our other prize offers you may win an additional $8000.00, making a total of $9100.00 in all. The two persons whose pictures we have reproduced, Mrs. Iola E. Isley, and Mr. A. B. Morren, tied for first prize in our last contest, and received cashier's checks dated, August 13, 1929.

$3425.00 Paid to Each

Mrs. Isley is a young married woman, residing with her husband in Virginia. She has a young son and her household duties to look after, but devoted some of her spare time to our contest, and won this handsome prize, which will enable her to purchase many things to add to her comfort and happiness.

Mr. Morren is a native of Holland, and has only been in this country a few years. He is employed by an oil company in Pennsylvania, and has a wife and young daughter to share the pleasure and happiness this prize money will bring.

Are you ambitious? Are you willing to devote some of your spare time to winning a handsome prize? If so, you may be even more successful than these two people have been. Do not delay! It may cost you thousands of dollars. Send us your suggestion for a name for this shampoo today! And be in time for the promptness prize. You will want to win it also. It means an extra $100.00.

Nothing to Buy—Nothing to Sell

You can use a coined word or a word made by combining two or more words, such as "Sunglearn," "Youthglow," etc., or any other name you think would fit the high quality of this shampoo. Or your name might suggest the handy new container, our latest sanitary tube from which the shampoo is simply squeezed out, thus eliminating the waste and trouble caused by the old-fashioned liquid soap in bottles. There is nothing to buy or sell—simply the person sending the best and most suitable suggestion for a name will receive the $1,000 cash prize, or if prompt, $1,100.00 in all.

$100 Extra for Promptness

To get quick action we are going to pay the winner an extra $100 for promptness, or $1,100 in all—so send your suggestion AT ONCE!

Contest Rules

This contest is open to everyone except members of this firm, its employees and relatives.

Each contestant may send only one name. Sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown out.

Contest closes April 30, 1930. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties.

To win the promptness prize of $100 extra, the winning name suggested must be mailed within three days after our announcement is read.

PARIS AMERICAN PHARMACAL CO.
1206 McCune Bldg. DES MOINES, IOWA

$1000.00 NAME COUPON

PARIS AMERICAN PHARMACAL CO.,
1206 McCune Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.
Enclosed, with this coupon on separate sheet is my suggestion for a name.

Date this announcement was read.....

Date my suggestion is mailed.....

Name .....

Address .....

Note: Being prompt qualifies you for extra $100.00 as outlined in this announcement.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Pebeco's Tang Has a Meaning!

If you buy a tooth paste simply to taste pleasantly, and polish your teeth, you deceive only yourself. You are getting cheated. Pebeco tooth paste offers *triple* value. It cleans. It whitens. It checks "acid-mouth," forerunner of tooth decay. Pebeco is not a candy; it is a scientific dentifrice. Use it persistently at least a week. *Then* you'll note the difference and like its sharp tang.

A Product of LEHN & FINK, INC.

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

Continued from Page 74

herbaceous border. The effect is almost like being in a garden, tho, of course, the flowers are all wrong. I mean they simply couldn't be in bloom all at the same time——"

"Don't let a passion for horticultural accuracy run away with you, Dolly," said her husband. "We all know you're an enthusiastic gardener."

"Well, it *is* absurd," protested Mrs. Bantry. "To have bluebells and daffodils and lupines and hollyhocks and Michaelmas daisies all grouped together."

"Most unscientific," said Sir Henry. "But to proceed with the story."

"Well, among these massed flowers were primroses, clumps of yellow and pink primroses, and—oh! go on, Arthur; this is your story."

COLONEL BANTRY took up the tale.

"Mrs. Pritchard rang her bell violently one morning. The household came running—thought she was in *extremis*—not at all. She was violently excited and pointing at the wall-paper, and there, sure enough, was one blue primrose in the midst of the others——"

"Oh!" said Miss Helier. "How creepy!"

"The question was—hadn't the blue primrose always been there? That was George's suggestion and the nurse's. But Mrs. Pritchard wouldn't have it at any price. She had never noticed it till that very morning, and the night before had been full moon. She was very upset about it."

"I met George Pritchard that same day and he told me about it," said Mrs. Bantry. "I went to see Mrs. Pritchard and did my best to ridicule the whole thing, but without success. I came away really concerned, and I remember I met Jean Instow and told her about it. Jean is a queer girl. She said, 'So she's really upset about it?' I told her that I thought the woman was perfectly capable of dying of fright—she was really abnormally superstitious.

"I remember Jean rather startled me by what she said next. She said, 'Well, that might be all for the best, mightn't it?' And she said it so coolly, in so matter of fact a tone that I was really—well, shocked. Of course I know it's done nowadays to be brutal and outspoken, but I never get used to it. Jean smiled at me rather oddly and said, 'You don't like my saying that. But it's true. What use is Mrs. Pritchard's life to her? None at all, and it's hell for George Pritchard. To have his wife frightened out of existence would be the best thing that could happen to him.'

"I said, 'George is most awfully good to her always.' And she said, 'Yes, he deserves a reward, poor dear. He's a very attractive person, George Pritchard. The last nurse thought so—the pretty one—what was her name? Carstairs. That was the cause of the row between her and Mrs. P.'

"Now, I didn't like hearing Jean say that. Of course one had *wondered*——" Mrs. Bantry paused significantly.

"Yes, dear," said Miss Marple placidly. "One always does. Is Miss Instow a pretty girl? I suppose she plays golf?"

"Yes, she's good at all games. And she's nice-looking—attractive-looking—very fair, with a healthy skin and nice, steady blue eyes. Of course we always have felt that she and George Pritchard—I mean if things had been different—they are so well suited to each other."

"And they were friends?" asked Miss Marple.

"Oh, yes, great friends."

"Do you think, Dolly," said Colonel Bantry plaintively, "that I might be allowed to go on with my story?"

"Arthur," said Mrs. Bantry resignedly, "wants to get back to his ghosts."

"I had the rest of the story from George himself," went on the colonel. "There's no doubt that Mrs. Pritchard got the wind up badly toward the end of the next month. She marked off on a calendar the day when the moon would be full, and on that night she had both the nurse, and then George, into her room and made them study the wall-paper very carefully. There were pink hollyhocks and red ones, but there was no blue amongst them. Then when George left the room she locked the door——"

"And in the morning there was a large blue hollyhock," said Miss Helier joyfully.

"Quite right," said Colonel Bantry. "Or at any rate nearly right. One flower of a hollyhock just above her bed had turned blue. It staggered George—and of course the more it staggered him, the more he refused to, to——something seriously. He insisted that the whole thing was some kind of practical joke. He ignored the evidence of the locked door and the fact that Mrs. Pritchard discovered the change before any one—even Nurse Copling—was admitted.

"It staggered George, and it made him unreasonable. His wife wanted to leave the house, and he wouldn't let her. He was inclined to believe in the supernatural for the first time, but he wasn't going to admit it. He usually gave in to his wife, but this time he wouldn't. Mary was not to make a fool of herself, he said. The whole thing was the most infernal nonsense.

"And so the next month sped away. Mrs. Pritchard made less protest then one would have imagined. I think she was superstitious enough to believe that she couldn't escape her fate. She repeated again and again, 'The blue primrose—warning. The blue hollyhock—danger. The blue geranium—*death*.' And she would lie looking at the clump of pinky-red geraniums nearest her bed.

"The whole business was pretty nervy. Even the nurse caught the infection. She came to George two days before full moon and begged him to take Mrs. Pritchard away. George was angry.

"'If all the flowers on that darned wall turned into blue devils it couldn't kill any one!' he shouted.

"'It might. Shock has killed people before now.'

"'Nonsense!' said George.

"George has always been a shade pig-headed. You can't drive him. I believe he had a secret idea that his wife worked the changes herself and that it was all some morbid, hysterical plan of hers.

"Well, the fatal night came. Mrs. Pritchard locked her door as usual. She was very calm—in almost an exalted state of mind. The nurse was worried by her state—wanted to give her a stimulant, an injection of strychnin, but Mrs. Pritchard refused. In a way, I believe, she was enjoying herself. George said she was."

"I think that's quite possible," said Mrs. Bantry. "There must have been a strange sort of glamour about the whole thing."

"There was no violent ringing of a bell the next morning. Mrs. Pritchard usually woke about eight. When, at eight-thirty, there was no sign from her, the nurse rapped loudly on the door. Getting no reply, she fetched George, and insisted on the door being broken open. They did so with the help of a chisel.

"ONE look at the still figure on the bed was enough for the nurse. She sent George to telephone for the doctor, but it was too late. Mrs. Pritchard, he said, must have been dead at least eight hours. Her smelling-salts lay by her hand on the bed, *and on the wall beside her one of the pinky-red geraniums was a bright deep blue*——"

"Horrible!" said Miss Helier with a shiver.

Sir Henry was frowning.

"No additional details?"

Colonel Bantry shook his head, but Mrs. Bantry spoke quickly.

"The gas?"

"What about the gas?" asked Sir Henry.

"When the doctor arrived, there was a slight smell of gas, and sure enough he found the gas-ring in the fireplace very slightly turned on, but so little that it couldn't have mattered."

"Did Mr. Pritchard and the nurse not notice it when they first went in?"

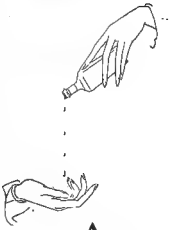
"The nurse said she did notice a slight smell. George said he didn't notice gas, but something made him feel very queer and overcome, but he put that down to shock—and it probably was. At any rate there was no question of gas-poisoning. The smell was scarcely noticeable."

"And that's the end of the story?"

"No, it isn't. One way and another, there was a lot of talk. The servants, you see, had overheard things—had overheard, for instance, Mrs. Pritchard telling her husband that he hated her and would jeer if she were dying. And also more recent remarks. She had said one day, apropos of his refusing to leave the house, 'Very well, when I am dead, I hope every one will realize that you have killed me.' And as ill luck would have it, he had been mixing some weed-killer for the garden-paths the very day before. One of the younger servants had seen him, and had afterward seen him taking up a glass of hot milk to his wife.

"The talk spread and grew. The doctor had given a certificate—I don't know ex-

Continued on Page 79



A NEW FAVORITE BECAUSE IT PENETRATES —LEAVES NO STICKINESS

Among the best toiletries, you now find Chamberlain's Hand Lotion, the new favorite with discriminating women. Unusual because it is a clear, sparkling liquid . . . not creamy or gummy . . . it penetrates quickly, dries almost instantly, is not sticky. Instinctively, modern women have recognized Chamberlain's as the modern lotion. Because it protects the pores, like "an invisible glove," it reveals new beauty in lovely feminine hands. Ask for it at your favorite toilet goods counter. Two sizes, only fifty cents and a dollar. Or, if you will send the coupon, we'll gladly send our ten cent purse size, FREE. Chamberlain Laboratories, 2423 Sixth Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

Chamberlain's HAND LOTION

"The Invisible Glove"

Sign the coupon now and try the "invisible glove" at our expense

CHAMBERLAIN LABORATORIES
2423 Sixth Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa
Please send your ten cent purse size free.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

You Should Have this Fascinating FREE BOOK

DO you know that the materials in your threadbare out-of-date rugs, carpets and clothing can be reclaimed like new by a *Patented Process*, bleached and dyed again in new colors, and woven into rich new up-to-date *reversible* rugs as illustrated. Leone Michell shows how to get two rugs for the price of one, and tells Pictorial Review readers where they can get, free for the asking, a richly illustrated color book of Rugs and Model Rooms that everyone should have.

HERE IS A REAL THRILL IN ECONOMY . . TRY IT!

A BUNDLE OF YOUR OLD RUGS AND CLOTHING IS ALL YOU NEED!

By LEONE MILDRED MICHELL
Authority on Home Decorating

AS one whose mission it is to make homes beautiful I am going to tell you of an economical plan I use in providing harmonious new rugs at a cost that fits the smallest purse.

What woman hasn't pictured the kind of rugs she wants?—closely-woven, deep-nap rugs in the harmonious, up-to-date, two-toned effects or the colorful new Oriental, Modernistic or Hook Patterns.

New Rugs—Made From Your Old Materials

BY a remarkable patented process, one of the largest and oldest rug manufacturers in this country will take all kinds of old rugs, carpets, and clothing, and reclaim the material in them so it is as good as new. This is done by a process of shredding, washing, sterilizing, bleaching and combing. The reclaimed material is then *dyed* any color, and *woven* into extremely good-looking new Duo-Velvety rugs.

I was more than surprised upon receiving my first rug to find that in every respect it was brand new. The reclaimed material was not evident to the most practiced eye. This worried me before its arrival because my old material was a hodgepodge of all kinds and colors.

So I say—don't confuse these rugs with any you have ever seen before. They are so different—so attractive and unusual—that I recommend them for the finest interiors. As a matter of fact, you'll find these rugs today in homes of wealth and refinement—in leading hotels—in exclusive clubs.

This, I think is one of the strongest arguments in their favor. And it proves that beauty and low cost *can* be combined in a rug. The finished rugs have all the qualities of style and color and texture you find in high-priced store rugs, *and of course the cost is remarkably low.*

Your Choice of Colors

YOU are not limited in your choice of colors or patterns, regardless of the colors in your old materials. Your new rug can be made in any of the charming new shades—Taupe, Grey Green, Mahogany, Mole, Grey Blue, Tete-de Negre, Beaver Brown, Persian Gold, Russet, Autumn Oak, or Mulberry—in any of twenty-six rich new colors and combinations.

You'll be delighted to find these rugs are woven *seamless* and *reversible* with the same firm, cool nap on *both* sides to give *twice the wear*—features hard to find in store rugs.

Here is another very important thing: these rugs can be made to your order in *any size you want* in *one week.*

Trial Offer Guarantees Satisfaction

THE whole thing is so simple. You send in a bundle of old materials. Within 10 days back come your new rugs. To quote from the manufacturer's guarantee: "Subject these rugs to the hardest kind of everyday wear, compare them with store rugs costing twice as much, then if you are not delighted, send them back at our expense and we will pay you liberally for your old material." A mighty strong guarantee and one you can be absolutely sure they will live up to. The manufacturer pays transportation from all states as explained in their book. They have branches in Chicago, New York City, San Francisco, Detroit, St. Louis, Milwaukee and Cleveland, where you can see the rugs. They have NO AGENTS or canvassers. You deal direct with the factory, which means quite a saving.

Don't Waste Old Materials

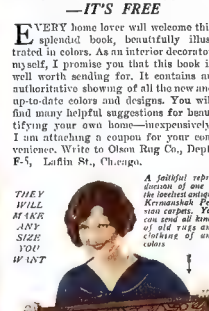
IT ACTUALLY hurts me to see good material wasted. I am sure you feel the same way. Why pay for material when the good seasoned wool and other materials in your old carpets, rugs and clothing can be reclaimed like new.

You Should Write for This Unusual Rug Book —IT'S FREE

EVERY home lover will welcome this splendid book, beautifully illustrated in colors. As an interior decorator myself, I promise you that this book is well worth sending for. It contains an authoritative showing of all the new and up-to-date colors and designs. You will find many helpful suggestions for beautifying your own home—inexpensively. I am attaching a coupon for your convenience. Write to Olson Rug Co., Dept. F-5, Laflin St., Chicago.

315 pounds of clothing will make a 2½ x 3½ yd. rug in rose, blue, tan, etc., for only . . . $2.45

Your old materials will make a beautiful 8 x 10 ft. living room rug for as little as . . . $21.70



THEY WILL MAKE ANY SIZE YOU WANT

A faithful reproduction of one of the loveliest antique Kermanshah Persian carpets. You can send all kinds of old rugs and clothing of any colors

TEAR OUT NOW *and* MAIL

To OLSON RUG CO.
Dept. F5, Laflin St.
CHICAGO

Gentlemen: At Miss Michell's suggestion I should like a complimentary copy of "Beauty and Harmony in the Home," illustrated in actual colors, your New Low Prices and Trial Offer.

NAME. . . . . .
Street or (R. F. D.). . . . . .
City. . . . . State. . . . . .

Made From Your Old Materials

You can have a rug just like this made from the materials in your old rugs and clothing for only $5.45

In the manufacturer's FREE catalogue you will find many other beautiful patterns illustrated in colors.

O. R. C. 1930

Our mail from

If winter comes

You go south, Fortunate Lady, when the cold winds blow. You live graciously, in accordance with a high tradition, in a well-appointed world. And it is therefore a matter of particular interest that you, who can afford anything, have chosen to smoke Camels. . . . It is simply one more confirmation of the fact that there is no cigarette anywhere, at any price, so fragrant . . . so delicately and mildly mellow . . . so filled with downright *pleasure*.

© 1930, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Continued from Page 76

actly in what terms—shock, syncope, heart-failure, probably some medical term meaning nothing much. However the poor lady had not been a month in her grave before an exhumation order was applied for and granted."

"And the result of the autopsy was—nil, I remember," said Sir Henry gravely. "A case, for once, of smoke without fire."

"The whole thing is really very curious," said Mrs. Bantry. "That fortune-teller, for instance—Zarida. At the address where she was supposed to be no one had ever heard of any such person!"

"She appeared once—out of the blue," said her husband, "and then vanished utterly. Out of the *blue*—that's rather good!"

"And what is more," continued Mrs. Bantry, "little Nurse Carstairs, who was supposed to have recommended her, had never even heard of her."

THEY looked at each other.

"It's a mysterious story," said Dr. Lloyd. "One can make guesses—but to guess—" He shook his head.

"Has Mr. Pritchard married Miss Instow?" asked Miss Marple in her gentle voice.

"Now, why do you ask that?" inquired Sir Henry.

Miss Marple opened gentle blue eyes.

"It seems to me so important," she said. "Have they married?"

Colonel Bantry shook his head.

"We—well, we expected something of the kind, but it's eighteen months now. I don't believe they even see much of each other."

"That is important," said Miss Marple. "Very important."

"Then you think the same as I do," said Mrs. Bantry. "You think——"

"Now, Dolly," said her husband, "It's unjustifiable—what you're going to say. You can't go about accusing people without a shadow of proof."

"Don't be so—so—manly, Arthur. Men are always afraid to say *anything*. Anyway, this is all between ourselves. It's just a wild, fantastic idea of mine—that possibly —only *possibly*—Jean Instow disguised herself as a fortune-teller. Mind you, she may have done it for a joke. I don't for a minute think that she meant any harm, but if she did do it—and if Mrs. Pritchard was foolish enough to die of fright—well, that's what Miss Marple meant, wasn't it?"

"No, dear, not quite," said Miss Marple. "You see, if I was going to kill any one—which of course I wouldn't dream of doing for a minute because it would be very wicked, and besides I don't like killing—not even wasps, tho I know it has to be, and I'm sure the gardener does it as humanely as possible—let me see, what was I saying?"

"If you wished to kill any one," prompted Sir Henry.

"Oh, yes! Well, if I did I shouldn't be at all satisfied to trust to *fright*. I know one reads of people dying of it, but it seems a very uncertain sort of thing, and the most nervous people are far more brave than one really thinks they are. I should like something definite and certain, and make a thoroughly good plan about it."

"Miss Marple," said Sir Henry, "you frighten me. I hope you will never wish to remove me. Your plans would be too good."

Miss Marple looked at him reproachfully.

"I thought I had made it clear that I would never contemplate such wickedness," she said. "No, I was trying to put myself in the place of—er—a certain person."

"Do you mean George Pritchard?" asked Colonel Bantry. "I'll never believe it of George—tho, mind you, even the nurse believes it. I went and saw her about a month afterward—at the time of the exhumation. She didn't know how it was done—in fact she wouldn't say anything at all—but it was clear enough that she believed George to be in some way responsible for his wife's death. She was convinced of it."

"Well," said Dr. Lloyd, "perhaps she wasn't so far wrong. And mind you, a nurse often *knows*. She can't say—she's got no proof—but she *knows*."

Sir Henry leaned forward.

"Come now, Miss Marple," he said persuasively. "You're lost in a day-dream. Won't you tell us all about it?"

Miss Marple started and turned pink.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I was just thinking about our district nurse. A most difficult problem."

"More difficult than the problem of the blue geranium?"

"It really depends on the primroses," said Miss Marple. "I mean, Mrs. Bantry said they were yellow and pink. If it was a pink primrose, of course that fits in perfectly. But if it happened to be a yellow one——"

"It was a pink one," said Mrs. Bantry. She stared—they all stared—at Miss Marple

"Then that seems to settle it," said Miss Marple. She shook her head regretfully. "And the wasp season and everything. And of course the gas."

"It reminds you, I suppose, of countless village tragedies?" said Sir Henry.

"Not tragedies," said Miss Marple. "And certainly nothing criminal. But it does remind me a little of the trouble we are having with the district nurse. After all, nurses are human beings. And what with having to be so correct in their behavior and wearing those uncomfortable collars and being so thrown with the family—well, can you wonder that things sometimes happen?"

A glimmer of light broke upon Sir Henry. "You mean Nurse Carstairs?"

"Oh, no! Not Nurse Carstairs. Nurse *Copling*. You see, she had been there before, and very much thrown with Mr. Pritchard, whom you say was an attractive man. I dare say she thought, poor thing—well, we needn't go into that. I don't suppose she knew about Miss Instow—and of course afterward, when she found out, it turned her against him, and she tried to do all the harm she could. Of course the letter really gave her away, didn't it?"

"What letter?"

"Well, she wrote to the fortune-teller at Mrs. Pritchard's request, and the fortune-teller came, apparently in answer to the letter. But later it was discovered that there never had been such a person at that address. So that shows that Nurse Copling was in it. She only pretended to write, so what could be more likely than that *she* was the fortune-teller herself?"

"I never quite point about the letter," said Sir Henry. "That's a most important point, of course."

"Rather a bold step to take," said Miss Marple, "because Mrs. Pritchard might have recognized the writing of the disguise, tho of course if she had, the nurse could have pretended it was a joke."

"What did you mean," said Sir Henry, "when you said that if you were a certain person you would not have trusted to fright?"

"One couldn't be *sure* that way," said Miss Marple. "No, I think that the warnings and the flies were—if I may use a military term," she laughed self-consciously—"just *camouflage*."

"And the real thing?"

"I know," said Miss Marple apologetically, "that I've got wasps on the brain. Poor things—destroyed in their thousands —and usually on such a beautiful Summer's day. But I remember thinking, when I saw the gardener shaking up the cyanid of potassium in a bottle of water, how like smelling-salts it looked. And if it were put in a smelling-salts bottle and substituted for the real one—well, the poor lady was in the habit of using her smelling-salts—indeed you said they were found by her hand.

"Then, of course, while Mr. Pritchard went to telephone to the doctor the nurse would change it for the real bottle, and she'd just turn on the gas a little bit—to mask any smell of almonds and in case any one felt queer—and I always have heard that cyanid leaves no trace if you wait long enough. But of course I may be wrong, and it may have been something entirely different in the bottle; but that doesn't really matter, does it?"

MISS MARPLE paused, a little out of breath.

Jane Helier leaned forward and said, "But the blue geranium—and the other flowers?"

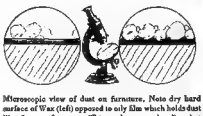
"Nurses always have litmus paper, don't they?" said Miss Marple. "For—well, for testing. Not a very pleasant subject—we won't dwell on it. I have done a little nursing myself." She grew delicately pink. "Blue turns red with acids, and red turns blue with alkalis. So easy to paste some red litmus over a red flower. Near the bed, of course. And then, when the poor lady

FULL 25¢ CAN given now to any woman

Free!

To demonstrate how Liquid Wax (NEW) keeps dust OFF furniture and woodwork

FREE OFFER—To demonstrate the remarkable action of Liquid Wax in preventing dust accumulation on furniture, S. C. Johnson & Son make this unusual offer. Dusting, like many other forms of household drudgery, can now be handled scientifically. Recent tests confirm the fact that Liquid Wax, the new-type furniture polish, eliminates 50% of needless toil.



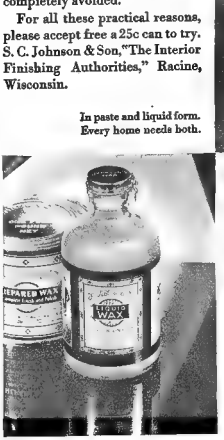
Microscopic view of dust on furniture. Note dry hard surface of Wax (left) opposed to oily film which holds dust like flies on fly paper. This explains graphically what chemists found by weighing actual dust accumulation.

To signalize this discovery and demonstrate it in your home, the interior finishing authorities offer you a 25c can of Johnson's Liquid Wax absolutely free. We urge you to use it. Stop laborious dusting. Apply this lustrous polish on mantels, table-tops, sideboards, and woodwork—and enjoy the hours you save.

Liquid Wax has the same protective properties as Johnson's floor wax, famous for nearly forty years. Scratches, rings, heat marks are completely avoided.

For all these practical reasons, please accept free a 25c can to try. S. C. Johnson & Son, "The Interior Finishing Authorities," Racine, Wisconsin.

In paste and liquid form. Every home needs both.



S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. P.R.-2
Racine, Wisconsin.

Gentlemen: Please send free 25c can (not a sample) of Johnson's Liquid Wax and illustrated booklet on the new care of floors and furniture.

Name _____ (Please print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Digitized by Google

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Let the ocean breezes blow—seafarers boarding the "Ile de France" are well prepared to withstand the ravages of ocean travel with a bottle of Hinds stowed away in practically every piece of smart luggage going aboard.

"One mile... OR A THOUSAND"

ON LAND OR SEA — HINDS CREAM Takes Care of Your Hands

BOARD a liner bound for the South Sea Isles, or a street car headed for the shopping district, as fate decrees—in either event you can rely on Hinds Cream to keep your hands velvety-soft and beautiful all the year round. It offsets the havoc of sea-wind and sun, train dirt and grime, keeps them youthful and lovely on two minutes a day. After you wash your hands, and always at night before you slip into bed, give your hands a quick rub over with this magic lotion. Dip an orange stick in Hinds Cream. Rub it around your cuticle and beneath your nails, too. Then you can forget your hands —they'll always be young and well-groomed. You'll find Hinds Honey & Almond Cream at all drug counters—or mail the coupon for a generous sample.

Copyright 1930, by Lehn & Fink, Inc.

HINDS FOR ACTIVE HANDS

LEHN & FINK, INC., Sole Distributors, Department 470, Bloomfield, N. J.
Please send me a free sample bottle of HINDS Honey & Almond Cream—the protecting cream for the skin.
(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Name.....

Address.....

This coupon not good after February, 1931
Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8
(Mail coupon to *Bloomfield* address)

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

used her smelling-salts, the strong ammonia-fumes would turn it blue. Really most ingenious. Of course, the geranium wasn't blue when they first broke into the room—nobody noticed it till afterward. When the nurse changed the bottles, she held the sal ammoniac against the wall-paper for a minute, I expect."

"You might have been there, Miss Marple," said Sir Henry.

"What worries me," said Miss Marple, "is poor Mr. Pritchard and that nice girl, Miss Instow. Probably both suspecting each other and keeping apart—and life so very short." She shook her head.

"You needn't worry," said Sir Henry. "As a matter of fact I have something up my sleeve. A nurse who has been arrested on a charge of murdering an elderly patient who had left her a legacy substituted smelling-salts. I've no doubt that is a Nurse Copling trying the same trick. Mrs. Instow and Mr. Pritchard need have no doubts as to the truth."

"Now, isn't that nice?" cried Miss Marple. "I don't mean about the new murder, of course. That's very sad, and shows how much wickedness there is in the world, and that if once you give way—Which reminds me I *must* finish my little conversation with Dr Lloyd about the village nurse."

THE DUEL OF THE QUEENS

Continued from Page 15

Think well. Be only my sister, heart's dearest, and you may yet escape. You have long life and triumph before you. I have not."

She looked, and her eyes filled with tears, seeing the thin neck, brightly flushed cheeks, and feverish eyes. Better for her and for him if each had been given more years for ripening; but these children were crowned slaves, fettered to a political necessity.

"Would you have waited longer if you could, Francis?" she whispered, trembling. "We are so young. I am afraid."

"I, too," he said. "Yes, I would have waited until I was a man able to guard and guide you. They drive us on. I saw the English ambassador's eye to-day on the jewel you wore, and the English arms on your great coach. I knew he would write to that withered, old woman at Windsor. Not that she matters. But they drive too hard, too fast."

"That is true. I have said it!" Mary answered.

Holding hands, they were sitting on a low couch in the great room now dimly lit with silver lamps burning perfumed oil. Dim splendor surrounded them, but ghosts of ancient fears looked through it.

In a moment Mary collected herself, rallying to her duty as Queen of Scotland and Queen-to-be of France.

"We can not wait, beloved. We are young, but time will not wait. My kingdom and yours cry out for a son. England also. We are not our own, not even each other's. It is our destiny."

He put his arms about her and leaned his head on her slight, young bosom. She felt two hot tears roll into it.

Outside was the roar of Paris, drunk with lights and color, rejoicing in the marriage of this dauphin, jesting, boasting, but slowly and in awe, hand in hand, the bridal pair approached their marriage-bed as an altar.

NEXT day the Ambassador of the Queen of England laid an angry complaint before the French King from his mistress against the assumption of the royal arms of England by the Queen of Scotland.

It was the first formal gun of a conflict which was to carry blood and desolation with it to the ends of the earth.

This was not told to Mary. They would spare her for a few short days, and she was busied in distributing the special gift prepared for the Scots nobles and ladies who had graced her marriage. One of these survives in a noble house—a priceless treasure.

It is a locket containing portraits of herself and Francis so fixed that when closed her face rests on his bosom. It is of filigree gold, set with a wreath of pearls and forget-me-nots in bluest turquoise. That and a medal with the double portraits were given to the loyal Scots, who came crowding into the palace to receive both from their mistress.

After watching the charming scene, the Princess Marguerite of France sat down to write to the mother who was so far away, in Scotland:

> The Queen of Scotland, your daughter, is so much improved in everything that I am driven to write and tell you of the virtues she has acquired since you have seen her. You may imagine the delight it is to the King and Queen and all her relations to see her what she is. As for me, Madam, I esteem Monseigneur the Dauphin very happy in having such a wife.

It brought a moment's joy to that very lonely and sorely-tried mother, now drawing near the end of her labors. She may have shivered, however, in reading, knowing from bitter experience the weight of the hatred of England. But she had just long to bear her chain. Two years later she was to welcome her eternal release, the only the grievous thought that never again would her eyes behold the face of the child for whom she had suffered so.

A FEW months after the glories of the marriage the withered Mary of England was dead and Elizabeth on the throne. Twenty-five, in the full blossom of such charms as nature and art could give her, she was a dangerous antagonist indeed, ardent, aggressive, insulting in her triumph. She had conquered all her obstacles—her father's policy, her sister's, the opposition of those who held her illegitimate, the hatred of the Catholics—and sat on the English throne a queen to enlist the sympathy of all sensible men by her patriotic, firm policy. The French hope of her enemies was blown at once to the four winds.

The strong hand was felt at once in France. Mary Stuart and her advisers knew they had a very different crisis to face now, for with England is now always a crisis for herself and Scotland.

"Let us begin with courtesy," said Mary Stuart anxiously aside to the council held to consider the new English sovereign. Girl of sixteen as she was, the air vibrated with intuition. It cried "Danger! Danger!" as she looked at the letter following that announcing the accession. Letter indeed! A demand, and a haughty one, for the restitution of Calais, the jewel of the French crown, to the English! The discussion that followed took place before Elizabeth's envoys, who were there to settle the matter, and tho they were accredited to the French court, Mary and her husband were in state as King and Queen of Scotland.

The French bristled at the demand, until she saw it—the tiger-looks, the clenching of hands on sword-hilts! Cold premonition ran through her. She had her observers at the English court, and they had not failed to notice the consummate art with which Elizabeth had steered through all the perils to the throne. Merciless, they called her, where her own interests were concerned —a shrewd young woman with courage and resolution enough to conquer the world if her Englishmen backed her.

Mary, holding a morsel of embroidery in her hand, at which she stitched with lowered eyelids, suddenly flung it on the table and raised her head. Silence. The queen will speak. The English envoys in expectation straightened to close attention. This was the girl who might, who must be their queen if only to escape civil war in England when the breath was out of Elizabeth's body.

Instinctively they longed to hear her that they might compare the minds of the two as they had already done their bodies. Elizabeth was a handsome enough, assacious, bold young woman, all energy, pride, and rule. Mary surely was a soft-eyed darling, a winner of hearts, one to gain her way as surely as Elizabeth, but by different methods. All sex, whether she would or no, whereas the other—they were not sure in England as yet whether she had any sex either of body or mind.

The Scots queen spoke, sitting, in a voice sweet as a dove's note in the pause of a storm.

"Your majesty, my lords and gentlemen,

Continued on Page 82

Original from

Broadway Stars pass merciless Close-up Test

Like 9 out of 10 screen stars, they have long kept their skin at its best with Lux Toilet Soap

THE MOMENT the talkies "arrived," many of the most famous stars of the Broadway stage were signed by the great motion picture studios. Then, under the glare from the huge incandescent close-up lights, they faced the cruelest test a skin can possibly meet.

Unless their skin showed alluringly smooth and fine on the screen, they could scarcely hope to "get across."

These Broadway stars passed the test, needless to say. Theirs was the flawlessly smooth skin demanded. And never were they more appreciative of the gentle care Lux Toilet Soap has given their skin.

For long ago the famous women of the theater made Lux Toilet Soap their own. Long ago it was made the official soap in 71 of the 74 legitimate theaters in New York alone—and in other leading theaters throughout the country.

Hollywood found out years ago that no girl ever becomes a motion picture star unless her skin shows *perfect* on the screen. That is why, of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps the skin lovely and smooth as a flower-petal.

It was at the request of the actresses themselves that all the great film studios have made this white, delicately fragrant soap official in their dressing rooms.

You will be delighted with Lux Toilet Soap, too! You can keep your skin just as clear and smooth as the famous women of the stage and screen keep theirs. It does lather so generously, even in the *hardest* water! Order several cakes—today.

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE says: "I am enthusiastic about it."

BEATRICE LILLIE is devoted to Lux Toilet Soap.

MARILYN MILLER says: "It keeps *my* skin so smooth."

MARY EATON says: "It keeps my skin beautifully smooth."

WINNIE LIGHTNER says: "It cares for my skin so perfectly!"

BOBBÉ ARNST says: "It's a marvelously delicate soap."

RUTH CHATTERTON: "It keeps *my* skin in beautiful condition."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT says: "It keeps my skin so smooth!"

LENORE ULRIC says: "Certainly a delightful soap."

HELEN MORGAN says: "—a wonderfully satisfactory soap."

ANN PENNINGTON says: "I wouldn't be without it!"

JOAN BENNETT says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so smooth!"

JEANETTE MACDONALD says: "It keeps my skin *lovely*."

HELEN CHANDLER says: "I'm devoted to Lux Toilet Soap."

NORMA LEE says: "It leaves your skin like velvet."

HELEN KANE says: "It keeps my skin so very smooth."

PEGGY WOOD says: "I *always* use Lux Toilet Soap."

Lux Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . . NOW 10¢

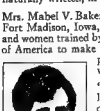
Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Writing

a source of income that many people neglect

MANY people who *should* be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They are so awe-struck by the fabulous stories about millionaire authors that they overlook the fact that $25, $50 and $100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on home or business management, sports, travels, recipes, etc.—things that can be easily and naturally written, in spare time.

Mrs. Mabel V. Baker, James Block, Room 20, Fort Madison, Iowa, is but one of many men and women trained by the Newspaper Institute of America to make their gift for writing pay

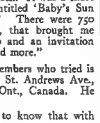


prompt dividends. She writes:

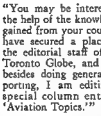
"I sold my first article last week. It was a short one entitled 'Baby's Sun Bath.' There were 750 words, that brought me $25.00 and an invitation to send more."

Another of our student-members who tried is Mr. J. L. Williamson, 11 St. Andrews Ave., Center Island, Toronto, Ont., Canada. He writes:

"You may be interested to know that with the help of the knowledge gained from your course I have secured a place on the editorial staff of the Toronto Globe, and now besides doing general reporting, I am editing a special column entitled 'Aviation Topics.'"



Mrs. Cherry Bomer Smith, 2315 Cherry St., Vicksburg, Miss., thought she *could* and that the N. I. A. *could*, too. She writes:



"I have enjoyed the course very much indeed and wish to report that I just sold a feature article for $40.00 to the Hearst newspapers' Sunday Supplement — the American Weekly Magazine."

You, too, can learn to write! How? By WRITING!

The Newspaper Institute of America offers an intimate course in practical writing—a course as free from academic "isms" and "ologies" as a newspaper office—a course as *modern* as the latest edition of this morning's paper.

Week by week, you receive actual assignments —just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men with 18 years of newspaper experience behind them are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style. You are learning to write by writing—acquiring the same experience to which nearly all well-known writers of short-stories, novels, magazine articles, etc., attribute their success.

How You Start

To insure prospective student-members against wasting their time and money, we have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy this test. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America
1776 Broadway, New York

Send me your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information on writing for profit, as promised in Pictorial Review—February.

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss }

Address.....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.) 79B260

Continued from Page 80

I beseech you to consider this matter calmly. Not indeed as men who would yield an inch of France soil to another sovereign, but with the courtesy that suits our dealings with a great queen. The Queen of England is my cousin and good sister. I and my husband, the king, desire peace with her of all things, and to preserve it is our prayer. I ask you gentlemen to inform her Grace of England that such is our earnest desire. She has sent special envoys to us, and by these we shall send our hearts as well as our understanding."

As she ended there was silence. The Englishmen, seeing her face and hearing her words, smiled a little involuntarily—a smile Elizabeth would have grudged her rival. She bent her head again over her work and made no sign when argument grew loud and strong, and one fierce Frenchman, rising above the others and regardless even of royalty, shouted aloud.

"Surrender Calais, yes! Willingly. But it must be to her who is rightful Queen of England, Mary, Queen of Scotland, wife of our dauphin and future Queen of France. Let it be to her, and Calais will surrender to right royal and beauty beyond all words."

The English stood at bay, hard and cold as their island rocks. They laughed with pride. Hands on sword-hilts, they left the place, streaming in disorderly, and would hear no more. Mary, left alone with Francis, shook her little fist in air.

"I own the demand for Calais was a maddening insult, my heart, but surely we should match cunning with cunning, and I must win the hearts of these Englishmen if ever I am to reign in England. When we are King and Queen of France let us practise every art to win them. It is the only way! Your people were fools this day."

"You will not fail there, my little queen," the enamored dauphin said. "I saw how they looked at you. They were lovers for the moment. Why, you are so beautiful only God and His Mother know if it is not that you shall rule the world."

And indeed the Englishmen were taken aback. They huddled into a consultation in the corridor of the Louvre, where they could be certain no eavesdropper could hear.

"Blood of God!" said Throckmorton. "What a lady is that little queen! She can never set foot in England. The other would tear her to rags in jealousy. The face, the eyes, the delicate speech! Gentlemen, we have seen a world's wonder! The beauty of her!"

"Is it not possible she should win the liking of our queen?" hazarded another. "If those two were friends the peace of the world were assured. And God knows Europe is but a battle-field as it is. Women rulers should bring peace."

Throckmorton laughed aloud.

"The liking of our queen for such a Venus! Lord help the innocence of a man that thinks it possible!"

The Frenchmen, furious at the Calais insult, would hear no word of temporizing. On her coach doors, on her seals, on the silver she ate from, and the dauphin's also, they stamped the arms of England. They flaunted them in insults in the face of Elizabeth's envoys. They played Elizabeth's game as if they had been paid to do it. But their most violent display of misplaced homage was reserved for the great tournament to be held in honor of the marriage in the mighty square in front of the Palace of the Tournelles. There the bride must glitter in her English arms and French and Scots splendors.

NEVER was such a gathering. The King of France himself would tilt in honor of his new daughter, but wearing the colors of Madame Diane de Poitiers. Not a great historic name of France but was represented among the knights who would tilt and the bright ladies who crowded the galleries. The jealous English owned that such splendor could not be found north of the Channel as they watched for the coach carrying the queen of the tournament to arrive.

Hark, what was that? A roar of welcoming applause. She was coming through the adoring French, the huge multitude opening to make way for their darling.

"A dangerous rival for our queen!" Throckmorton said. "Hark! What's that?"

For words were shaping as she drew nearer. "*Vive la Reine d'Angleterre!*"

Redoubled, shouted, yelled, tossed on like spray from a great ocean, it came nearer and nearer. Throckmorton flushed and whitened. Did it forebode personal danger? Not it! But it forebode reckless resolution. The clear sound of swords was in it for those who knew. He turned to his colleagues.

"Gentlemen, if this gets to England, as it must, this queen's chance of heirship to the crown is not worth a toss. I had hoped our majesty might name her for her heir. But if they will have it—"

They stood grim and silent while the cries surged round them, and Mary ascended to the place of honor in the gallery, with the French queen beside her, knowing in all her wise young heart that thus to dare Elizabeth was folly. She would do her best; she would soften Throckmorton. She would— But silver trumpets sounded the charge and the soft thunder of horses' hoofs. She bent herself to look and listen. The other must wait.

Yet her mind, in spite of her, was more on the Queen of England than on the King of France as he drew up, fair and florid, to his place in the charging line. She saw his amorous eye seek Madame Diane, Duchesse de Valentinois, as she leaned forward to flutter her silk handkerchief to her royal knight.

Hush! Now he was charging gallantly, lance at the drive upon his old friend, the Comte de Montgomerie. Splendid sight, his white plumes flying, his vizor down. Victory to the king! All held their breath to applaud the shattering downfall of his friendly foe.

Again, hush! What was that! A yell of mortal agony. The king drops his lance. His gauntleted hands fly to his face; he sways aside on his horse. The lance of his foe, driven back up by shock of his own, has wounded him in the head, in the eye, the brain. God of Heaven, the king is down!

Mary started up in her seat, clasping shuddering hands over a shuddering heart. Had it come, and so soon? She had looked to quiet years as the queen dauphiness, but this—! She could not think. Madame Diane was sobbing wildly beside her. The French queen's face was a mask of yellow ivory. Slowly the two queens made their way to where he lay, surrounded by knights shouting for air, for doctors, distraught.

The English, pale and grim, craned over the shoulders of others to see. What a fate! What a change of policy! The rival on the French throne! So soon!

A heavy rain began to fall. The people melted away, some weeping, for they had loved the gallant, amorous king; and the dauphin was but a boy. The English hastened through crowded streets to send the great news home.

FOUR days later it was news indeed. Henry, King of France, died at the Palace of the Tournelles, and his last word was to the dauphin and his bride. The French queen's face was still a mask of yellow ivory, the black eyes shining in it like onyx as she turned to leave the death-chamber. She had not thought of this, and yet—it might be for the best. It might play her game.

When they reached the great coach waiting to take them to the Louvre that the dead man might be left to the embalmers, Mary drew back courteously, as was her way, but the French queen took her hand with an insistence that left her black eyes

"Madam, you are now Queen of France, and I—I go behind you. It is for you to walk first."

Queen of France, Queen of Scotland! The King of France could not die in his bed to provide her with another crown. No, he must fall like King Arthur that the Stuart Queen might reign. Was it wonderful if a sense of destiny grew upon her? So it would always be. But the shock was a shock for all that.

"We are too young to reign. I wish he had lived longer. And your mother will hate me!" she said, sighing to her young king when they had a moment alone. "Is the weight too great for us? Oh, I am tired of diplomacy and fighting! I would like to be a girl for one short month and ride and read and play and forget I am a queen."

"They will never forget or let us forget!" Francis answered gloomily. "You are as pale as death, Marie. For the sake of the Lord Omnipotent do not fail me now. What strength have I?"

What indeed? That night she herself sat for a while strengthless, knowing that she must act for him, think for him. And not only for France. There was Scotland and things going wrong there in spite of her mother's frantic efforts—English money

Continued on Page 84

Adds Glossy Lustre, Leaves Your Hair Easy to Manage

IF you want to make your hair . . . easy to manage . . . and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush . . . and brush it through your hair . . . when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that . . . it will stay any style you arrange it . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and luster.

To Set or Wave Hair

TO set your hair, or put in a finger wave, use Glostora as follows:

Put it on with your fingers, or add a few drops to a little water in your wash basin and comb it on.

You can then press the wave in easily and they will set quickly and stay.

Waving your hair in this truly professional way, does not leave it stiff, shiny, or artificial looking, as ordinary waving fluids do.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.

Glostora

Digitized by Google

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Keeping your Hands Lovely on 3 minutes a day

by Celia Caroline Cole, Beauty Editor of Delineator

4 Advantages *the new* Liquid Polish *offers busy women*

HANDS really need more care, in the name of beauty, than either face or hair. They are exposed to more damaging contacts. Neglected hands make one awkward. Hands should be so beautiful that one sits and looks at them with delight.

Light breaks in more and more brilliantly on manufacturers of nail cosmetics. With a bit of practice a woman now can give herself an excellent home manicure in just a few minutes.

Today more and more women are using the new liquid polish because in it they are finding four very definite advantages. It is so easy to apply. For days and days after using it, their finger tips sparkle with a natural, flattering lustre!

In fact, with one manicure a week, when you apply liquid polish, you can keep your nails always lovely in less than three minutes a day—just enough time to mould the cuticle and cleanse under the nail tip.

The new liquid polish doesn't peel off. Instead it serves as a splendid protection for the nail. Properly used, it does not make the nails brittle. Always apply it at starting at the half-moon, don't go all the way down to the cuticle.

Never be imperious with your nails—they won't stand rough treatment. Soak the cuticle—apply a cuticle remover. Never cut the cuticle—push it back gently with an orange stick wrapped in a thin layer of cotton dipped in cuticle oil, until the cuticle is soft and pliable.

One manicure a week and a few minutes' care each day keep your hands always lovely!

Hands are so easy to beautify! What are you doing with yours?

At the TERMINAL BEAUTY SALON of New York's famous ROOSEVELT HOTEL, where the *soignée* art of feminine loveliness is cherished, they say:

"As our clientele represents the brilliant social life of New York, all our preparations, naturally, must be of the smartest. These women enjoy the assurance that the new Cutex Liquid Polish will keep their hands exquisite, their nails gleaming all the week through until the next manicure. And they are delighted in having a liquid polish that does not peel or discolor."

•

At toilet goods counters everywhere! A generous size bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish or Remover 35¢. Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60¢. Unperfumed Polish and Remover together 50¢. The other Cutex preparations 35¢.

The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

1. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser—to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips

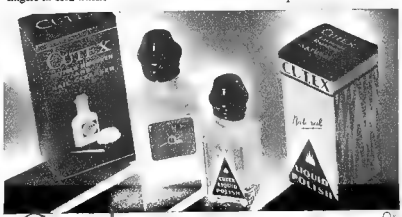
First scrub the nails with warm soapy water, then gently apply an orange stick wrapped with a thin layer of cotton and dipped in Cutex Cuticle Remover around the base of the nail to mould the cuticle and bring out the lovely pale half-moons.

Pass the orange stick, wrapped with cotton and saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover, under each nail tip. Dry and clean with dry cotton. Rinse fingers in cold water.

2. The New Cutex Liquid Polish that protects and enhances the nails

Remove all the old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish, brushing it evenly from the half-moon toward the finger tip. For an especially brilliant lustre, apply two coats of Cutex Liquid Polish.

As a finishing touch, use a tiny bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil around the base of the cuticle to keep it soft and pliable, and just enough nail white under the nail tip to enhance the flattering radiance of the polish!



MRS. MICHAEL ARLEN, formerly Countess Atlanta Mercati, is conspicuous for her great beauty and exquisite grooming. "I am devoted to your new Cutex Liquid Polish," she says charmingly. "For days and days after using it, my nails are delightful. And with so little effort. The Cutex preparations certainly have simplified my manicure!"

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. O P-2, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

_____

_____

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

How Easy it is to Telephone between Cities

From your own home you can telephone to any neighboring city as clearly as across the street . . . you can keep ties of family and friendship alive . . . and with various long distance rates again reduced on January 1, the cost is low indeed.

* * *

It's surprisingly easy to telephone from one city to another. Just give the telephone number and city to the operator, or the name and address, if you do not know the number. In a few minutes—or, more likely, a few *seconds*—you will be talking.

Women are using the telephone for their out-of-town calls, just as their husbands do at the office. A telephone call will bring pleasure to you and those you love. Children away at school, or in the city, and a bit lonesome. *Wouldn't it seem good to hear their voices?*

Friends you haven't seen for a long time. Birthdays rolling around, as birthdays do. The folks back home, who would welcome your cheery "hello." *A telephone call always carries your personality with it.*

And telephoning really costs very little. Here's the test: Think of some friend you would like to talk with. Look in the directory for the station-to-station rate, or ask the operator. Not so expensive as you thought, is it? Why not place the call right now?

New Kind Of Can Opener

Works Like Magic!

AGENTS

At last! An automatic, simple little can opening machine for the home. This revolutionary invention is only a few short months has banished old can openers from over 100,000 kitchens. And no wonder! Imagine an amazing, lifetime device that holds the can and cuts out the top leaving can rim slick, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank, that's all. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst., Modern Priscilla, etc. Write today for special, introductory advertising offer.

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.
Dept. B-71, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Big Profits MAKING HOME MADE CANDIES

Turn Your Kitchen Into a Candy Shop.

MAKE big money from the very beginning. Candy sweets 15c lb. to make—sells for 60c to $1.20 lb. Fortune sells 200 lbs. weekly—Mrs. J. A. Wilcoxson sells almost 1,100 chocolate bars each week at 5 & 10c—YOU CAN DO AS WELL! Successful manufacturer teaches secrets of candy making in your spare time and shows how to quickly sell your candy at a big profit! Practically no capital required. We furnish tools. Write for fascinating FREE book.

Capitol Candy School
DEPT. AZ-871 WASHINGTON, D.C.

World's Lowest Priced Quality Home! $493

Buy direct from Mill. Save $200 to $800. Price includes all lumber ready-cut, millwork, windows, doors, interior woodwork, hardware, roofing, glass, nails, paints, varnish and stains. **We pay freight.**

BUILD IT YOURSELF

Aladdin's famous Ready-cut System saves labor costs and lumber waste. Complete plans for quick, easy erection.

FREE Catalog shows many designs in Homes, Summer Cottages and Garages. Write for it today. Address nearest office. Ask for Catalog No. 1013.

THE ALADDIN COMPANY, Bay City, Mich.
Wilmington, N. C. Portland, Ore.

Ask for Century Sheet Music

Thereisachild is poor without Musical Training

Say "CENTURY" and get the world's Best Edition of the world's Best Music by the world's Best Composers. It's 15c (10c in Canada). 2500 selections for Piano, Piano Duet, Violin and Piano, Saxophone, Mandolin, Guitar and Vocal. Get free catalogue at your dealers, or write us.

Century Music Publishing Co.
232 West 40th Street
New York City

15¢

The richest child is poor without Musical Training

Continued from Page 82

and plotting at the back of every prayer of John Knox and the Reformers, of every aggression of the band of knights and barons who fed from Elizabeth's hands and did her base work in Scotland.

"Sometimes I believe she is more Queen of Scotland than I!" thought Mary; and indeed there were others who thought the same, and among them Mary's base-born brother, Lord James Stuart, who, ferret-eyed, was watching to see how the cat would jump.

But queens have little time for brooding. Two months later preparations for the coronation were in full swing, and Elizabeth had sent a most distinguished embassage with her congratulations on the accession, and her desire that they should discuss the affairs of Scotland. Francis waived that aside. Scotland was his wife's. With her they must speak in a separate presence-chamber. The English diplomats were not to ignore the young queen as Elizabeth had instructed them to do. France declined that insult.

INDEED a very high lady! And they realized it during the coronation at Reims, where she sat among her attendants in the great gallery on the right side of the altar. Not for her, a crowned and anointed queen, to be crowned by any husband—even the French king. She became Queen of France by right royal as his wife, and needed no crown but her own.

Throckmorton watched her sitting pensive among her ladies and saw the smile of joy, the bright flush like wine through alabaster, when the crown was set on her king's head. She felt, she knew her power.

He bethought him of a rime he had heard in Scotland when visiting Lord James Stuart and greasing his greedy palm with English money. The people sang it here and there:

The bonniest rose that in Scotland blows
Hangs high on the topmost bough.

High indeed. None higher. Could any wind of fate blow it in the dust? At all events Elizabeth and England would think the feat worth trying.

He did not see her except at a distance then or for a long time to come, tho his duties kept him in France. But he watched her, lynx-eyed, and had her watched, and that day would have been a glad one for him or for Elizabeth could he have found a spot upon her reputation.

But there was none. Poets praised her, musicians sang her, painters set what they could of her beauty on canvas, but no man came near enough even to be discouraged by her modesty. That was all he could learn. She met him with gracious courtesy when at last they did meet.

"Sir Nicholas," she said in her pretty Scots-English, "I am much beholden to you for your patience. But I will write to your queen, and if I send her my picture may I hope for hers?"

"Madam, your grace may hope," he responded, "yet not with certainty as yet, for at the moment we have no painter worthy to set my queen's living beauty on canvas, it consisting as much in majesty and nobility as in softness of feature and all womanly charms. Therefore, as I say, the thing must wait discreetly."

If Mary felt somewhat astonished she hid it. She had many pen-pictures of Elizabeth and many of the very colored drawing, and could very well gage that vaunted beauty. It had not overwhelmed her, but she thought the queen well-looking and of high presence. She could little guess the rage, the hunger in the heart of Elizabeth for beauty. All but power she would have given to possess it.

"And as to the same picture," he added pompously, "there is another matter to consider. Can your grace sue for it while you assume the arms of England to my sovereign's great pain and indignity? She would be more than queen and woman if she passed such an insult over. I saw those arms in the coronation pageants. I see them everywhere, and duly report it to my queen."

The color flushed into Mary's face in a moment.

"And I would have you know, and the queen also," she said, stiffening in her great chair, "that I am an English princess, great-granddaughter to your King Henry the Seventh. And why should I not bear the arms of my family? I will not."

Throckmorton countered neatly as he thought.

"Because, madam, the arms of sovereigns do not descend, as in noble families, to a daughter's children, and must not be quartered thus."

But Mary was ready for him, and laughed aloud.

"Then, Sir Nicholas, I must trouble you to tell me why your queen quarters the arms of France, which she inherits through a female ancestor. And why does she style herself Queen of France—a thing too ridiculous for words, since no woman can reign in France—it being against French laws that any woman reigns?"

Throckmorton was silenced. Why indeed? That was the weak spot in the English argument. He had himself said as much to Elizabeth before coming to France, foreseeing the hogs in which it would land him. And with what result?

"God's death, Sir Nicholas, and you counsel me to be humble and yield to the French what no king my predecessor has yielded? Why, sir? Is England to lessen in my hands? I would sooner die. The French arms are mine and I will call myself Queen of France to their noses. Let them lump it if they do not like it. But the whey-faced Scots child shall give in or I will know the reason why!"

Women—women! And toys of arms and the like! There were times when Throckmorton wished they had two kings on the two thrones who could fight it out. He foresaw endless coils of diplomacy succeeding for the Scots Queen as likely as not. And if ever she came to rule in England he would wish to be well with her, and this was not the way to it. She was too powerful here in France, too popular. He said to his colleague, Mewtas, that day that the best thing for England would be the death of Francis and her return to Scotland.

"We should have her then in the hollow of our hand. Her base-born brother James Stuart would sell her like Judas if he could get his price."

"And that may come," said Mewtas. "They say this French lad can not last above two years. She nurses him like the apple of her eye; but what then?"

Throckmorton grunted. He wished he had the gift of prophecy. It would help him with Elizabeth and more.

Mary also foresaw and feared. They were nearly two years married now and no sign of children. No sign of returning faith. He would speak of the future to her frankly.

He lay one day on a couch in the great window at Chenonceaux and looked out over the shining water. It was a day that spoke of life, but he lay on his pillows, languid and sick at heart. He loved her tender, unwearying care and her dutifulness to him. Nothing would move her from his side. His thin, hot hand felt for hers and grasped it. She could feel the sick, quick pulse.

"*Marie, ma mie*, how good you are to me! You have borne so patiently with my sickness and dulness. Is it for love's sake?"

His dying eyes implored for assurance.

"For what else, my heart? We were children together. I have never had a thought but of you. Not one."

Her tenderness satisfied him.

"When I die, my beloved—"

A cold shudder of weakness shook her blood. He had never said this before. She put a fair hand across his lips.

"When I die, my beloved, do not go to Scotland. I think it safer here. The English are too strong in Scotland, and the red-haired virago dances your men to her music. Stay here and pray for my soul. My mother and all will love you, and you will have peace. Stay here."

"Hush, my heart!" the girl said, making his head to her bosom. "You shall live. Yes, you shall live and I will do your work for you until you have strength. I love you. Stay with me."

SHE would not say a word of what had escaped him—his mother's hatred, her own insecurity at the French court. Why grieve him with what he could not alter? She put her young lips to his wasted cheek as if to breathe her own life into him.

"Heart of my heart, of course they would be kind to me, but I want no kindness but yours. None other will I have. Oh, we will be happy! This is Winter, but soon—at Fontainebleau soon the wind-flowers will be coming and then the golden daffodils. And strength will come with Spring, and every

Continued on Page 86

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

mrs. perry tiffany

• in her historic old house in rhode island she enjoys the modern comfort of the beautyrest mattress . . . .

• Beloved and gracious member of Paris and Newport society, Mrs. Perry Tiffany has recently restored the old Perry homestead at Wakefield, Rhode Island, illustrious birthplace of two Commodores and two Captains, whose names are brilliantly bound up with the naval history of our country.

A Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring from Simmons were the only anachronisms Mrs. Perry Tiffany permitted herself in this authentic restoration. "The Beautyrest is so comfortable, I felt I *must* have one," she said. "Such buoyancy, such amazing ease! And its trim lines and beautiful finish make it a handsome addition to a room of any period.

"Simmons inner coil mattresses have revolutionized our sleeping habits! How marvelous it is that you can price your new Deepsleep Mattress so reasonably that everyone may now enjoy the luxury of this perfect rest."

A charming bedroom in the Commodore Perry homestead, equipped with luxurious Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Ace Box Spring, $42.50; and Simmons spool bed No. 1850, reproduction of an old model, $37.50.

beautyrest mattress $39.50 • ace box spring $42.50 • deepsleep mattress $19.95 beds $10 to $60 • the simmons company new york • chicago • atlanta • san francisco

Simmons

beds • springs • mattresses and BERKEY & GAY furniture

Copyright 1930, The Simmons Company

Digitized by Google

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Now, you can dress smartly on a limited income

by the semi-finished plan

THERE was a time when one paid dearly for chic—for exclusive and distinctive styles. But now, thanks to Berth Robert, one may have smarter styles than ever—and at unbelievably low prices!

Does it sound too good to be true? Then send for Berth Robert's latest Spring catalogue in which pages and pages of lovejest coats, frocks and ensembles are shown—each selected *only* after it was proven to have the greatest amount of chic, at the lowest price.

And what exceptional values you will find. Berth Robert never economizes on material or workmanship. Values that will thrill those truly clever women who manage to dress so smartly and yet maintain their reputation for economy!

For it's the Berth Robert Semi-Finished Plan that doubles the value of your clothes dollar. This is a wonderful plan, whereby your frock, coat or ensemble is cut to individual size; all the difficult tailoring, collars, cuffs, pleating, etc., is completely finished for you. Only a few simple seams are left to be sewn, and, as you sew, you save!

Send for your copy of Berth Robert's new Fashion Catalogue today. It's the first step in securing a smart Spring wardrobe at an unbelievably low price!

from BERTH ROBERT
FASHIONABLE FROCKS
semi-finished

Smart Spring Styles

Mail the coupon below, today, for Berth Robert's latest Fashion Catalogue—It's FREE!

BERTH ROBERT, Dept. P-1
1239 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE, your Spring Fashion Catalogue.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Continued from Page 84

day you will grow stronger, and some day I shall come to you and stand proudly before you, and I shall say, 'Your Majesty, I have news for you. That of our love a son shall be born who shall rule the world,' and you will spring to your feet and cry aloud, 'Thanks to the Mother of God and her Son,' and then——"

She raised her cheek. He was too quiet. Had he fallen asleep in her embrace? He was cold and pale as death. He had swooned away into a deathlike faint, and crying aloud, she laid him down and rushed to the anteroom for help.

Two days later they administered the last rites, and the viaticum of departure was laid upon the lips of the most Christian King, the eldest son of the church. She did her utmost for him, and that was little in her eyes. She knelt, weary, pale as ashes, her eyes upon him, keeping her vigil in the Garden of Gethsemane. None could separate them. All stood aside to watch the ebbing of the tide which was to leave her alone in the world, and so young.

What thoughts she had in that moment, who could tell? There were no tears in her eyes, nothing but the fixed look of motherhood which sees its beloved slowly drawn from its embrace by a power irresistible.

Once she spoke.

"Could I have done more, Francis? Have I failed in anything?"

And tho he was past speech his eyes answered her question.

A day later Throckmorton wrote to Elizabeth:

On the 5th December, at eleven o'clock in the night, he departed to God, leaving as sad and sorrowful a wife as she had reason to be, who, by long watching with him during his sickness and by painful diligence about him, is ill in her own body.

Elizabeth smiled in reading that letter—the first smile she had accorded to her rival, no longer Queen of France.

THE young King of France was dead.

Forty days shut from sunlight in a room with black hangings lit only by lamplight, clad in white like a nun from head to foot, so must a French queen mourn her king. The cold of the palace was appalling—the great drafty rooms, the ill hung doors and windows—and Mary was a Summer flower who withered in frosts, frozen from head to foot. All day long she sat, dwelling on the past with its lost glories, trembling for the future. She could not dwell as much on the lost boy. Her relations to him had been one of pity and loyalty. Now he needed neither, and for her life must begin again.

She turned her great eyes on Mary Seton, who alone of the Marys had shut herself up with *la Reine blanche*, as the French called her, and spoke in a low tone.

"Mary Seton, I see you thought—for I think of nothing else—that our happy days in France are done? It wrings my heart but it is true. There is no place for two queens here, and the queen mother has made me feel it already. What shall I do? How can I live in that cold country which killed my mother? If they would but let me stay here, living on my own lands in Touraine, I would gladly leave Scotland to my brother and live forgotten and forgetting."

The high spirit of Mary Seton would not bear this. She was a Scotswoman to her heart's core. She rose and stood before the queen, tall in her sweeping black.

"What, Mary Stuart! You, who are queen, to talk like a minikin demoiselle who will give up the world because her pet sparrow is dead! I loved your king as a sick boy. Did you love him otherwise? Now he is gone. Wake up! You are still Queen of France, but most you are Queen of Scotland. Do great ladies throw away their duties? Certainly we go to Scotland! What else?"

The young queen stared at her. Many a home truth had she heard from the Seton girl, daughter of a great and loyal house; but this was hard to bear. Yet it was true. She knew it.

"True. Go on. Scorn is better for me than many sermons! I have deserved it."

But Mary Seton fell on her knees in tears.

"That I should hurt you, my heart's darling, when you have griefs to bear!" she sobbed. "But this is death in life, no better! Oh, that some one, something, would come to break it and make our pulses beat again!" Widowhood kills when one makes a prison of it. We shall go mad if this goes on. Why should we see only women? I hope we know how to behave even if we are a three-weeks widow! Oh, these French!"

Mary Stuart said nothing, but a faint smile crinkled the corners of her lips at the quaint phrasing. Mary Seton always identified herself with her mistress.

A LUGUBRIOUS figure in black, hooded like Fate, moved solemnly from the arched doorway into the room, and stood before her, speaking in a voice of the grave. It was the lady of honor in charge.

"Madam, two gentlemen of England have come riding post, tho not together, and desire to see you. I would not intrude on your majesty's grief, but that each holds a letter from the queen mother requesting you to give him audience. That you will refuse indignantly I knew well, but the royal message must be given. I entreat forgiveness."

Mary Seton had risen at once to stand on duty beside her mistress's chair. She laid her fingers on the back, and it was not by accident that one touched Mary's shoulder.

The queen understood that pressure, and the young blood in her answered the message. She knew very well, tho no word had been uttered, that Europe outside would be ringing with speculations as to her remarriage. Cabinets and councils would be held. Kings and ministers would plot, and queens lend their aid to merry whispers or angry tattle. And a little palpitation of curiosity melted the surface of her heart. She spoke gravely, however.

"Madam, I think with you. It is cruel that my hours of grief should be broken. Yet if I am a broken-hearted widow I am also a queen, and these gentlemen may bring stern news. Who is the first?"

The lady spoke through starched lips.

"Madam, the ambassador Throckmorton himself, as a kinsman of your majesty's, the Lord Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennox."

Mary put up her white fan to conceal a twitch of the lips. She had never seen the "long lad," as her mother called him; but some scapegrace tales recurred which made her glad that Mary Seton stood decorously behind her. Eyes meeting eyes, the two girls might have laughed.

"Tell my Lord Darnley that I can not refuse to see my cousin as commanded by the queen mother, but bid him remember, madam, that this is a chamber of mourning and the widowed Queen had both taken leave of their senses. A man in the presence of *la Reine blanche*, and that man young!

"A glass—a glass!" Mary whispered, directly she had vanished. "Run, Mary Seton! It is not vanity, but a queen must look as she should when a subject has audience, and this subject is as much mine as Elizabeth's. I may hear something of the red-headed witch. I wish we may!"

Already it had done her good. Already there was a touch of life in the stillness of the great room. Mary Seton sped for the glass with lighter feet than for the past three weeks and returned running. With delicate fingers she coaxed out a mesh or two of silken hair from under the hard white barbe that bound the forehead nunlike. She smoothed the eyes with a refreshing lotion that obliterated tear-traces, then stopped and surveyed her work.

"And now, madam, have a little pity on my Lord Darnley, I beseech you."

A quick glance passed between them as slow steps were heard approaching, with the rustle of a silken dress. No man might conduct him—only ladies in black marshaled his quaking steps. He appeared at the door with the lady of honor preceding him.

He was a long lad, indeed, tall, well knit, with light, curling hair and the blue eyes of a Scotsman set in a broad forehead, with an ardent sparkle in them, when fixed on any likely lass. His position was peculiar and one which gave him great advantage in the cunning game now to be played for Mary Stuart's heart, since he was her cousin of Scots blood as royal as her own, and on his mother's side of English blood royal and in the race for the succession to that crown.

Dressed to perfection in black and white, trained in courts to catch the eye of Elizabeth or Mary as might chance in his

Continued on Page 89

Everyone admires smooth, fair Skin

Passersby, as well as those who know you, pay admiring tribute to your complexion-beauty when you cherish it with Plough's Cold Cream!

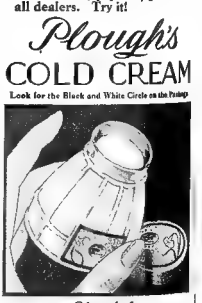
Dip your fingers into the cool, white softness of this dainty cream and smooth it on your skin. Instantly there is a soothed, refreshed feeling, even after exposure to harsh, drying weather! Chapping and irritation vanish! "Tired" lines and "crows' feet" disappear—and the fear of wrinkles.

Then, day by day, as you continue to apply this rich, nourishing cream, your skin responds by becoming clearer, smoother and finer in texture, until it attains the appealing, youthful beauty that every woman so desires.

Plough's Cold Cream is available in two sizes, popularly-priced, at all dealers. Try it!

Plough's COLD CREAM

Look for the Black and White Circle on the Package



Plough, Inc.
NEW YORK MEMPHIS SAN FRANCISCO

Setting-Up Exercises for Your Face—
LIFT SAGGING MUSCLES
REMOVE DOUBLE CHIN

Kathryn Murray's 5-Minute-Per Week Facial Exercises will help you to: Develop muscle tone; strengthen chin, cheek, throat muscles; relieve complexion fits, and restore a natural way. Send name and address of yours. Get 10 lessons regularly each week. Only 25¢ each. Or, for prepayment, 15 years of success, 2 lessons, 25¢ plus postage. Send for Free Booklet, in plain envelope. Write now!

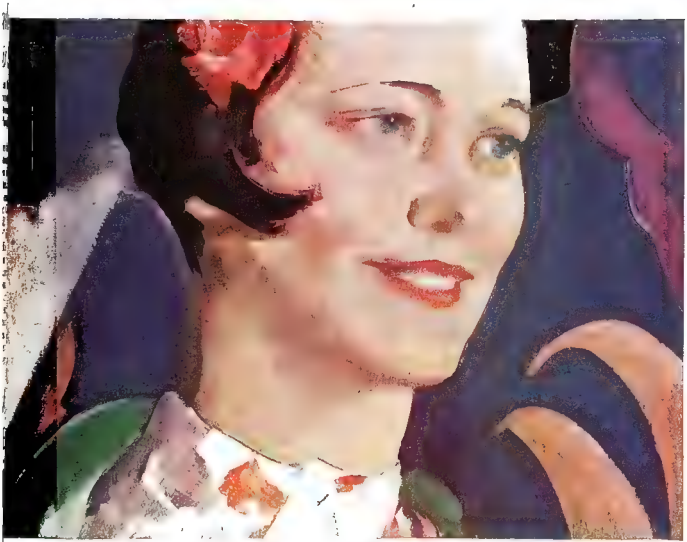
KATHRYN MURRAY
Suite 237, 5 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago

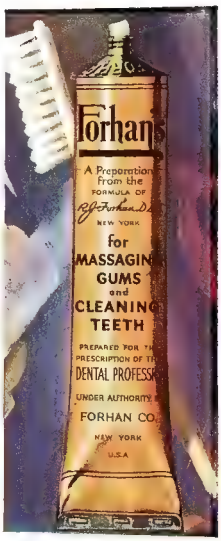
Wedding Invitations—Announcements
100 hand-engraved $10.00
Invitations Style P-1, 50 at 20
100 Visiting Cards $5.00
Write for Samples
P. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1040 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Digitized by Google

Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Do you choose a dentifrice by a dentist's standards?





FOR many years, dentists have known the name of Forhan.

They knew it first as the name of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., who, in his practice, developed a preparation widely used by dentists as an aid in the treatment of pyorrhea.

They knew it later as the name of a dentifrice, based upon the benefits of Dr. Forhan's preparation —a dentifrice originated by him to supplement the care which dentists gave to gums and teeth.

Naturally, this dentifrice is made in strict accordance with a dentist's exacting standards.

It contains safe and pure ingredients for cleansing the teeth.

It combines, also, a special preparation long used by the dental profession in caring for the gums. When used as recommended with massage at the time of brushing, this dentifrice therefore firms up the gums, stimulates circulation, and helps to bring out the coral glow of tingling health.

When you use Forhan's as your dentifrice, you are giving your mouth two protections: the safe-guard of keeping the teeth beautifully clean, as well as the daily invigoration so essential to healthy gums.

Do not wait until tender gums compel you to start the use of Forhan's. It is far better to avoid trouble than to treat it. Adopt the *dentists' dentifrice* which may help you keep the mouth of youth from becoming too soon middle-aged.

For the same reason that you would want your dentist to use only ethical and recognized preparations in his treatment of your teeth, you should cooperate with him by using only the finest dentifrice yourself.

Forhan's for the gums comes in two sizes—35¢ and 60¢—a few cents a tube more than the ordinary toothpaste, and exceedingly well worth it.

Forhan Company, New York.

IMPORTANT!

Forhan's is not a medicated toothpaste. Its medication is for the proper care of the gums, not for the purpose of cleaning the teeth. It cleans the teeth with the recognized and scientific ingredients which every dentist knows to be safe and good.

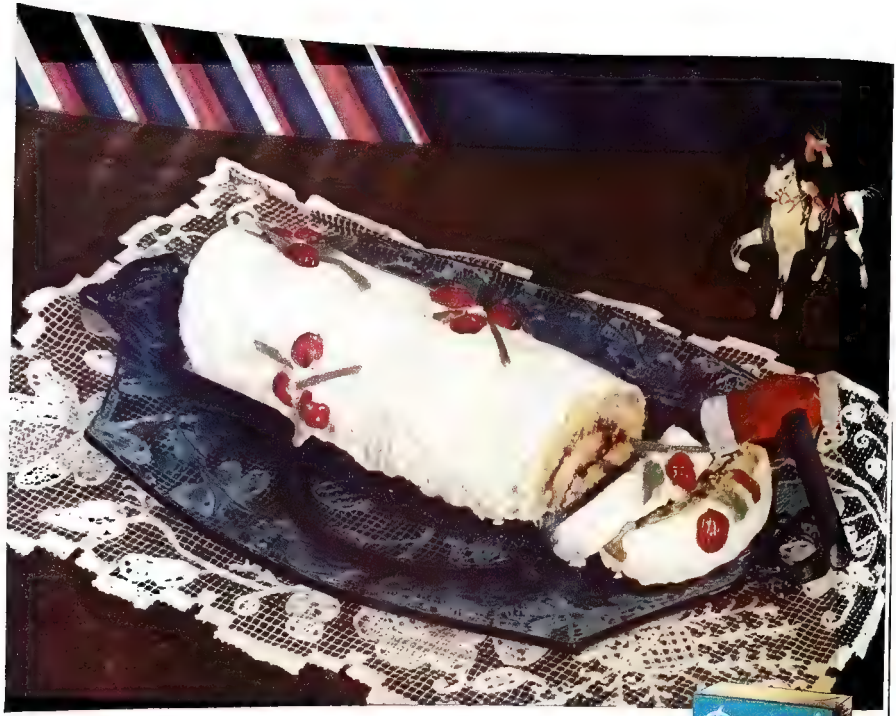
Any mouth may have Pyorrhea and at forty the odds are

4 *out of* 5

Forhan's

Your teeth are only as healthy as your gums

Go gle



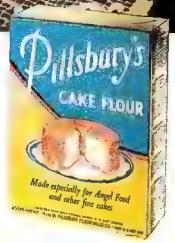
It may cost you a few cents more

but a million women have found it's worth it!

Nobody can afford to consider pennies in buying flour for cakes. There's too much at stake—there are just as many eggs, just as much sugar and shortening in a mediocre cake as in a perfect cake. It's wise to get the finest flour you can buy—even if you do pay a few cents more per package—about one cent more per cake.

During its first year on the market over a million women adopted Pillsbury's Cake Flour because of the surprising improvement it brought about in their cakes—an improvement worth many times the slightly higher cost. Pillsbury's Cake Flour is made from a new blend of certain rare, expensive types of wheat, unusually soft, milled to a silky fineness. Baking tests have shown that it possesses three distinct superiorities: (1) It makes a cake that rises higher—a lighter, fluffier, more delicate cake. (2) It makes a cake with a soft, fine texture—the sort that really melts in your mouth. (3) It makes a cake that stays fresh longer. Women tell us it's the finest cake flour they've ever used—that it has completely changed their ideas of "perfect cake."

No matter how expert a cake maker you may be, we believe you'll get a new thrill the first time you use this improved cake flour. Test Pillsbury's Cake Flour carefully—try it with the most delicate, difficult recipe you know—it will prove its value before you have used the first package. You will find out why a million women have already decided that here, at last, is the perfect flour for all fine cakes! Make a note on your shopping list now!



CHERRY TREE CAKE

3 eggs	1 cup Pillsbury's Cake Flour
1 cup powdered sugar	1 teaspoon baking powder
Juice of one-half lemon	½ teaspoon salt

Separate the eggs; beat the yolks until light and creamy together with the sugar; and add the lemon juice. Sift the dry ingredients together; and fold gently into the first mixture. Last, add the egg whites, whipped stiff. Transfer to a large, shallow, well-oiled pan; and bake in a moderate oven, 375 degrees F., about fifteen minutes. Invert immediately on to waxed paper, spread with raspberry jam; and quickly roll up. When cool, cover with any plain white icing; and decorate with candied cherries and angelica for leaves and stems.

A paper George Washington hatchet may be stuck in the top of the cake, if desired.

Recipe furnished by Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, President of the National Radio Home Makers' Club.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
General Offices: Minneapolis, Minnesota

Millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour, Pancake Flour, Wheat Bran, Farina, Cake Flour, Rye, Whole Wheat and Durum Flours

Pillsbury's Cake Flour

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Continued from Page 86

destined profession of king consort, the long had performed his first bow exquisitely by the door, the next in the middle of the room. The third brought him to the queen's feet, where he knelt to kiss the hand she extended, bowing a bright young head over it.

He was life, he was youth. A wave of Spring had broken into the room of death, and Mary found herself noting the grace of his black velvet sleeves slashed with silver and the sunshine of his golden curls. Surely he had taken time and thought to wash the travel-stains away. But she spoke with cold grace as befitted a queen bereft.

"Monsieur, my cousin, it gives me such pleasure as my sorrow permits me to see you. And are your noble parents well?"

But while he answered the stiff courtesy his eyes were roving, for he knew that if the wishes of his parents were fulfilled here sat his royal wife. Elizabeth was too old for him. This would be the better if her ambition were not too high. A great young lady indeed.

He sat on the low stool placed near her. His royal Scots blood commanded that observance; otherwise he must have stood. And now left alone with the queen and Mary Seton, he did his best to win both hearts, not knowing how far the maid of honor might influence the mistress. He had the good taste to avoid the lighter topics of mask and revel, and struck a graver note by mentioning Elizabeth. Mary caught at that.

"My cousin, I have heard that queen mentioned only by statesmen too grave to describe her as a woman. Tell me, is she beautiful?"

Darnley hesitated.

It would almost be as much as his life was worth in England if he disparaged Elizabeth's pretensions as reigning beauty, but it was vital also that the Scots queen should be made to understand that in the opinion of all men she herself was the first.

"She is like a noble Greek head cut on a gold medal, madam, with pride, stateliness, and fire which become her majesty well. Her eyes are dark and piercing; her hair auburn, gold-threaded; her hand exquisite, especially on the lute, which she plays like a siren. I conclude her foot to match, but have not seen it."

Had he gone too far in his praises? Yet it was needful. A bird of the air might carry the matter.

"That is what princes should be in the eyes of their subjects. I have heard of my good sister's beauty and rejoice in it. I wish I may win such a noble person's affection since we come of the same blood. You also, Sir!" she added, including him gracefully.

He bridled at that. Never was man vainer and in some ways simpler than Darnley. Mary Seton took his measure in a moment and stamped it on her brain for future reference. She knew as well as he did the motive of his headlong ride to see his cousin, and her lips shut with finality. He was no sword for the queen's hand. No prop for her weakness.

"And has so lovely a lady thoughts of marriage, as all her faithful subjects must wish?" Mary asked courteously at last.

Darnley laughed. Surely he was safe with those young women in that hearse-like room—they would see the absurdity of what he had to tell.

"Marriage, madam? That is not a word which her majesty's pride will swallow for a long time yet. She will love perhaps, but *par amour*, and all her time and thoughts are set on my Lord Robert Dudley. The world knows it."

MARY looked studied unbelief. It piqued him.

"Madam, I dare assure you she shows it openly. Knighting him the other day, she could not resist tickling her white fingers in his neck with all the court about them, and he comes and goes—"

But Mary stiffened. This was most dangerous for her to hear, and not the talk for a young widow with the tears still wet on her cheek.

"I understand, my lord, that you had urgent business with the queen mother's recommendation."

He thought it scarcely fair after she had drawn him on with a question, and stiffened in his turn. "Sulked" would be the better word. His father and mother had spoiled him from the cradle as the priceless baby who might be King of England one day through one cousin or the other. Indeed his mother was next heiress to England if Queen Mary failed, and therefore he was watched by Elizabeth with an eye whose jealousy pointed his comments. "Business" indeed!

"My business, Madam, was to see you with my mother's recommendation and to implore your favor for the restoration of her great estates in Scotland, partly swallowed by your grace's brother Lord James Stuart."

THE long lad had no sense, Mary Seton said to herself, as she stood at attention. He should have known that Mary loved her brother, and if mere greed were the spur that had brought Darnley here at a gallop—But he was speaking again.

"And, madam, for I do not hide the truth, I wished to see the face of a cousin which is rumored to be the loveliest on God's earth. And for that reason I told the queen mother—"

"What, Sir?" Mary was biting back a smile.

"I said—God forgive me!—that I had a letter of the utmost consequence from the English queen desiring a meeting with your grace as soon as possible. And I said—"

Mary made a motion with her hand. Her face was inscrutable again. Only Mary Seton could read the hidden thought; not he.

"Then, my lord, I thank you, and must drop again into my sad thoughts, which you interrupted. They would have been more cheerful if you had really borne the letter you speak of. There is nothing the world or I can desire more than a happy meeting between two queens, cousins and husbandless in the same island."

But he caught at the word.

"You go to Scotland, madam?"

"I did not say so. I say farewell, with good wishes and prayers for your noble parents, and——"

"And for myself, madam?"

"A good share more of discretion!" she said with dropped eyelids.

How it reassured him! He fell on his knees to kiss her hand, not once or twice, but most indiscreetly often. He knelt so long that it became a passionate homage to beauty and not to the widowed grief of the French queen. Mary Seton hurriedly revised her opinion. He was indiscretion itself, but indiscretion which might succeed where wisdom failed.

As he made his final bow at the door, and the black old lady resumed custody of him, there was a dipping light of laughter in Mary Stuart's eyes.

"The young fool!" she said. "To talk like that and on such an errand! But the long lad is a handsome one, and his royal blood tells. Mary, *ma mie*, are they talking outside in the world of whom I must marry? No—do not tell me. Listen rather to these verses I have made for my dear dead king."

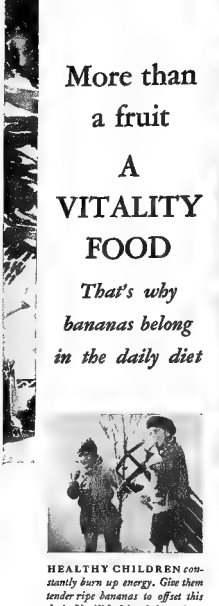
She took up a paper from the table. Ronsard had commended her as a poet, therefore she had some right to think herself one, and was given to versifying alike in French and Latin. She said:

> The voice of my sad song
> With mournful sweetness guides
> My piercing eye along
> The track that death divides;
> With sharp and bitter sighs
> My youth's bright morning dies.
> Within my heart and eye
> His image is portrayed.
>
> My dress of grief is nigh;
> My weeping eyelids fade
> To the wan violet's blue,
> The mourning lover's hue.
>
> I hear his voice once more;
> I thrill to that dear touch——

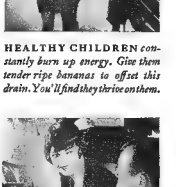
But here she broke down sobbing. She took it for grief unquenchable. Mary Seton saw it for youth trying to lash itself into an eternal covenant with death. It could not last.

"My heart, my heart!" she said, passing a tender arm round the young girl's shoulders. "Time will be good to you. And now let us see the other man who waits. It is Monsieur de Throckmorton, Ambassador of the Queen of England."

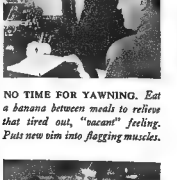
Mary rallied as at the call of necessity. But this time she asked no glass. And into that mood Throckmorton walked, with a cold, clear eye to estimate her chances against his queen's. Too young, he thought, too beautiful, too soft. Queens indeed should be beautiful because it moved the multitude, but she had gone too far. The



More than a fruit
A VITALITY FOOD
That's why bananas belong in the daily diet



HEALTHY CHILDREN *constantly burn up energy. Give them tender ripe bananas to offset this drain. You'll find they thrive on them.*



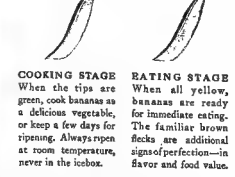
NO TIME FOR YAWNING. *Eat a banana between meals to relieve that tired out, "vacant" feeling. Puts new vim into flagging muscles.*

STRIKE A NEW NOTE *by using this banana recipe today. Lay bacon strips across peeled and halved bananas. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve with lemon and parsley.*

NEARLY every time you pick up a magazine or tune in on the radio today, there is a new story by some authority on the food value of the banana. No longer the mere fruit we once thought it, this tropical delicacy is now known for its *vitalizing* food materials

No fewer than *three* vitamins are present—A, B, and C, protective elements we must have for robust health. Then there are carbohydrates to furnish quick new energy, and vital basic minerals—for general body tone . . . If this food content were all, the banana would be a "find" for the table. But add to it a flavor so zestful as to make it a universal favorite.

Then it's easy to see why *bananas belong* in every household.



COOKING STAGE
When the tips are green, cook bananas as a delicious vegetable, or keep a few days for ripening. Always ripen at room temperature, never in the icebox.

EATING STAGE
When all yellow, bananas are ready for immediate eating. The familiar brown flecks are additional signs of perfection—in flavor and food value.

New Banana Book Free—*Just off the press and brimful of unusual recipes. Send coupon today.*

BANANA GROWERS ASSN., 17 Battery Place, N. Y. C. Please send "Bananas in the Modern Manner."

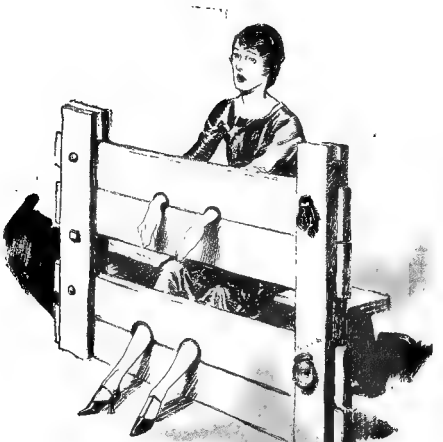
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ P. R. 2-30

BANANA GROWERS ASSOCIATION

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

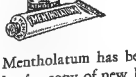


Don't be the prisoner of a COLD . .

get rid of it!

WHY punish yourself with a cold? Get free from discomfort, misery, and confinement. Prompt treatment does it. Use Mentholatum for direct action on the affected areas.

Rub Mentholatum on your chest and feel the *warm glow*. Inhale the vapor and clear out your stuffy breathing passages. Apply frequently to your inflamed nose. Get a handy tube or jar at any drugstore today.



For over 35 years Mentholatum has been a reliable cold remedy. Send for *free* copy of new book entitled "How to Get Rid of Colds," written by a physician. Dept. C-24, Mentholatum Company, Wichita, Kansas.

MENTHOLATUM

RUB ON CHEST

INHALE VAPOR

APPLY IN NOSE

Google

thing was overdone. No one wanted a crowned Helen to drive the jealousies of Europe mad and exasperate Elizabeth beyond bearance.

He came in bowing in the black lady's custody, stiff and angular alike in his opinions. She should not look so angelically fair and pale—such a tragedy of grief. Such a face would be a positive danger in England, where all the young hotheads would have swords out in her cause, however foolish. He wished he could find some fault that would show like mud on her chastity. But he was a truthful man for a statesman, and honesty had compelled him to write to Elizabeth, who must know the truth, however unpalatable:

Now that God has disposed of the King, what we must reckon with is the Queen's marriage. During his life no great account was made of her, for, being under the bond of marriage, there was no great occasion to know what was in her. But since his death she has shown great wisdom for her years, modesty and judgment. And some who made no great account of her, now honor and pity her.

All of which was wormwood to Elizabeth, whose modesty was not her foremost virtue. Perhaps Throckmorton was not unwilling to give an oblique hint in that direction, for rumor was laughing over Elizabeth and Robert Dudley. Anyhow his queen must know the facts, and would to God she would learn from them!

Him Mary rose to meet as representing Elizabeth and carrying her condolences, which she received sweetly, seating herself after.

"And it has done my heart more good, monsieur, than anything yet, that my good sister of England should so pity my grief, for in her I hope to find much comfort as from a queen who understands a queen's heart, besides the bond of kindred blood."

IT GAVE even Throckmorton a feeling as near sympathy as he was ever likely to attain. She was so young and solitary, with only another young girl as her guard in that black room. Both glimmered like night-moths in it. He bowed gravely.

"I say, madam, that in this grief you have carried yourself so honorably and discreetly that it is a thing to be wished by all Englishmen and wives men that one of the two queens of the Isle of Britain could be transformed into the shape of a man, for that would make the happiest marriage in all the wide world!"

"Marriage! Ah, if that could be!" said Mary, sighing. "But otherwise never! If she has the mind to be a virgin queen I have the same for a widowed life, and in that we well agree. So I hope. But, sir, I have a question to ask. I was always hoped and prayed by my subjects that if death separated me from the French kingdom I should return to my own. Will my good sister give me a safe-conduct through England to my kingdom that we may meet?"

Now, this was a most ticklish question for more reasons than one.

To have her journey through England to Berwick, winning the hearts of all the, doubtfully loyal Northern lords! Throckmorton honestly dreaded the appearance of so much beauty, and to Elizabeth it would be intolerable. He foresaw, what Shakespeare was later to write from sad experience, that certain stars would shoot madly from their spheres to hear that seamaid's music, for England was still half Catholic, and a lovely Catholic queen could not be risked for a moment. But yet this request was very natural, and how to refuse it in the face of Europe?

"I intend to send Monsieur d'Oysell to my good sister to declare that the King of France has lent me galleys to take me to Scotland, and I shall ask of her what I have said, tho the terms on which we have stood have been not what I have wished up to the present."

That was a foolish reminder which showed her youth. He caught at it instantly:

"Madam, those terms were not of my queen's seeking. If your grace had not used her court of France and had made such a treaty as she earnestly wished you would have been welcome in England as flowers in May, and to her bosom also. And your religion also is a grief to her."

Mary, who knew Elizabeth had sold many of her private convictions for a crown, lifted her lip proudly at this.

"Religion? I shall have trouble for it, yet shall not change. Many of my own subjects have joined the new religion, which seems to consist in forcing others to do as you do. For myself I am not so. Let each worship God as he will, provided he gives others the same liberty. And if that is to be the price of a safe-conduct through England it is not for me. I shall constrain none, but neither will I be constrained."

Throckmorton smiled to himself under his appearance of gravity. If that was to be her course in Scotland he foresaw difficulties by which England would be quick to profit.

She rose with a wearied air as a sign that the audience was at an end.

"Do your best for me, monsieur, that I and my sister may live in peace. I have ministers have it in their power to do much harm and much good, and you must be my voice to her. Show her my true heart."

He bowed low, and perhaps at the moment had the will to do her bidding, but as she stood in her flowing white a prevision was on him that it might be better for the girl here and now if she took that decision rather than affront the brutalities of Scotland and the fierce jealousies of Elizabeth. He judged her unfitted for times when religion was judged by the zest with which it persecuted others, too young and hopeful launching her bright boat in seas inconceivably stormy. Could God Himself bring her safe to harbor? He hoped not.

Elizabeth certainly would not aid the Almighty. So delicate was the position that Throckmorton himself journeyed over to see her at Greenwich, sick and soured with a three days' tossing. She received him in the luxurious little room which she kept for her intimates, looking out over the trees of the park, still leafless and stark, the Summer reigned in the room itself, with a great log-fire and sumptuous velvet and tapestry hangings like a casket for a jewel.

A great Holbein portrait of her father hung over the fireplace, broad and burly, with thin, sensuous lips in a fleshy face, its small eyes keen as knives even in paint and canvas. No portrait of her mother attested him. It was Elizabeth's policy to neglect the memory of that besmirched lady, whose hideous accusations made an undesirable background for a virgin queen.

Therefore her own portrait by Zuccaro faced her father's, young yet stripped of youth by the stiff and tasteless dress, fat and jeweled as the queen of diamonds in a pack of cards, not a shadow on the sharp chinned, white, unshadowed face lest it should appear a blur on her milky skin. She wore the same dress at the moment, crimson satin of excessive richness, with gold eyes and ears embroidered all over it to denote her omniscience, which nothing could escape. It spread in a horrid, cold hoop straight out from the waist, which gave her middle wooden slenderness and her breasts prominence.

The fine throat rose above it, and her aquiline face, thin-lipped but handsome, and with piercing dark eyes, pale-lashed but well set, was impressive against the hard background of a wired ruff edged with pearls. But the crimson went ill with the red of her hair and the dress, while it left her stately as a matured woman directed her of grace.

Unconsciously Throckmorton must compare her with the white, slender figure whose cause he was come to—was it to ground or to stab? He was not himself certain at the moment, for a kind of angry shame rose in him to see her Robin, as she called Robert Dudley, lounging on the back of her chair with assured familiarity that made every man who valued her position desire to smite good manners into him. The young Scots Queen knew better than that. The Tudor blood in her was not adulterated with the Boleyn mixture that had always made Elizabeth insensitive to certain points of behavior and vulgar in her familiarities. It had ruined her mother. It might ruin her yet.

SHE welcomed Throckmorton warmly, and then:

"And the widow—does she cry her eyes out for the crown of France? A coxcomb in the world, look at it how you will! And who does she set her cap at now?"

It jarred on Throckmorton, thinking of the young dignity and loneliness of the girl in France, and Dudley's course laugh accentuated his distaste. But politics were politics.

"Why, madam, all the world in France talks of who it shall be, and offers come as thick as snowflakes in December. But it is

Continued on Page 92

Digitized by Google
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Baby chafed . . ?

Be Careful, Mother

. . harsh toilet tissue may cause serious infection

CHILD SPECIALISTS warn you that harsh, glazed or chemically impure toilet tissues irritate the soreness of the chafed regions . . . and so start the way for serious infection.

Be absolutely safe! Use nothing but soft Scott Tissues on baby's tender skin.

These three "thirsty fibre" tissues—ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf—are specially processed to satisfy all the requirements that doctors say toilet tissue must have to be safe—*softness*, *absorbency* and *chemical purity*.

"Scott Tissues are like fine old linen," is the way more than one mother has described their unusual softness.

They are twice as absorbent as ordinary toilet tissue. And absorbency is absolutely necessary for thorough cleansing.

Only the finest, fresh materials go into Scott Tissues. They are chemically pure —neither acid nor alkaline in reaction.

The sheets tear easily and squarely at the perforations. The rolls are closely wrapped to fit the standard built-in fixtures.

Not only your children, but the grown people in your family need protection from the more serious maladies that come from inferior toilet tissue.

Don't take chances. Always ask for ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue or Waldorf. They cost no more than ordinary tissues. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

3 for 25¢

2 for 25¢

3 for 20¢

Scott Tissues

Prices for U. S. only

© 1930 Scott Paper Company

NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world . . . Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous *thirsty fibre* qualities.

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

TANGEE

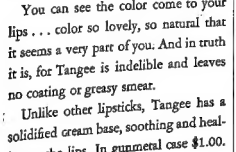
The world's most famous lipstick

In an amazing way, Tangee changes color as you put it on . . . and blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, whatever your complexion. It is the one lipstick for blonde, brunette or titian.

You can see the color come to your lips . . . color so lovely, so natural that it seems a very part of you. And in truth it is, for Tangee is indelible and leaves no coating or greasy smear.

Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base, soothing and healing to the lips. In gunmetal case $1.00.

Based on the same marvelous color principle . . . Tangee Rouge Compact 75¢ . . . Tangee Crème Rouge $1.00. The new Tangee Powder $1.00. Tangee Night Cream $1.00. Tangee Day Cream $1.00. Tangee Cosmetic, for the eyebrows, $1.00. All prices 25¢ more in Canada. *There is only one TANGEE. When you ask for TANGEE, be sure you see the name TANGEE on the package.*



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
(All six items in miniature and "Art of Make-Up.")
THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. P.R.-2
New York
417 Fifth Avenue

Name .....

Address .....

Continued from Page 90

of more consequence at the moment that the lady wants to be at home—no love lost between her and the French queen! And I have a message for your ear——"

He looked meaningly at Dudley, but Elizabeth put a caressing hand on his as it lay on the back of her chair.

"My Robin can stay. What is there Robin may not know?" So that Throckmorton was forced to open the business before him.

Instantly she was on her feet, raging.

"What? The Scots hussy asks to come through this country that she may make her mischiefs from here to Edinburgh and poison every man's mind against his lawful sovereign! But I will put her and her plots to open shame before the Spanish ambassador to-morrow, and show them that England is a match for all the Catholics in Europe. What? She to bear my arms and come to flaunt herself as my heir and count over her inheritance! If you have encouraged it, Throckmorton, you are a traitor and no servant of mine!"

And so forth with due encouragement from Dudley. Of the matter Throckmorton could not complain. He too thought that there was no place for Catholicism in England and that Elizabeth was right. But the manner he detested. And next day, with the Spanish ambassador present, permission was so coursely refused for Mary's journey through England that he caught himself wishing once again that the queens could be changed and Scotland made a part of England without the sacrifice of decency and honor which he foresaw too well.

Dudley lounged up with his meaning laugh when the queen had gone.

"Is she as fair-faced as they say, Master Throckmorton? I would like to have a sly look at the pretty widow. Mewtas says he has never seen her like."

"For me, I have no time for pretty ladies," Throckmorton answered dryly. "My own sovereign is my only care."

"And that saying may be taken two ways! You had better not let her hear the distinction," said Dudley, laughing and fingering the great jewel of emeralds and diamonds which Elizabeth had given him the day before. He was as sure at that moment of becoming King Consort of England as Throckmorton was certain that he would not. But that belief did not stand in Dudley's way of a very sharp eye for other beauties than Gloriana, as it was becoming the fashion for the poets to call her.

Throckmorton frowned and went off. He detested Dudley.

BY THE end of July all was settled for Mary Stuart's departure, all except only the question of wherabouts. She would be driven to run the gauntlet of the English warships at sea. Elizabeth had not yet given her final answer to d'Oysell. This hindered Mary's preparations and clouded her last days in Paris, and still the oracle had not spoken.

The day before she left Paris, d'Oysell returned, flaming with fury. He almost rushed into Mary's presence, charged to bursting with the news he had to tell.

"Madam, the princess sent for me in audience, and when I went, expecting the privacy due to the envoy of a crowned queen with important business to declare, I found her in the midst of a crowded circle, including the Spanish ambassador. She called me as one summons a page in a loud, hectoring voice, 'Aha, so you come to see me on behalf of the Queen of Scots!' I bowed, madam, with the dignity I owe to myself. And she shouted, 'Tell your mistress from me that I grant no safe-conduct through the narrow seas or along my coasts or through England to one who, by her conduct and open enmity and bearing of my arms royal, has declared herself my enemy and the enemy of the true religion and of all freedom.' This, turning her head proudly to see that all admired her wit!

"A smile flew from lip to lip, tho it was quickly quenched, so furious were the looks she darted. The Spanish ambassador made a step forward as if to remonstrate in the name of decency, but held back, fearing probably to make matters worse, and I, left standing alone, bowed proudly and retired. Mother of God, what a woman!"

With her own grace in full play for contrast, Mary controlled her temper, and smoothed the ruffled feathers.

"Sir, you endured a public slight for my sake and with a courtesy ill deserved. I shall not forget your merit. For myself I shall sail at the appointed time, trusting in God, and a band of French gentlemen as well as my own Scots will accompany me so that this queen may raise international questions if she attack me, passing on my rightful business. Meanwhile I must see Monsieur de Throckmorton."

SHE saw him at St.-Germain-en-Laye when she had taken her last sad farewell of Paris the beautiful and beloved, now shedding true tears at her parting. Throckmorton sent in his application for an audience, d'Oysell earnestly entreating her to refuse it in view of such gross behavior.

"And be myself as discourteous as they?" she answered with her smile. "Alas, no, monsieur, that can not be. But, since Throckmorton comes, forget nothing that may instruct me as to their meaning. Did you hear anything else of importance?"

"Madam, yes, and I am ashamed to tell such words, tho you should know it. I heard her minister Cecil whisper aside to the Earl of Sussex as the queen raged on, and what he said was this: 'My lord, this anger will please Lord James Stuart and the false Scots very well.' And I warn your majesty not to trust your brother Lord James Stuart nor any that are his, for all I hear in England, both from your partizans and others, assures me that he is in that queen's pay. You shall take nothing but harm from their counsels. They are her servants."

Again Mary smiled.

"Sir, my brother is base-born, but I love him and he me. He appears to play a part that he may gain information for me. Oh, I can trust him! There is none in the world if he should fail me, now my wise mother is gone. But he is Stuart and true. Indeed I thank you for your good-will."

She gave him her hand to kiss and little knew she had rejected a warning of the utmost and most terrible import, one which, if taken, would have altered the whole course of history.

Throckmorton entered, bowing coldly, with only the exact measure of respect due to a foreign sovereign and one who must be made to feel the weight of English displeasure. She rose to receive him and hear Elizabeth's reply as tho she herself had been present, tall and very stately in the sweeping robe of black satin which was now her mourning, and with no emblem of ornament but a long and most magnificent chain of black muscatel pearls wound in three rows about her throat. They were indeed a world's wonder by reason of their size and color and matching. In perfect silence she listened until he had brought his lengthy declaration to an end, standing motionless to hear.

"Will you sit, monsieur?" she said at last. "And I will beg these ladies and gentlemen to retire to the distance of the chamber that we may be private. For I am not without pride and temper, and if they overcome me I prefer a smaller audience than that which your queen was content to have when she talked with Monsieur d'Oysell."

Men and women looked at one another as they drew back to the furtherest distance. There was a subdued whisper of approval of the dignified rebuke, and a dull red flushed into Throckmorton's face. Not of anger with her. He was angry with Elizabeth. She had been too coarse, too gross public. The thing had to be done, but should have been done with Italian diplomacy and French finesse.

"I welcome your safe return, monsieur, and thank you for your embassage. As to your request, I shall speak plainly. There is nothing grieves me more than that I made any request of her, for I may well go to my kingdom without her leave. When I came here, a child, the English tried to catch me and failed. Let them try again. Sir, you have dwelt on the need of friendship between your queen and me? Is this behavior a sign that she desires it? She makes her friends of my rebel subjects and not with me, their queen. I know well the understanding between her and my rebels. Can you deny it?"

She was speaking with force and energy that he had never seen in her before. So she knew that! How much else did she know? How far would it set her on guard where most they wished her defenseless? It struck him speechless.

"I ask nothing but friendship. I do not plot with her subjects nor trouble her kingdom, and yet I know that in her kingdom

Continued on Page 94

I heard my dolly scream!

"Ma-ma!" I knew she had hurt herself very badly. She had fallen from the bureau and when I picked her up I found her neck was broken—What to do!—LePage's, QUICK!

Thousands of women, ever since they were little girls have used LePage's for *mending*. Now they use it also for *making* and *decorating* charming gifts of wood, leather, cloth and paper, following ideas in modern magazines, or in LePage's New Craft Book, for a copy of which send 10 cents to LePage's Craft League, 733 Essex Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

LE PAGE'S GLUE

WEST INDIES
14-Day Cruises for as low as $140
By the popular ocean cruising liner
S. S. "ARAGUAYA"
5 Cruises
Sailing from New York—to 5 outstanding ports—Havana; Santiago de Cuba; Kingston, Jamaica; Port au Prince, Haiti; Nassau or Bahamas. Feb. 6, 22; Mar. 10, 27; Apr. 12.

BERMUDA
Weekly Service by World-Famous
S. S. "ARCADIAN"
Sailing Every Thursday
The 2-day voyage from New York by this luxurious 19,500-ton liner is a delightful part of your visit to the semi-tropical mid-ocean islands. For illustrated booklets, apply to
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY
26 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Be a Nurse
Make $30 - $35 a Week
You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 25 years. One graduate has charge of a ten-bed hospital. Another saved $100 while learning. Registered Included. Open to all over 18 and under 55 years. Money-back agreement.
CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 42, 421 S. Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your free fascinating booklet, "Amazing Opportunities in Nursing," and 32 sample lesson pages.
Name .....
City ..... State .....

Google
Original from
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

modess

inconspicuous

AMAZING PROOF THAT MODESS IS BETTER

For six months we have been publishing this offer to millions of women: "Try one box of Modess. If you do not decide that it is finer in every way than the kind you have been using, we will refund purchase price." During those months thousands of boxes of Modess have been purchased, but as we write this only two women have asked us to return their money.

The remarkable qualities which cause women to prefer Modess were developed by a unique method. Trained nurses were employed to interview women and learn what they really wanted.

They wanted softness. So an entirely new substance was invented for the disposable filler. It is as soft and downy as the finest cotton, yet has great absorbency and is truly disposable.

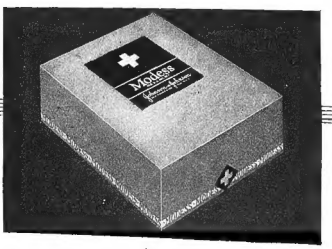
They complained of chafing edges and stiffness. The sides of Modess are smoothly rounded, and it has a yielding pliancy which assures greater comfort and the inconspicuousness so necessary with modern gowns.

Then a fluffy film of absorbent cotton was meshed with the gauze, imparting a velvety surface. The ends of Modess are rounded to conform.

We know that you will prefer Modess to anything else you have used. This is our offer: Buy one box. Unless you are convinced that Modess is better, tear off front of box, write on it your name, address and the price, and mail to us. We will refund the amount you paid.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J. U.S.A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.



Digitized by Google

Original from
THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

"My *dear*, I've discovered the most *amazing* new *Kissproof* Lipstick! I put it on once in the morning and *knew* my lips will look their *loveliest* all day long, no matter *what* I do! You don't *believe* it? Here, *try* Kissproof, my dear—you won't need lipstick again *today*!"

Kissproof, the modern *waterproof* lipstick, is changing the cosmetic habits of women everywhere. No longer is it necessary to be bothered with constant retouching—to be embarrassed with ordinary lipstick that stains handkerchiefs, teacups and cigarettes.

Kissproof is such full *natural* color that just a *touch* on the lips rubbed in with the finger tips is needed. And you have the peace of mind of *knowing* that your rich, red youthful coloring is as *natural* as if it were your very own—and as *permanent* as the day is long!

We urge you to find out for yourself how Kissproof *stays on*—what healthy coloring it gives.

*Send for Complete Kissproof Make-Up Kit

As a Special Introductory Offer we will send you everything needed:

1. Kissproof lipstick (Brass Case)
2. Kissproof compact rouge (with mirror and puff)
3. Kissproof facepowder (large box)
4. Kissproof cream rouge
5. Delics-Brow lash dressing (with camel's hair brush)
6. 16-page Make-Up booklet ("Clever Make-Up—Nine-tenths of Beauty")

All for coupon below and only 30 cents (to partly cover cost and postage). Not stingy samples—enough powder for six weeks—the full size packages would cost over $3.00. All in artistic case—ideal for your dressing table.

Please act promptly—send coupon before you forget. Only one complete Kissproof Make-Up Kit per person.

*Special Offer Coupon—Mail Today

Kissproof, 2-PR
538 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

For 30 cents enclosed (stamps, coins or money order) send me Kissproof Make-Up Kit, described above, in: Flesh ☐ Brunette ☐ White ☐ Ivory ☐ Face-powder.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Kissproof

Maternity Style Book Free

MATERNITY apparel with no unmaternity look. Dresses, coats, corsets, underwear, negligees, long bodice supple expensive and comfortable. Also, infants' apparel for baby. Style Book sent FREE.

Lane Bryant Address Dept. 33 Fifth Ave. New York

Big Profits in Home Cooking

Alice Bradley, famous expert, shows *just how* to make home cooking give big profits. How to open, run profitable TEA ROOMS, Motor Inns, Cafeterias, etc.—over 51 ways. Recipes, Profit Guides for Beginners. Illustrated booklet, "Profits in Cooking" free. Write today to Make Money at Home Dept. 2, Boston, Chicago

School of Home Economics, 372 C. Beacon St., Boston

Continued from Page 92

there are those who would accept offers if I made them!"

The glance that pointed this thrust was keen as a sword's edge, and he could plot no answer, but answer he must, for he had no instructions to break off relations. He stuttered out something about the stale question of bearing arms. Mary waved it gently aside. She knew by this time that Elizabeth would force a quarrel, do what she would. The Queen Mother of France had worded the astonishment of all European princes in the remonstrance she addressed to Elizabeth on her intention of capturing a free and independent ruler on the high seas, but in vain. What was the use of further words? Mary Stuart uttered her last remonstrance.

"Sir, it is useless to waste breath. I shall adventure, come what may. I go in the belief that she is determined to quarrel. Well, so be it! If the wind blows me on the coast of England then she may do her will and sacrifice me, for all I know, if she be so hard-hearted as to desire my death. Perhaps that might be better for me than to live. In this matter God's will be done."

She dismissed him, bowing with her usual sweetness, but there was a tone new to him, a deep foreboding of a dangerous future. That future indeed loomed blacker and blacker as the return to Scotland drew near, for it was her firm belief that as France sank under the horizon her happy days, her youth and all careless joy would sink with it. There were moments when the voice of Doom tolled in her ear against her going. Yet stay she could not.

Of the strange flash of prophecy which came from her mouth she had planned nothing. To her it had always seemed reasonable and natural that she and Elizabeth should live in peace. She could not understand, nor could Throckmorton declare to her, that her offensive youth and beauty and fatal charm would have made the Englishwoman her enemy even if heirship and religion had not existed. He knew that at the moment she was half insane with jealousy of Mary's return to Scotland lest King Eric of Sweden should turn his attentions to his new neighbor.

Throckmorton trembled to think what the result might be for the peace of the world if such a thing should happen. But what could he say? He bowed and muttered something to the effect that those who deserved his mistress's friendship would be certain to secure it, and so retreated from the room in disorder. Several of the French lords laid hand to sword as he walked stiffly and alone past them.

"She desires my death, that woman," said Mary to Mary Seton as she unfastened the black transparent veil which flowed so delicately about her pale beauty. Mary Seton looked up with sparkling confidence.

"Let her try, the ugly red-haired witch! Mary Stuart will be a match for her and more! What! We have friends, I hope! We have moss-troopers on the border. We have the clans—the Highland clans, and none truer in the wide world. We have the Edinburgh men-at-arms! Oh, my lady, my liege, when they see your bonny face not one of them all but will ride to hell at your bidding. Look at the Hamiltons, look at my own brave Setons! Come without a fear to your own people, my heart's darling, my Mary Stuart!"

IT WAS like music to hear that passionate assurance. Some day it might comfort her, but at the moment the pang of leaving France was too sore. France itself would have come with her had that been possible. Chastelard, the poet, and Brantôme, the historian, both would stake their lives on the adventure with the quest of all romance. That was what she meant to men—to all men who saw her except those pledged to another cause, and even of them many fell to the lure in her smile.

So with some of the noblest of France to keep her company Mary embarked in the ship which might lead her to a prison. The ship which might lead her to a scaffold. The ship which might lead her to a bridal. Marshal d'Amville was one, so madly her lover that in battle, when retreating for his life, he had returned until all but flung it away to retrieve a little handkerchief of silk which she had dropped but had not given which she had dropped but had not given him. It was indeed a band of lovers who followed her to that cold kingdom of the north—men who had dared the anger of the north—men who had dared the anger of the Regent Queen Mother in asking permission to go. She had given it scornfully, saying:

"Yes, go! A glance of that girl's eye is worth more than home or country or wife or decency to the men besotted on her, and she as cold as a woman cast in ice to them all. I have known women more beautiful, but none contents a man who has once seen her. What is it?"

But there could be no attempt at definition of that most winning beauty. To this day the charm can only be acknowledged. It can not be captured.

She leaned on the rail of the ship at Calais, the last farewells said, the galley-slaves sitting to their oars. Behind her were the Marys waving their own good-bys to the noble ladies, the light lovers whom they would see no more. But she—her eyes glazed with tears—fixed her gaze only on the beloved land that had adopted her as a child and sheltered and warmed her. What could matter but such memories as those of the love, great and beautiful, which this France had given and received from her?

Chastelard with folded arms stood as near as he dared to watch what he called "the loveliness of her grief." He would turn it into verse that should last when that fair flesh was dust. Was it an omen that a boat, trying to enter Calais, struck on the bar and sank with wild cries from the men struggling in the sea? With hands clasped she rushed to the stern, calling on every gentleman of France and Scotland to save them, nearly uprooting herself to the rescue if they had not restrained her. And when it was too late and the drowned were gone forever Chastelard noted how her clasped hands and moving lips made her for the moments a saint beyond the reach of mortal passion—and then the human reaction, weeping for them.

"My God, what a portent for our voyage!"

BUT it was done. The oars plunged, and France had become a memory most tragically sweet. She clung to the rails.

"I will not leave this deck, no, not while one sight of my France can be seen. Not the grand cabin below. Make me a tent on the deck that all night I may see her in moonlight, and in the dawn still see my own France once more."

Many have loved France, but none with a more poignant agony. It was said by Mary Seton and more that she left half her heart there forever and ever. Mary Stuart knew well, in that strange spirit of prophecy which sometimes inspired her, that not all the years nor all her prayers would ever again restore that lost joy. Chastelard noted also how her eyes fell on the galley-slaves who were her safeguard, straining under the cruel lash of the overseer as he walked the deck.

"Let the captain come here instantly!" He could envy the captain her entreaty as he stood bareheaded before her.

"Captain, I can not free these poor men, but I can reward them. And to you I say that while I am aboard, and forever if you value my memory, the lash is to be laid aside. I answer for them that they will do their best, and more they can not."

One of them heard. The news flew along the oar-benches, and they raised a lusty cheer for the queen. There too, even there, thought Chastelard, that all-conquering grace justified itself, altho she forgot them the next moment in the vanishing dream of France. He heard her murmur in the bitterness of her soul:

"Farewell, my own France, my dear heart, beloved, farewell," as to a lover, so absorbed in sorrow that she neither knew nor cared who saw, who heard. All night she lay in the tent on deck watching for the first gray of dawn. Her ladies slept, but not she, and he, watching also, saw her steal from its shelter that she might be alone in that last parting.

The light touched France growing cloud-like now on the horizon faint as memory in age. Was it land, was it cloud, or—nothing? Nothing. Never again to the end of time.

She covered her face with her hands and walked blindly to the tent. Could he sympathize? To him her agony was only another form of beauty—beauty unspeakable.

Once they sighted the ships of Elizabeth watching, sharp-eyed as her hate for the Scots Queen.

"Touch and go!" said Brantôme, standing beside Chastelard in the stern. "And if they get her the English will never set her free. A prison for her and a new chapter for my history. Pray, Master Chastelard, if you have a prayer anywhere about you, that the watchman may be asleep aboard the witch's watch-dogs!"

Continued on Page 96

Robert F. Koons
Lyons, Wisconsin

Miss M. Thomas
Pontiac, Michigan

Mellin's Food and Milk

supplies all the nutritive elements necessary for growth and development during the early period of bottle feeding.

The Formula

is readily understood and food for the full twenty-four hours is easily and quickly prepared.

The Mixture

as prepared from the formula is all digestible and assimilated nourishment for an infant of any age.

The Baby

fed on Mellin's Food and milk is happy, comfortable, sleeps well and is remarkably free from colic and constipation.

Mellin's Food Biscuits

Especially suitable when it becomes time to wean the baby from the bottle.

A sample box sent free, postage paid, upon request.

Mellin's Food Co. - Boston, Mass.

BLENDED FLAVOR
Savory Spices *and* Mellow Mustard

GULDEN'S Mustard

ESTABLISHED 1866

NUN'S BOILPROOF
Embroidery and Crochet Cotton

Most Brilliant and Lasting Luster

All Shades Guaranteed

This "boiling kettle" label is your protection

If it's worth doing, it's worth doing with

NUN'S BOILPROOF

Digitized by Google
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY